



MORANG'S MODERN TEXT BOOKS

WORDSWORTH
AND
LONGFELLOW

SELECT POEMS

EDITED WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES

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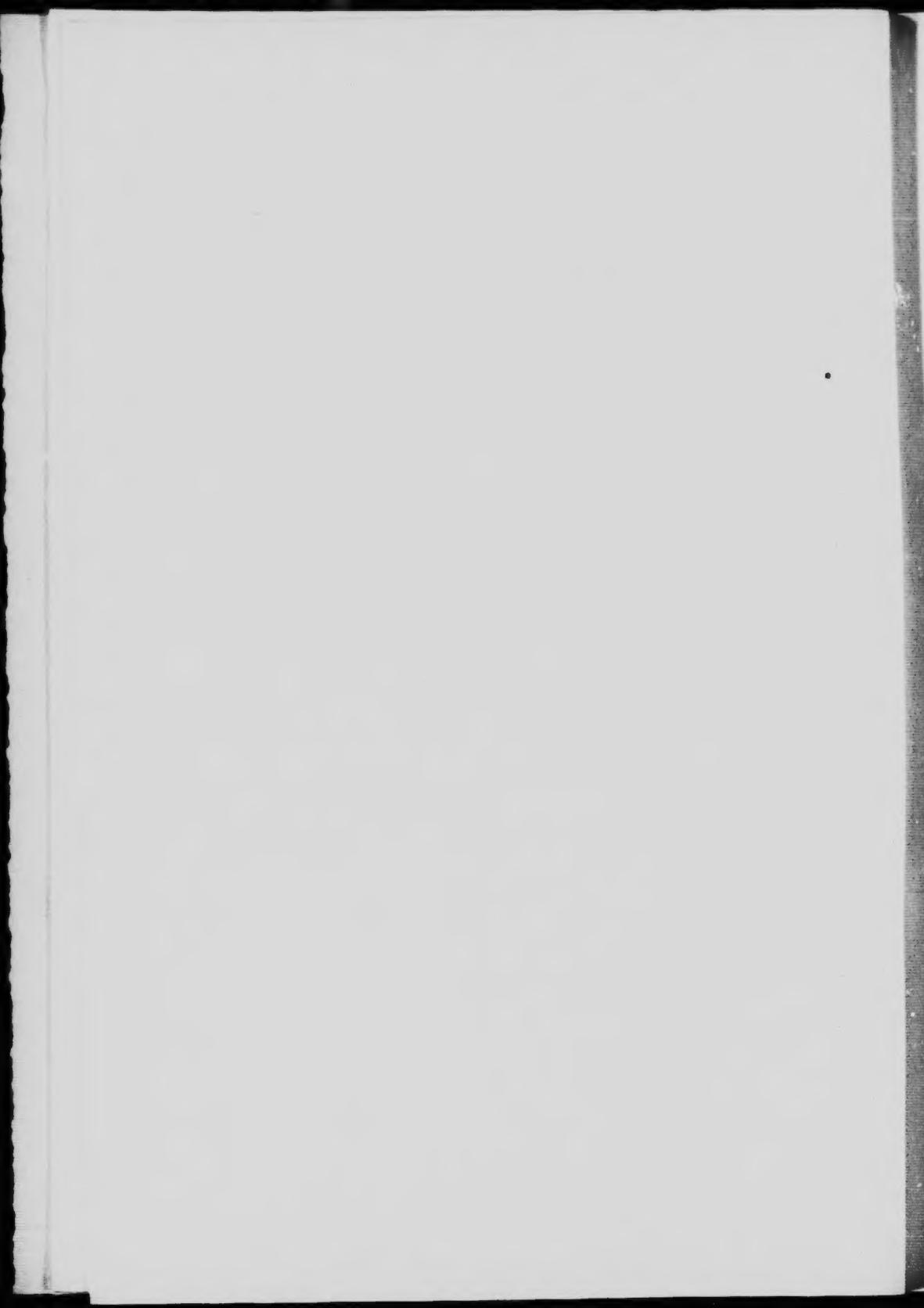
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'THREE YEARS SHE GREW'

Three years she grew in sun and shower,
Then Nature said, 'A lovelier flower

On earth was never sown;
This Child I to myself will take;
She shall be mine, and I will make
5 A Lady of my own.

'Myself will to my darling be
Both law and impulse; and with me
The Girl, in rock and plain,
10 In earth and heaven, in glade and bower,
Shall feel an overseeing power
To kindle or restrain.

'She shall be sportive as the fawn
That wild with glee across the lawn
15 Or up the mountain springs;
And hers shall be the breathing balm,
And hers the silence and the calm
Of mute insensate things.

'The floating clouds their state shall lend
20 To her; for her the willow bend;
Nor shall she fail to see
Even in the motions of the storm
Grace that shall mould the Maiden's form
By silent sympathy.

25 'The stars of midnight shall be dear
To her; and she shall lean her ear
In many a secret place

Where rivulets dance their wayward round,
And beauty born of murmuring sound

30 Shall pass into her face.

'And vital feelings of delight
Shall rear her form to stately height,

Her virgin bosom swell;

Such thoughts to Lucy I will give

35 While she and I together live

Here in this happy dell.'

Thus Nature spake.—The work was done—
How soon my Lucy's race was run!

She died, and left to me

40 This heath, this calm, and quiet scene;
The memory of what has been,

And never more will be.

'SHE WAS A PHANTOM OF DELIGHT'

She was a Phantom of delight

When first she gleamed upon my sight;

A lovely Apparition, sent

To be a moment's ornament;

5 Her eyes as stars of Twilight fair;

Like Twilight's, too, her dusky hair;

But all things else about her drawn

From May-time and the cheerful Dawn—

A dancing Shape, an Image gay,

10 To haunt, to startle, and waylay.

I saw her upon nearer view,

A Spirit, yet a Woman too!

Her household motions light and free,

And steps of virgin-liberty ;
 15 A countenance in which did meet
 Sweet records, promises as sweet ;
 A Creature not too bright or good
 For human nature's daily food ;
 For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
 20 Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

And now I see with eye ser...
 The very pulse of the world,
 A Being breathing thoughtless breath,
 A Traveller between life and death ;
 25 The reason firm, the temperate will,
 Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill ;
 A perfect Woman, nobly planned,
 To warn, to comfort, and command ;
 And yet a Spirit still, and bright
 30 With something of angelic light.

TO THE CUCKOO

O ! the New-comer ! I have heard,
 I hear thee and rejoice.
 O Cuckoo ! shall I call thee Bird,
 Or but a wandering Voice ?

5 While I am lying on the grass,
 Thy twofold shout I hear ;
 From hill to hill it seems to pass,
 At once far off, and near.

Though babbling only to the Vale
 10 Of sunshine and of flowers,
 Thou bringest unto me a tale
 Of visionary hours.

Thrice welcome, darling of the Spring !

Even yet thou art to me

15 No Bird, but an invisible thing,
A voice, a mystery;

The same whom in my schoolboy days

I listened to ; that Cry

Which made me look a thousand ways
20 In bush, and tree, and sky.

To seek thee did I often rove
Through woods and on the green ;
And thou wert still a hope, a love ;
Still longed for, never seen.

25 And I can listen to thee yet ;
Can lie upon the plain
And listen, till I do beget
That golden time again.

O blessed Bird ! the earth we pace

30 Again appears to be
An unsubstantial, faery place ;
That is fit home for Thee !

THE GREEN LINNET

Beneath these fruit-tree boughs that shed
Their snow-white blossoms on my head,
With brightest sunshine round me spread

Of spring's unclouded weather,

5 In this sequestered nook how sweet
To sit upon my orchard-seat !
And birds and flowers once more to greet,
My last year's friends together.

One have I marked, the happiest guest
10 In all this covert of the blest :
Hail to Thee, far above the rest
In joy of voice and pinion !
Thou, Linnet ! in thy green array,
Presiding Spirit here to-day,
15 Dost lead the revels of the May ;
And this is thy dominion.

While birds, and butterflies, and flowers
Make all one band of paramours,
Thou, ranging up and down the bowers,
20 Art sole in thy employment :
A Life, a Presence like the Air,
Scattering thy gladness without care,
Too blest with any one to pair ;
Thyself thy own enjoyment.

25 Amid yon tuft of hazel trees,
That twinkle to the gusty breeze,
Behold him perched in ecstasies,
Yet seeming still to hover ;
There ! where the flutter of his wings
30 Upon his back and body flings
Shadows and sunny glimmerings,
That cover him all over.

My dazzled sight he oft deceives,
A Brother of the dancing leaves,
35 Then flits, and from the cottage-eaves
Pours forth his song in gushes ;
As if by that exulting strain
He mocked and treated with disdain
The voiceless Form he chose to feign,
40 While fluttering in the bushes.

TO A SKYLARK

Ethereal minstrel! pilgrim of the sky!
Dost thou despise the earth where cares abound?
Or, while the wings aspire, are heart and eye
Both with thy nest upon the dewy ground?
Thy nest which thou canst drop into at will,
Those quivering wings composed, that music still!

Leave to the nightingale her shady wood;
A privacy of glorious lights is thine;
Whence thou dost pour upon the world a flood
Of harmony, with instinct more divine;
Type of the wise who soar, but never roam;
True to the kindred points of Heaven and Home!

TO THE DAISY

With little here to do or see
Of things that in the great world be
Daisy! again I talk to thee,
For thou art worthy,
Thou unassuming Common-place
Of Nature, with that homely face,
And yet with something of a grace
Which love makes for thee!

Oft on the dappled turf at ease
I sit, and play with similes.
Loose types of things through all degrees,
Thoughts of thy raising:

And many a fond and idle name
I give to thee, for praise or blame
15 As is the humour of the game,
While I am gazing.

A nun demure of lowly port ;
Or sprightly maiden of Love's court,
In thy simplicity the sport
20 Of all temptations ;
A queen in crown of rubies drest ;
A starveling in a scanty vest ;
Are all, as seems to suit thee best,
Thy appellations.

25 A little cyclops, with one eye
Staring to threaten and defy,
That thought comes next—and instantly
The freak is over,
The shape will vanish—and behold
30 A silver shield with boss of gold,
That spreads itself some faery bold
In fight to cover.

I see thee glittering from afar—
And then thou art a pretty star ;
35 Not quite so fair as many are
In heaven above thee !
Yet like a star with glittering crest,
Self-poised in air thou seem'st to rest ;—
May peace come never to his nest
40 Who shall reprove thee !

Bright Flower ! for by that name at last,
When all my reveries are past,
I call thee, and to that cleave fast,
Sweet silent creature !

45 That breath'st with me in sun and air,
Do thou, as thou art wont, repair
My heart with gladness, and a share
 Of thy meek nature !

THE LESSER CELANDINE

There is a Flower, the lesser Celandine,
That shrinks, like many more, from cold and rain ;
And, the first moment that the sun may shine,
Bright as the sun himself, 'tis out again !

5 When hailstones have been falling, swarm on
 swarm,

Or blasts the green field and the trees distrest,
Oft have I seen it muffled up from harm,
In close self-shelter, like a thing at rest.

But lately, one rough day, this Flower I passed
And recognized it, though an altered form,
Now standing forth an offering to the blast,
And buffeted at will by rain and storm.

I stopped, and said with inly-muttered voice,
" It doth not love the shower, nor seek the cold :
15 This neither is its courage nor its choice,
But its necessity in being old.

The sunshine may not cheer it, nor the dew ;
It cannot help itself in its decay ;
Stiff in its members, withered, changed of hue."

20 And, in my spleen, I smiled that it was gray.

To be a Prodigal's Favourite—then, worse truth,
A Miser's Pensioner behold our lot !

O man, that from thy fair and shining youth
Age might but take the things Youth needed not !

EVANGELINE

PRELUDE

This is the forest primeval. The murmuring pines
and the hemlocks,
Bearded with moss, and in garments green,
indistinct in the twilight,
Stand like Druids of old, with voices sad and
prophetic,
Stand like harpers hoar, with beards that rest on
their bosoms.

s Loud from its rocky caverns, the deep-voiced
neighbouring ocean
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the
wail of the forest.

This is the forest primeval; but where are the
hearts that beneath it
Leaped like the roe, when he hears in the wood-
land the voice of the huntsman?
Where is the thatch-roofed village, the home of
Acadian farmers,—

io Men whose lives glided on like rivers that water
the woodlands,
Darkened by shadows of earth, but reflecting an
image of heaven?
Waste are those pleasant farms and the farmers
forever departed!
Scattered like dust and leaves, when the mighty
blasts of October
Seize them, and whirl them aloft, and sprinkle
them far o'er the ocean.

15 Naught but tradition remains of the beautiful
village of Grand-Pré.

Ye who believe in affection that hopes, and
endures, and is patient,
Ye who believe in the beauty and strength of
woman's devotion,
List to the mournful tradition still sung by the
pines of the forest;
List to a Tale of Love in Acadie, home of the
happy.

PART THE FIRST

1.

20 In the Acadian land, on the shores of the Basin of
Minas,
Distant, secluded, still, the little village of Grand-
Pré
Lay in the fruitful valley. Vast meadows stretched
to the eastward,
Giving the village its name, and pasture to flocks
without number.
Dikes, that the hands of the farmers had raised
with labour incessant,
25 Shut out the turbulent tides; but at stated seasons
the flood-gates
Opened and welcomed the sea to wander at will
o'er the meadows.
West and south there were fields of flax, and
orchards and cornfields
Spreading afar and unfenced o'er the plain; and
away to the northward

Blomidon rose, and the forests old, and aloft on
the mountains

30 Sea-fogs pitched their tents, and mists from the
mighty Atlantic
Looked on the happy valley, but ne'er from their
station descended.

There, in the midst of its farms, reposed the
Acadian village.
Strongly built were the houses, with frames of
oak and of hemlock,
Such as the peasants of Normandy built in the
reign of the Henries.

35 Thatched were the roofs, with dormer-windows;
and gables projecting
Over the basement below protected and shaded
the doorway.
There in the tranquil evenings of summer, when
brightly the sunset
Lighted the village street, and gilded the vanes on
the chimneys,
Matrons and maidens sat in snow-white caps and
in kirtles

40 Scarlet and blue and green, with distaffs spinning
the golden
Flax for the gossiping looms, whose noisy shuttles
within doors
Mingled their sound with the whir of the wheels
and the songs of the maidens.
Solemnly down the street came the parish priest,
and the children
Paused in their play to kiss the hand he extended
to bless them.

45 Reverend walked he among them; and up rose
matrons and maidens,

Hailing his slow approach with words of affectionate welcome.

Then came the labourers home from the field, and serenely the sun sank

Down to his rest, and twilight prevailed. Anon from the belfry

Softly the Angelus sounded, and over the roofs of the village

50 Columns of pale blue smoke, like clouds of incense ascending,

Rose from a hundred hearths, the homes of peace and contentment.

Thus dwelt together in love these simple Acadian farmers,—

Dwelt in the love of God and of man. Alike were they free from

Fear, that reigns with the tyrant, and envy, the vice of republics.

55 Neither locks had they to their doors, nor bars to their windows;

But their dwellings were open as day and the hearts of the owners;

There the richest was poor, and the poorest lived in abundance.

Somewhat apart from the village, and nearer the Basin of Minas,

Benedict Bellefontaine, the wealthiest farmer of Grand-Pré,

60 Dwelt on his goodly acres; and with him, directing his household,

Gentle Evangeline lived, his child, and the pride of the village.

Stalworth and stately in form was the man of
seventy winters;
Hearty and hale was he, an oak that is covered
with snow-flakes;
White as the snow were his locks, and his cheeks
as brown as the oak-leaves.

65 Fair was she to behold, that maiden of seventeen
summers;
Black were her eyes as the berry that grows on
the thorn by the wayside,
Black, yet how softly they gleamed beneath the
brown shade of her tresses!
Sweet was her breath as the breath of kine that
feed in the meadows.
When in the harvest heat she bore to the reapers
at noon tide

70 Flagons of home-brewed ale, ah! fair in sooth was
the maiden.
Fairer was she when, on Sunday morn, while the
bell from its turret
Sprinkled with holy sounds the air, as the priest
with his hyssop
Sprinkles the congregation, and scatters blessings
upon them,
Down the long street she passed, with her chaplet
of beads and her missal,

75 Wearing her Norman cap and her kirtle of blue,
and the ear-rings,
Brought in the olden time from France, and since,
as an heirloom,
Handed down from mother to child, through long
generations.
But a celestial brightness—a more ethereal
beauty—

Shone on her face and encircled her form, when,
after confession,
8. Homeward serenely she walked with God's benediction upon her.
When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing
of exquisite music.

Firmly builded with rafters of oak, the house of
the farmer
Stood on the side of a hill commanding the sea;
and a shady
Sycamore grew by the door, with a woodbine
wreathing around it.
8. Rudely carved was the porch, with seats beneath;
and a footpath
Led through an orchard wide, and disappeared in
the meadow.
Under the sycamore-tree were hives overhung by
a penthouse,
Such as the traveller sees in regions remote by the
roadside,
Built o'er a box for the poor, or the blessed image
of Mary.
9. Farther down, on the slope of the hill, was the
well with its moss-grown
Bucket, fastened with iron, and near it a trough
for the horses.
Shielding the house from storms, on the north,
were the barns and the farm-yard.
There stood the broad-wheeled wains and the
antique ploughs and the harrows;
There were the folds for the sheep; and there, in
his feathered seraglio,

95 Strutted the lordly turkey, and crowed the cock,
 with the selfsame
Voice that in ages of old had startled the peni-
 tent Peter.
Bursting with hay were the barns, themselves a
 village. In each one
Far o'er the gable projected a roof of thatch; and
 a staircase,
Under the sheltering eaves, led up to the odorous
 corn-loft.

100 There too the dove-cot stood, with its meek and
 innocent inmates
Murmuring ever of love; while above in the variant
 breezes
Numberless noisy weathercocks rattled and sang
 of mutation.

Thus, at peace with God and the world, the
 farmer of Grand-Pré
Lived on his sunny farm, and Evangeline governed
 his household.

105 Many a youth as he knelt in the church and
 opened his missal,
Fixed his eyes upon her as the saint of his deepest
 devotion;
Happy was he who might touch her hand or the
 hem of her garment!
Many a suitor came to her door, by the darkness
 befriended,
And, as he knocked and waited to hear the sound
 of her footsteps,

110 Knew not which beat the louder, his heart or the
 knocker of iron;

Or, at the joyous feast of the Patron Saint of the
village,
Bolder grew, and pressed her hand in the dance
as he whispered
Hurried words of love, that seemed a part of the
music.
But among all who came, young Gabriel only was
welcome;

115 Gabriel Lajeunesse, the son of Basil the black-
smith,
Who was a mighty man in the village, and
honoured of all men;
For, since the birth of time, throughout all ages
and nations,
Has the craft of the smith been held in repute by
the people.
Basil was Benedict's friend. Their children from
earliest childhood

120 Grew up together as brother and sister; and
Father Felician,
Priest and pedagogue both in the village, had
taught them their letters
Out of the selfsame book, with the hymns of the
church and the plain-song.
But when the hymn was sung, and the daily
lesson completed,

125 Swiftly they hurried away to the forge of Basil the
blacksmith.
There at the door they stood, with wondering eyes
to behold him
Take in his leathern lap the hoof of the horse as a
plaything,
Nailing the shoe in its place; while near him the
tire of the cart-wheel

Lay like a fiery snake, coiled round in a circle of
cinders.

Oft on autumnal eves, when without in the gather-
ing darkness

130 Bursting with light seemed the smithy, through
every cranny and crevice,
Warm by the forge within they watched the
labouring bellows,
And as its panting ceased, and the sparks expired
in the ashes,
Merrily laughed, and said they were nuns goin'-
into the chapel.

Oft on sledges in winter, as swift as the sw...
the eagle,

135 Down the hillside bounding, they glided away o'er
the meadow.
Oft in the barns they climbed to the populous
nests on the rafters,
Seeking with eager eyes that wondrous stone,
which the swallow
Brings from the shore of the sea to restore the
sight of its fledglings ;
Lucky was he who found that stone in the nest of
the swallow !

140 Thus passed a few swift years, and they no longer
were children.
He was a valiant youth, and his face, like the face
of the morning,
Gladdened the earth with its light, and ripened
thought into action.
She was a woman now, with the heart and hopes
of a woman.
“ Sunshine of Saint Eulalie ” was she called, for
that was the sunshine

145 Which, as the farmers believed, would load their
orchards with apples ;
She too would bring to her husband's house
delight and abundance,
Filling it with love and the ruddy faces of children.

II

Now had the season returned, when the nights
grow colder and longer,
And the retreating sun the sign of the Scorpion
enters.
150 Birds of passage sailed through the leaden air,
from the ice-bound,
Desolate northern bays to the shores of tropical
islands.
Harvests were gathered in ; and wild with the
winds of September
Wrestled the trees of the forest, as Jacob of old
with the angel.
All the signs foretold a winter long and inclement.
155 Bees, with prophetic instinct of want, had hoarded
their honey
Till the hives overflowed ; and the Indian hunters
asserted
Cold would the winter be, for thick was the fur of
the foxes.
Such was the advent of autumn. Then followed
that beautiful season,
Called by the pious Acadian peasants the Summer
of All-Saints !
160 Filled was the air with a dreamy and magical
light ; and the landscape

Lay as if new-created in all the freshness of childhood.

Peace seemed to reign upon earth, and the restless heart of the ocean

Was for a moment consoled. All sounds were in harmony blended.

Voices of children at play, the crowing of cocks in the farm-yards,

165 Whir of wings in the drowsy air, and the cooing of pigeons,

All were subdued and low as the murmurs of love, and the great sun

Looked with the eye of love through the golden vapours around him ;

While arrayed in its robes of russet and scarlet and yellow,

Bright with the sheen of the dew, each glittering tree of the forest

170 Flashed like the plane-tree the Persian adorned with mantles and jewels.

Now recommenced the reign of rest and affection and stillness.

Day with its burden and heat had departed, and twilight descending

Brought back the evening star to the sky, and the herds to the homestead.

Pawing the ground they came, and resting their necks on each other,

175 And with their nostrils distended inhaling the freshness of evening.

Foremost, bearing the bell, Evangeline's beautiful heifer,

Proud of her snow-white hide, and the ribbon that
waved from her collar,
Quietly paced and slow, as if conscious of human
affection.

Then came the shepherd back with his bleating
flocks from the seaside,

180 Where was their favourite pasture. Behind them
followed the watch-dog,
Patient, full of importance, and grand in the pride
of his instinct,

Walking from side to side with a lordly air, and
superbly

Waving his bushy tail, and urging forward the
stragglers ;

Regent of flocks was he when the shepherd slept ;
their protector,

185 When from the forest at night, through the starry
silence the wolves howled.

Late, with the rising moon, returned the wains
from the marshes,

Laden with briny hay, that filled the air with its
odour.

Cheerily neighed the steeds, with dew on their
manes and their fetlocks,

While aloft on their shoulders the wooden and
ponderous saddles,

190 Painted with brilliant dyes, and adorned with
tassels of crimson,

Nodded in bright array, like hollyhocks heavy with
blossoms.

Patiently stood the cows meanwhile, and yielded
their udders

Unto the milkmaid's hand ; whilst loud and in
regular cadence

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195 Into the sounding pails the foaming streamlets
descended.
Lowing of cattle and peals of laughter were heard
in the farm-yard,
Echoed back by the barns. Anon they sank into
stillness;
Heavily closed, with a jarring sound, the valves of
the barn-doors,
Rattled the wooden bars, and all for a season was
silent.

200 In-doors, warm by the wide-mouthed fireplace,
idly the farmer
Sat in his elbow-chair, and watched how the
flames and the smoke-wreaths
Struggled together like foes in a burning city.
Behind him,
Nodding and mocking along the wall with gestures
fantastic,
Darted his own huge shadow, and vanished away
into darkness.
Faces, clumsily carved in oak, on the back of his
arm-chair
205 Laughed in the flickering light, and the pewter
plates on the dresser
Caught and reflected the flame, as shields of
armies the sunshine.
Fragments of song the old man sang, and carols
of Christmas,
Such as at home, in the olden time, his fathers
before him
Sang in their Norman orchards and bright Bur-
gundian vineyards.

210 Close at her father's side was the gentle Evangeline seated,
Spinning flax for the loom that stood in the corner
behind her.
Silent awhile were its treadles, at rest was its
diligent shuttle,
While the monotonous drone of the wheel, like the
drone of a bagpipe,
Followed the old man's song, and united the frag-
ments together.

215 As in a church, when the chant of the choir at
intervals ceases,
Footfalls are heard in the aisles, or words of the
priest at the altar.
So, in each pause of the song, with measured
motion the clock clicked.

Thus as they sat, there were footsteps heard,
and, suddenly lifted,
Sounded the wooden latch, and the door swung
back on its hinges.

220 Benedict knew by the hob-nailed shoes it was Basil
the blacksmith,
And by her beating heart Evangeline knew who
was with him.
"Welcome!" the farmer exclaimed, as their foot-
steps paused on the threshold,
"Welcome, Basil, my friend! Come, take thy
place on the settle
Close by the chimney-side, which is always empty
without thee;

225 Take from the shelf overhead thy pipe and the box
of tobacco;

Never so much thyself art thou as when, through
the curling

Smoke of the pipe or the forge thy friendly and
jovial face gleams

Round and red as the harvest moon through the
mist of the marshes."

Then, with a smile of content, thus answered
Basil the blacksmith,

230 Taking with easy air the accustomed seat by the
fireside :—

"Benedict Bellefontaine, thou hast ever thy jest
and thy ballad!"

Ever in cheerfulness mood art thou, when others
are filled with

Gloomy forebodings of ill, and see only ruin before
them.

Happy art thou, as if every day thou hadst picked
up a horseshoe."

235 Pausing a moment, to take the pipe that Evangeline brought him,

And with a coal from the embers had lighted, he
slowly continued :—

"Four days now are passed since the English ships
at their anchors

Ride in the Gaspereau's mouth, with their cannon
pointed against us.

What their design may be is unknown; but all are
commanded

240 On the morrow to meet in the church, where his
Majesty's mandate

Will be proclaimed as law in the land. Alas! in
the mean time

Many surmises of evil alarm the hearts of the
people."

Then made answer the farmer:— “Perhaps some
friendlier purpose
Brings these ships to our shores. Perhaps the
harvests in England
245 By untimely rains or untimelier heat have been
blighted,
And from our bursting barns they would feed their
cattle and children.”
“Not so thinketh the folk in the village,” said
warmly the blacksmith,
Shaking his head as in doubt; then, heaving a
sigh, he continued:—
“Louisburg is not forgotten, nor Beau Séjour, nor
Port Royal.
250 Many already have fled to the forest, and lurk on
its outskirts,
Waiting with anxious hearts the dubious fate of
to-morrow.
Arms have been taken from us, and warlike
weapons of all kinds;
Nothing is left but the blacksmith’s sledge and the
scythe of the mower.”
Then with a pleasant smile made answer the jovial
farmer:—
255 “Safer are we unarmed, in the midst of our flocks
and our cornfields,
Safer within these peaceful dikes besieged by the
ocean,
Than our fathers in forts, besieged by the enemy’s
cannon.
Fear no evil, my friend, and to-night may no
shadow of sorrow
Fall on this house and hearth; for this is the night
of the contract.

260 Built are the house and the barn. The merry lads
of the village
Strongly have built them and well; and, breaking
the glebe round about them,
Filled the barn with hay, and the house with food
for a twelvemonth.
René Leblanc will be here anon, with his papers
and inkhorn.
Shall we not then be glad, and rejoice in the joy of
our children?"

265 As apart by the window she stood, with her hand
in her lover's,
Blushing Evangeline heard the words that her
father had spoken,
And, as they died on his lips, the worthy notary
entered.

III.

Bent like a labouring oar, that toils in the surf
of the ocean,
Bent, but not broken, by age was the form of the
notary public;
270 Shocks of yellow hair, like the silken floss of the
maize, hung
Over his shoulders; his forehead was high; and
glasses with horn bows
Sat astride on his nose, with a look of wisdom
supernal.
Father of twenty children was he, and more than
a hundred
Children's children rode on his knee, and heard his
great watch tick.

275 Four long years in the times of the war had he
languished a captive,
Suffering much in an old French fort as the friend
of the English.
Now, though warier grown, without all guile or
suspicion,
Ripe in wisdom was he, but patient, and simple,
and childlike.
He was beloved by all, and most of all by the
children;

280 For he told them tales of the Loup-garou in the
forest,
And of the goblin that came in the night to water
the horses,
And of the white Létiche, the ghost of a child who
unchristened
Died, and was doomed to haunt unseen the
chambers of children;
And how on Christmas eve the oxen talked in the
stable,

285 And how the fever was cured by a spider shut up
in a nutshell,
And of the marvellous powers of four-leaved clover
and horseshoes,
With whatsoever else was writ in the lore of the
village.
Then up rose from his seat by the fireside Basil
the blacksmith,
Knocked from his pipe the ashes, and slowly
extending his right hand,

290 "Father Leblanc," he exclaimed, "thou hast
heard the talk in the village,
And, perchance, canst tell us some news of these
ships and their errand."

Then with modest demeanour made answer the
notary public,—

“Gossip enough have I heard, in sooth, yet am
never the wiser;

And what their errand may be I know not better
than others.

205 Yet am I not of those who imagine some evil
intention

Brings them here, for we are at peace; and why
then molest us?”

“God’s name!” shouted the hasty and somewhat
irascible blacksmith;

“Must we in all things look for the how, and the
why, and the wherefore?

Daily injustice is done, and might is the right of
the strongest!”

300 But, without heeding his warmth, continued the
notary public,—

“Man is unjust, but God is just; and finally
justice

Triumphs; and well I remember a story, that
often consoled me,

When as a captive I lay in the old French fort at
Port Royal.”

This was the old man’s favourite tale, and he loved
to repeat it

305 When his neighbours complained that any injus-
tice was done them.

“Once in an ancient city, whose name I no longer
remember,

Raised aloft on a column, a brazen statue of
Justice

Stood in the public square, upholding the scales in
its left hand,

And in its right a sword, as an emblem that justice
presided

310 Over the laws of the land, and the hearts and
homes of the people.

Even the birds had built their nests in the scales
of the balance,

Having no fear of the sword that flashed in the
sunshine above them.

But in the course of time the laws of the land were
corrupted;

Might took the place of right, and the weak were
oppressed, and the mighty

315 Ruled with an iron rod. Then it chanced in a
nobleman's palace

That a necklace of pearls was lost, and ere long a
suspicion

Fell on an orphan girl who lived as maid in the
household.

She, after form of trial condemned to die on the
scaffold,

Patiently met her doom at the foot of the statue of
Justice.

320 As to her Father in heaven her innocent spirit as-
cended,

Lo! o'er the city a tempest rose; and the bolts of
the thunder

Smote the statue of bronze, and hurled in wrath
from its left hand

Down on the pavement below the clattering scales
of the balance,

And in the hollow thereof was found the nest of a
magpie,

325 Into whose clay-built walls the necklace of pearls
was inwoven."

Silenced, but not convinced, when the story was
ended, the blacksmith
Stood like a man who fain would speak, but findeth
no language;
All his thoughts were congealed into lines on his
face, as the vapours
Freeze in fantastic shapes on the window-panes in
the winter.

330 Then Evangeline lighted the brazen lamp on the
table,
Filled, till it overflowed, the pewter tankard with
home-brewed
Nut-brown ale, that was famed for its strength in
the village of Grand-Pré;
While from his pocket the notary drew his papers
and inkhorn,
Wrote with a steady hand the date and the age of
the parties,
335 Naming the dower of the bride in flocks of sheep
and in cattle.
Orderly all things proceeded, and duly and well
were completed,
And the great seal of the law was set like a sun on
the margin.
Then from his leathern pouch the farmer threw on
the table
Three times the old man's fee in solid pieces of
silver;
340 And the notary rising, and blessing the bride and
bridegroom,
Lifted aloft the tankard of ale and drank to their
welfare.

Wiping the foam from his lip, he solemnly bowed
and departed,
While in silence the others sat and mused by the
fireside,
Till Evangeline brought the draught-board out of
its corner.
345 Soon was the game begun. In friendly contention
the old men
Laughed at each lucky hit, or unsuccessful
manceuvre,
Laughed when a man was crowned, or a breach
was made in the king-row.
Meanwhile apart, in the twilight gloom of a
window's embrasure,
Sat the lovers and whispered together, beholding
the moon rise
350 Over the pallid sea and the silvery mists of the
meadows.
Silently one by one, in the infinite meadows of
heaven,
Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of
the angels.

Thus was the evening passed. Anon the bell
from the belfry
Rang out the hour of nine, the village curfew, and
straightway
355 Rose the guests and departed; and silence reigned
in the household.
Many a farewell word and sweet good-night on the
door-step
Lingered long in Evangeline's heart, and filled it
with gladness.

Carefully then were covered the embers that
glowed on the hearth-stone.
And on the oaken stairs resounded the tread of the
farmer.

360 Soon with a soundless step the foot of Evangeline
followed.
Up the staircase moved a luminous space in the
darkness,
Lighted less by the lamp than the shining face of
the maiden.
Silent she passed through the hall, and entered the
door of her chamber.
Simple that chamber was, with its curtains of
white, and its clothes-press

365 Ample and high, on whose spacious shelves were
carefully folded
Linen and woollen stuffs, by the hand of Evangeline
woven.
This was the precious dower she would bring to
her husband in marriage,
Better than flocks and herds, being proofs of her
skill as a housewife.
Soon she extinguished her lamp, for the mellow
and radiant moonlight

370 Streamed through the windows, and lighted the
room, till the heart of the maiden
Swelled and obeyed its power, like the tremulous
tides of the ocean.
Ah ! she was fair, exceeding fair to behold, as she
stood with
Naked snow-white feet on the gleaming floor of
her chamber !
Little she dreamed that below, among the trees of
the orchard,

375 Waited her lover and watched for the gleam of her
 lamp and her shadow.
Yet were her thoughts of him, and at times a feel-
 ing of sadness
Passed o'er her soul, as the sailing shade of clouds
 in the moonlight
Flitted across the floor and darkened the room for
 a moment.
And, as she gazed from the window, she saw
 serenely the moon pass
380 Forth from the folds of a cloud, and one star fol-
 low her footsteps,
As out of Abraham's tent young Ishmael wandered
 with Hagar !

IV.

Pleasantly rose next morn the sun on the village
 of Grand-Pré.
Pleasantly gleamed in the soft, sweet air the Basin
 of Minas,
Where the ships, with their wavering shadows,
 were riding at anchor.
385 Life had long been astir in the village, and clamor-
 ous labour
Knocked with its hundred hands at the golden
 gates of the morning.
Now from the country around, from the farms and
 neighbouring hamlets,
Came in their holiday dresses the blithe Acadian
 peasants.
Many a glad good-morrow and jocund laugh from
 the young folk

390 Made the bright air brighter, as up from the
numerous meadows,
Where no path could be seen but the track of
wheels in the greensward,
Group after group appeared, and joined, or passed
on the highway.
Long ere noon, in the village all sounds of labour
were silenced.
Thronged were the streets with people ; and noisy
groups at the house-doors
395 Sat in the cheerful sun, and rejoiced and gossiped
together.
Every house was an inn, where all were welcomed
and feasted ;
For with this simple people, who lived like brothers
together,
All things were held in common, and what one had
was another's.
Yet under Benedict's roof hospitality seemed more
abundant :
400 For Evangeline stood among the guests of her
father ;
Bright was her face with smiles, and words of wel-
come and gladness
Fell from her beautiful lips, and blessed the cup as
she gave it.

Under the open sky, in the odorous air of the
orchard,
Stript of its golden fruit, was spread the feast of
betrothal.
405 There in the shade of the porch were the priest and
the notary seated ;

There good Benedict sat, and sturdy Basil the
blacksmith.

Not far withdrawn from these, by the cider-press
and the beehives,

Michael the fiddler was placed, with the gayest of
hearts and of waistcoats.

Shadow and light from the leaves alternately
played on his snow-white

410 Hair, as it waved in the wind; and the jolly face of
the fiddler

Glowed like a living coal when the ashes are
blown from the embers.

Gayly the old man sang to the vibrant sound of his
fiddle,

*Tous les Bourgeois de Chartres, and Le Carillon de
Dunquerque,*

And anon with his wooden shoes beat time to the
music.

415 Merrily, merrily whirled the wheels of the dizzying
dances

Under the orchard-trees and down the path to the
meadows;

Old folk and young together, and children mingled
among them.

Fairest of all the maids was Evangeline, Benedict's
daughter!

Noblest of all the youths was Gabriel, son of the
blacksmith!

420 So passed the morning away. And lo! with a
summons sonorous

Sounded the bell from its tower, and over the
meadows a drum beat.

Thronged ere long was the church with men.

Without, in the churchyard,
Waited the women. They stood by the graves,
and hung on the headstones
Garlands of autumn-leaves and evergreens fresh
from the forest.

425 Then came the guard from the ships, and marching
proudly among them
Entered the sacred portal. With loud and dis-
sonant clangour

Echoed the sound of their brazen drums from ceil-
ing and casement,—

Echoed a moment only, and slowly the ponderous
portal

Closed, and in silence the crowd awaited the will
of the soldiers.

430 Then uprose their commander, and spake from the
steps of the altar,
Holding aloft in his hands, with its seals, the royal
commission.

" You are convened this day, " he said, " by his
Majesty's orders.

Clement and kind has he been ; but how you have
answered his kindness

Let your own hearts reply ! To my natural make
and my temper

435 Painful the task is I do, which to you I know must
be grievous.

Yet must I bow and obey, and deliver the will of
our monarch :

Namely, that all your lands, and dwellings, and
cattle of all kinds

Forfeited be to the crown ; and that you yourselves
from this province

Be transported to other lands. God grant you
may dwell there

440 Ever as faithful subjects, a happy and peaceable
people !

Prisoners now I declare you, for such is his Ma-
jesty's pleasure!"

As, when the air is serene in the sultry solstice of
summer,

Suddenly gathers a storm, and the deadly sling of
the hailstones

Beats down the farmer's corn in the field, and
shatters his windows,

445 Hiding the sun, and strewing the ground with
thatch from the house-roofs,

Bellowing fly the herds, and seek to break their
enclosures ;

So on the hearts of the people descended the
words of the speaker.

Silent a moment they stood in speechless wonder,
and then rose

Louder and ever louder a wail of sorrow and
anger,

450 And, by one impulse moved, they madly rushed to
the door-way.

Vain was the hope of escape ; and cries and fierce
imprecations

Rang through the house of prayer ; and high o'er
the heads of the others

Rose, with his arms uplifted, the figure of Basil
the blacksmith,

As, on a stormy sea, a spar is tossed by the
billows.

455Flushed was his face and distorted with passion ;
and wildly he shouted,—

"Down with the tyrants of England! we never
have sworn them allegiance!
Death to these foreign soldiers, who seize on our
homes and our harvests!"
More he fain would have said, but the merciless
hand of a soldier
Smote him upon the mouth, and dragged him down
to the pavement.

460 In the midst of the strife and tumult of angry
contention,
Lo! the door of the chancel opened, and Father
Felician
Entered, with serious mien, and ascended the steps
of the altar.
Raising his reverend hand, with a gesture he
awed into silence
All that clamorous throng; and thus he spake to
his people;
465 Deep were his tones and solemn; in accents
measured and mournful
Spake he, as, after the tocsin's alarm, distinctly
the clock strikes.
"What is this that ye do, my children? what
madness has seized you?
Forty years of my life have I laboured among you,
and taught you,
Not in word alone, but in deed, to love one
another!
470 Is this the fruit of my toils, of my vigils and
prayers and privations?
Have you so soon forgotten all lessons of love and
forgiveness?

This is the house of the Prince of Peace, and would
you profane it

Thus with violent deeds and hearts overflowing
with hatred?

Lo! where the crucified Christ from His cross is
gazing upon you!

475 See! in those sorrowful eyes what meekness and
holy compassion!

Hark! how those lips still repeat the prayer, 'O
Father, forgive them!'

Let us repeat that prayer in the hour when the
wicked assail us,

Let us repeat it now, and say, 'O Father, forgive
them!'"

Few were his words of rebuke, but deep in the
hearts of his people

480 Sank they, and sobs of contrition succeeded the
passionate outbreak,

While they repeated his prayer, and said, "O
Father, forgive them!"

Then came the evening service. The tapers
gleamed from the altar;

Fervent and deep was the voice of the priest, and
the people responded,

Not with their lips alone, but their hearts; and
the Ave Maria

485 Sang they, and fell on their knees, and their souls,
with devotion translated,

Rose on the ardour of prayer, like Elijah ascending
to heaven.

Meanwhile had spread in the village the tidings
of ill, and on all sides

Wandered, wailing, from house to house the
women and children.

Long at her father's door Evangeline stood, with
her right hand

400 Shielding her eyes from the level rays of the sun,
the light, descending,

Lighted the village street with mysterious splen-
dour, and roofed each

Peasant's cottage with golden thatch, and em-
blazoned its windows.

Long within had been spread the snow-white cloth
on the table;

There stood the wheaten loaf, and the honey frag-
rant with wild flowers;

405 There stood the tankard of ale, and the cheese
fresh brought from the dairy;

And, at the head of the board, the great arm-chair
of the farmer.

Thus did Evangeline wait at her father's door, as
the sunset

Threw the long shadows of trees o'er the broad
ambrosial meadows.

Ah! on her spirit within a deeper shadow had
fallen,

500 And from the fields of her soul a fragrance celestial
ascended,—

Charity, meekness, love, and hope, and forgiveness,
and patience!

Then, all forgetful of self, she wandered into the
village,

Cheering with looks and words the mournful hearts
of the women,

As o'er the darkening fields with lingering steps
they departed,

505 Urged by their household cares, and the weary feet
 of their children.
Down sank the great red sun, and in golden,
 glimmering vapours
Veiled the light of his face, like the Prophet
 descending from Sinai.
Sweetly over the village the bell of the Angelus
 sounded.

Meanwhile, amid the gloom, by the church
 Evangeline lingered.
510 All was silent within ; and in vain at the door and
 the windows
Stood she, and listened and looked, till, over-
 come by emotion,
“ Gabriel ! ” cried she aloud with tremulous voice ;
 but no answer
Came from the graves of the dead, nor the gloomier
 grave of the living.
Slowly at length she returned to the tenantless
 house of her father.
515 Smouldered he fire on the hearth, on the board
 was the supper untasted.
Empty and drear was each room, and haunted
 with phantoms of terror.
Sadly echoed her step on the stair and the floor of
 her chamber.
In the dead of the night she heard the disconsolate
 rain fall
Loud on the withered leaves of the sycamore-tree
 by the window.
520 Keenly the lightning flashed; and the voice of the
 echoing thunder

Told her that God was in heaven, and governed
the world He created !

Then she remembered the tale she had heard of
the justice of heaven ;

Soothed was her troubled soul, and she peacefully
slumbered till morning.

V.

Four times the sun had risen and set ; and now
on the fifth day

525 Cheerily called the cock to the sleeping maids of
the farm-house.

Soon o'er the yellow fields, in silent and mournful
procession,

Came from the neighbouring hamlets and farms the
Acadian women,

Driving in ponderous wains their household goods
to the sea-shore,

Pausing and looking back to gaze once more on
their dwellings,

530 Ere they were shut from sight by the winding road
and the woodland.

Close at their sides their children ran, and urged
on the oxen,

While in their little hands they clasped some
fragments of playthings.

Thus to the Gaspereau's mouth they hurried ;
and there on the sea-beach

Piled in confusion lay the household goods of the
peasants.

535 All day long between the shore and the ships did
the boats ply ;

All day long the wains came labouring down from
the village.

Late in the afternoon, when the sun was near to
his setting,

Echoed far o'er the fields came the roll of drums
from the churchyard.

Thither the women and children thronged. On a
sudden the church doors

540 Opened, and forth came the guard, and marching
in gloomy procession

Followed the long-imprisoned, but patient, Acadian
farmers.

Even as pilgrims, who journey afar from their
homes and their country,

Sing as they go, and in singing forget they are
weary and wayworn,

So with songs on their lips the Acadian peasants
descended

545 Down from the church to the shore, amid their
wives and their daughters.

Foremost the young men came; and, raising
together their voices,

Sang with tremulous lips a chant of the Catholic
Missions :—

“ Sacred heart of the Saviour! O inexhaustible
fountain!

Fill our hearts this day with strength and sub-
mission and patience !”

550 Then the old men, as they marched, and the
women that stood by the wayside

Joined in the sacred psalm, and the birds in the
sunshine above them

Mingled their notes therewith, like voices of spirits
departed.

Half-way down to the shore Evangeline waited
in silence,

No' overcome with grief, but strong in the hour
of affliction,—

... Calmly and sadly she waited, until the procession
approached her,

And she beheld the face of Gabriel pale with
emotion.

Tears then filled her eyes, and, eagerly running to
meet him,

Clasped she his hands, and laid her head on his
shoulder, and whispered,—

“Gabriel! be of good cheer! for if we love one
another

Nothing, in truth, can harm us, whatever mis-
chances may happen!”

Smiling she spake these words; then suddenly
paused, for her father

Saw she, slowly advancing. Alas! how changed
was his aspect!

Gone was the glow from his cheek, and the fire
from his eye, and his footstep

Heavier seemed with the weight of the heavy
heart in his bosom.

But with a smile and a sigh, she clasped his neck
and embraced him,

Speaking words of endearment where words of
comfort availed not.

Thus to the Gaspereau's mouth moved on that
mournful procession.

There disorder prevailed, and the tumult and
stir of embarking.

Busily plied the freighted boats ; and in the confusion
570 Wives were torn from their husbands, and mothers, too late, saw their children
Left on the land, extending their arms, with wildest entreaties.
So unto separate ships were Basil and Gabriel carried,
While in despair on the shore Evangeline stood with her father.
Half the task was not done when the sun went down, and the twilight
575 Deepened and darkened around ; and in haste the refluent ocean
Fled away from the shore, and left the line of the sand-beach
Covered with waifs of the tide, with kelp and the slippery sea-weed.
Farther back in the midst of the household goods and the wagons,
Like to a gypsy camp, or a leaguer after a battle,
580 All escape cut off by the sea, and the sentinels near them,
Lay encamped for the night the houseless Acadian farmers.
Back to its nethermost caves retreated the belowing ocean,
Dragging adown the beach the rattling pebbles, and leaving
Inland and far up the shore the stranded boats of the sailors.
585 Then, as the night descended, the herds returned from their pastures ;

Sweet was the moist still air with the odour of
milk from their udders ;
Lowing they waited, and long, at the well-known
bars of the farm-yard,—
Waited and looked in vain for the voice and the
hand of the milkmaid.
Silence reigned in the streets ; from the church no
Angelus sounded,
Rose no smoke from the roofs, and gleamed no
lights from the windows.

But on the shores meanwhile the evening fires
had been kindled,
Built of the driftwood thrown on the sands from
wrecks in the tempest.
Round them shapes of gloom and sorrowful faces
were gathered,
Voices of women were heard, and of men, and the
crying of children.
Onward from fire to fire, as from hearth to hearth
in his parish,
Wandered the faithful priest, consoling and blessing
and cheering,
Like unto shipwrecked Paul on Melita's desolate
sea-shore.
Thus he approached the place where Evangeline
sat with her father,
And in the flickering light beheld the face of the
old man,
Haggard and hollow and wan, and without either
thought or emotion,
E'en as the face of a clock from which the hands
have been taken.

Vainly Evangeline strove with words and caresses
to cheer him,

Vainly offered him food; yet he moved not, he
looked not, he spake not,

But, with a vacant stare, ever gazed at the flicker-
ing fire-light.

605 "Benedicite!" murmured the priest, in tones of
compassion.

More he fain would have said, but his heart was
full, and his accents

Faltering and paused on his lips, as the feet of a
child on a threshold,

Hushed by the scene he beholds, and the awful
presence of sorrow.

Silently, therefore, he laid his hand on the head of
the maiden,

610 Raising his tearful eyes to the silent stars that
above them

Moved on their way, unperturbed by the wrongs
and sorrows of mortals.

Then sat he down at her side, and they wept
together in silence.

Suddenly rose from the south a light, as in
autumn the blood-red

Moon climbs the crystal walls of heaven, and o'er
the horizon

615 Titan-like stretches its hundred hands upon moun-
tain and meadow,

Seizing the rocks and the rivers, and piling huge
shadows together.

Broader and ever broader it gleamed on the roofs
of the village,

Gleamed on the sky and the sea, and the ships
that lay in the roadstead.

Columns of shining smoke uprose, and flashes of
flame were

620 Thrust through their folds and withdrawn, like the
quivering hands of a martyr.

Then as the wind seized the gleeds and the burning
thatch, and, uplifting,

Whirled them aloft through the air, at once from
a hundred house-tops

Started the sheeted smoke with flashes of flame
intermingled.

These things beheld in dismay the crowd on the
shore and on shipboard.

625 Speechless at first they stood, then cried aloud in
their anguish,

"We shall behold no more our homes in the
village of Grand-Pré!"

Loud on a sudden the cocks began to crow in the
farm-yards,

Thinking the day had dawned; and anon the
lowing of cattle

Came on the evening breeze, by the barking of
dogs interrupted.

630 Then rose a sound of dread, such as startles the
sleeping encampments

Far in the western prairies of forests that skirt the
Nebraska,

When the wild horses affrighted sweep by with the
speed of the whirlwind,

Or the loud bellowing herds of buffaloes rush to
the river.

Such was the sound that arose on the night, as
the herds and the horses
635 Broke through their folds and fences, and madly
rushed o'er the meadows.

Overwhelmed with the sight, yet speechless, the
priest and the maiden
Gazed on the scene of terror that reddened and
widened before them ;
And as they turned at length to speak to their
silent companion,
Lo ! from his seat he had fallen, and stretched
abroad on the seashore
640 Motionless lay his form, from which the soul had
departed.
Slowly the priest uplifted the lifeless head, and the
maiden
Knelt at her father's side, and wailed aloud in her
terror.
Then in a swoon she sank, and lay with her head
on his bosom.
Through the long night she lay in deep, oblivious
slumber ;
645 And when she awoke from the trance, sh
a multitude near her.
Faces of friends she beheld, that were mot . . . ly
gazing upon her,
Pallid, with tearful eyes, and looks of saddest
compassion.
Still the blaze of the burning village illumined the
landscape,
Reddened the sky overhead, and gleamed on the
faces around her,

650 And like the day of doom it seemed to her wavering senses.

Then a familiar voice she heard, as it said to the people,—

“Let us bury him here by the sea. When a happier season

Brings us again to our homes from the unknown land of our exile,

Then shall his sacred dust be piously laid in the churchyard.”

655 Such were the words of the priest. And there in haste by the sea-side,

Having the glare of the burning village for funeral torches,

But without bell or book, they buried the farmer of Grand-Pré.

And as the voice of the priest repeated the service of sorrow,

Lo ! with a mournful sound like the voice of a vast congregation,

660 Solemnly answered the sea, and mingled its roar with the dirges.

‘T was the returning tide, that afar from the waste of the ocean,

With the first dawn of the day, came heaving and hurrying landward.

Then recommended once more the stir and noise of embarking ;

And with the ebb of the tide the ships sailed out of the harbour,

665 Leaving behind them the dead on the shore, and the village in ruins.

PART THE SECOND.

I.

MANY a weary year had passed since the burning
of Grand-Pré,
When on the falling tide the freighted vessels de-
parted,
Bearing a nation, with all its household gods, into
exile,
Exile without an end, and without an example in
story.
670 Far asunder, on separate coasts, the Acadians
landed;
Scattered were they, like flakes of snow, when the
wind from the northeast
Strikes aslant through the fogs that darken the
Banks of Newfoundland.
Friendless, homeless, hopeless, they wandered from
city to city,
From the cold lakes of the North to sultry Southern
savannas,—
675 From the bleak shores of the sea to the lands where
the Father of Waters
Seizes the hills in his hands, and drags them down
to the ocean,
Deep in their sands to bury the scattered bones of
the mammoth.
Friends they sought and homes; and many despair-
ing, heart-broken,
Asked of the earth but a grave, and no longer a
friend nor a fireside.
680 Written their history stands on tablets of stone in
the churchyards.

Long among them was seen a maiden who waited
and wandered,
Lowly and meek in spirit, and patiently suffering
all things.
Fair was she and young ; but, alas ! before her
extended,
Dreary and vast and silent, the desert of life, with
its pathway
685 Marked by the graves of those who had sorrowed
and suffered before her,
Passions long extinguished, and hopes long dead
and abandoned,
As the emigrant's way o'er the Western desert is
marked by
Camp-fires long consumed, and bones that bleach
in the sunshine.
Something there was in her life incomplete, imper-
fect, unfinished ;
690 As if a morning of June, with all its music and
sunshine,
Suddenly paused in the sky, and, fading, slowly
descended
Into the east again, from whence it late had
arisen.
Sometimes she lingered in towns, till, urged by
the fever within her,
Urged by a restless longing, the hunger and thirst
of the spirit,
695 She would commence again her endless search and
endeavour ;
Sometimes in churchyards strayed, and gazed on
the crosses and tombstones,
Sat by some nameless grave, and thought that
perhaps in its bosom

He was already at rest, and she longed to slumber
beside him.

Sometimes a rumour, a hearsay, an inarticulate
whisper,

700 Came with its airy hand to point and beckon her
forward.

Sometimes she spake with those who had seen her
beloved and known him,

But it was long ago, in some far-off place or for-
gotten.

“Gabriel Lajeunesse!” they said; “Oh, yes! we
have seen him.

He was with Basil the blacksmith, and both have
gone to the prairies;

705 Coureurs-des-Bois are they, and famous hunters
and trappers.”

“Gabriel Lajeunesse!” said others; “Oh, yes!
we have seen him.

He is a Voyageur in the lowlands of Louisiana.”

Then would they say, “Dear child! why dream
and wait for him longer?

Are there not other youths as fair as Gabriel? others
710 Who have hearts as tender and true, and spirits as
loyal?

Here is Baptiste Leblanc, the notary’s son, who
has loved thee

Many a tedious year; come, give him thy hand
and be happy!

Thou art too fair to be left to braid St. Catherine’s
tresses.”

Then would Evangeline answer, serenely but sadly,
“I cannot!

715 Whither my heart has gone, there follows my
hand, and not elsewhere.

For when the heart goes before, like a lamp, and
illumines the pathway,

Many things are made clear, that else lie hidden in
darkness."

Thereupon the priest, her friend and father con-
fessor,

Said with a smile, "O daughter! thy God thus
speaketh within thee!

720 Talk not of wasted affection, affection never was
wasted;

If it enrich not the heart of another, its waters,
returning

Back to their springs, like the rain, shall fill them
full of refreshment;

That which the fountain sends forth returns again
to the fountain.

Patience; accomplish thy labour; accomplish thy
work of affection!

725 Sorrow and silence are strong, and patient endur-
ance is godlike.

Therefore accomplish thy labour of love, till the
heart is made godlike,

Purified, strengthened, perfected, and rendered
more worthy of heaven!"

Cheered by the good man's words, Evangeline
laboured and waited.

Still in her heart she heard the funeral dirge of the
ocean,

730 But with its sound there was mingled a voice that
whispered, "Despair not!"

Thus did that poor soul wander in want and cheer-
less discomfort,

Bleeding, barefooted, over the shards and thorns
of existence.

Let me essay, O Muse! to follow the wanderer's
footsteps;—

Not through each devious path, each changeful
year of existence;

735 But as a traveller follows a streamlet's course
through the valley:

Far from its margin at times, and seeing the gleam
of its water

Here and there, in some open space, and at inter-
vals only;

Then drawing nearer its banks, through sylvan
glooms that conceal it,

Though he behold it not, he can hear its continu-
ous murmur;

740 Happy, at length, if he find a spot where it reaches
an outlet.

II.

It was the month of May. Far down the Beau-
tiful River,

Past the Ohio shore and past the mouth of the
Wabash,

Into the golden stream of the broad and swift
Mississippi,

Floated a cumbrous boat, that was rowed by
Acadian boatmen.

745 It was a band of exiles: a raft as it were, from the
shipwrecked

Nation, scattered along the coast, now floating
together,

Bound by the bonds of a common belief and a
common misfortune;

Men and women and children, who, guided by
hope or by hearsay,
Sought for their kith and their kin among the few-
acred farmers
750 On the Acadian coast, and the prairies of fair
Opelousas.
With them Evangeline went, and her guide, the
Father Felician.
Onward o'er sunken sands, through a wilderness
sombre with forests,
Day after day they glided adown the turbulent
river ;
Night after night, by their blazing fires, encamped
on its borders.
755 Now through rushing chutes, among green islands,
where plumelike
Cotton-trees nodded their shadowy crests, they
swept with the current,
Then emerged into broad lagoons, where silvery
sandbars
Lay in the stream, and along the wimpling waves
of their margin,
Shining with snow-white plumes, large flocks of
pelicans waded.
760 Level the landscape grew, and along the shores of
the river,
Shaded by china-trees, in the midst of luxuriant
gardens,
Stood the houses of planters with negro cabins
and dove-cots.
They were approaching the region where reigns
perpetual summer,
Where through the Golden Coast, and groves of
orange and citron,

765 Sweeps with majestic curve the river away to the eastward.
They, too, swerved from their course; and, entering the Bayou of Plaquemine,
Soon were lost in a maze of sluggish and devious waters,
Which, like a network of steel, extended in every direction.
Over their heads the towering and tenebrous boughs of the cypress
770 Met in a dusky arch, and trailing mosses in mid-air
Waved like banners that hang on the walls of ancient cathedrals.
Deathlike the silence seemed, and unbroken, save by the herons
Home to their roosts in the cedar-trees returning at sunset,
Or by the owl, as he greeted the moon with demoniac laughter.

775 Lovely the moonlight was, as it glanced and gleamed on the water,
Gleamed on the columns of cypress and cedar sustaining the arches,
Down through whose broken vaults it fell as through chinks in a ruin.
Dreamlike, and indistinct, and strange were all things around them;
And o'er their spirits there came a feeling of wonder and sadness,—

780 Strange forebodings of ill, unseen and that cannot be compassed.
As, at the tramp of a horse's hoof on the turf of the prairies,

Far in advance are closed the leaves of the shrinking mimosa,
So, at the hoof-beats of fate, with sad forebodings
of evil,
Shrinks and closes the heart, ere the stroke of
doom has attained it.

8. But Evangeline's heart was sustained by a vision,
that faintly
Floated before her eyes, and beckoned her on
through the moonlight.
It was the thought of her brain that assumed the
shape of a phantom.
Through those shadowy aisles had Gabriel wan-
dered before her,
And every stroke of the oar now brought him
nearer and nearer.

790 Then in his place, at the prow of the boat, rose
one of the oarsmen,
And, as a signal sound, if others like them perad-
venture
Sailed on those gloomy and midnight streams, blew
a blast on his bugle.
Wild through the dark colonnades and corridors
leafy the blast rang,
Breaking the seal of silence and giving tongues to
the forest.

79. Soundless above them the banners of moss just
stirred to the music.
Multitudinous echoes awoke and died in the dis-
tance,
Over the watery floor, and beneath the reverberant
branches;

But not a voice replied; no answer came from the darkness;

And when the echoes had ceased, like a curse of pain was the silence.

⁸⁰⁰ Then Evangeline slept; but the boatmen rowed through the midnight,

Silent at times, then singing familiar Canadian boat-songs,

Such as they sing of old on their own Acadia in rivers,

While through the night were heard the mysterious sounds of the desert,

Far off—indistinct,—as of wave or wind in the forest,

Mixed with the whoop of the crane and the roar of the grim alligator.

Thus, ere another noon, they emerged from the shades; and before them

lay, in the golden sun, the lakes of the Acadia-lay.

Water-lilies in myriads rocked in the slight undulations

Made by the passing oars, and resplendent in beauty, the lotus

⁸¹⁰ Lifted her golden crown above the heads of the boatmen.

Faint was the air with the odorous breath of magnolia blossoms,

And with the heat of noon; and numberless sylvan islands,

Fragrant and thickly powdered with blossoming edges of roses,

Near to whose shores they glided along, invited to slumber.

Soon by the fairest of these their weary oars were suspended.

Under the boughs of Wachita willows, that grew by the margin,

Safely their boat was moored; and scattered about the greensward,

Tired with their midnight toil, the weary travelers slumbered.

them vast and high extended the cope of a cedar

giving from its great arms, the trumpet-flower and the grapevine

Hung their ladder of ropes aloft like the ladder of Jacob,

On whose pendulous stairs the angels ascending, descending,

Were the swift humming-birds that flitted from blossom to blossom

Such was the vision Evangeline saw as she slumbered beneath it.

825 Filled was her heart with love, and the dawn of an opening heaven

Lighted her soul in sleep with the glory of regions celestial.

Nearer, and ever nearer, among the numberless islands,

Darted a light, swift boat, that sped away o'er the water,

Urged on its course by the sinewy arms of hunters and trappers.

830 Northward its prow was turned, to the land of the
bison and beaver.
At the helm sat a youth, with countenance thought-
ful and careworn.
Dark and neglected locks overshadowed his brow,
and a sadness
Somewhat beyond his years on his face was legibly
written.
Gabriel was it, who, weary with waiting, unhappy
and restless,

835 Sought in the Western wilds oblivion of self and
of sorrow.
Swiftly they glided along, close under the lee of
the island,
But by the opposite bank, and behind a screen of
palmettos;
So that they saw not the boat, where it lay con-
cealed in the willows ;
All undisturbed by the dash of their oars, and un-
seen, were the sleepers;

840 Angel of God was there none to awaken the slum-
bering maiden.
Swiftly they glided away, like the shade of a cloud
on the prairie.
After the sound of their oars on the tholes had died
in the distance,
As from a magic trance the sleepers awoke, and
the maiden
Said with a sigh to the friendly priest, "O Father
Felician !

845 Something says in my heart that near me Gabriel
wanders.
Is it a foolish dream, an idle and vague supersti-
tion?

Or has an angel passed, and revealed the truth to
my spirit?"

Then, with a blush, she added, "Alas for my cred-
ulous fancy!

Unto ears like thine such words as these have no
meaning."

850 But made answer the reverend man, and he smiled
as he answered,—

"Daughter, thy words are not idle; nor are they
to me without meaning.

Feeling is deep and still; and the word that floats
on the surface

Is as the tossing buoy that betrays where the anchor
is hidden.

Therefore trust to thy heart, and to what the world
calls illusions.

855 Gabriel truly is near thee; for not far away to the
southward,

On the banks of the Têche, are the towns of St.
Maur and St. Martin.

There the long-wandering bride shall be given
again to her bridegroom,

There the long-absent pastor regain his flock and
his sheepfold.

Beautiful is the land, with its prairies and forests
of fruit-trees;

860 Under the feet a garden of flowers, and the bluest
of heavens

Bending above, and resting its dome on the walls
of the forest.

They who dwell there have named it the Eden of
Louisiana."

With these words of cheer they arose and continued their journey.

Softly the evening came. The sun from the western horizon

865 Like a magician extended his golden wand o'er the landscape ;
Twinkling vapours arose ; and sky and water and forest
Seemed all on fire at the touch, and melted and mingled together.
Hanging between two skies, a cloud with edges of silver,
Floated the boat, with its dripping oars, on the motionless water.

870 Filled was Evangeline's heart with inexpressible sweetness.
Touched by the magic spell, the sacred fountains of feeling
Glowed with the light of love as the skies and waters around her.
Then from a neighbouring thicket the mockingbird, wildest of singers,
Swinging aloft on a willow spray that hung o'er the water,

875 Shook from his little throat such floods of delirious music,
That the whole air and the woods and the waves seemed silent to listen.
Plaintive at first were the tones and sad; then soaring to madness
Seemed they to follow or guide the revel of frenzied Bacchantes.
Single notes were then heard, in sorrowful, low lamentation;

880 Till, having gathered them all, he flung them
abroad in derision,
As when, after a storm, a gust of wind through
the tree-tops
Shakes down the rattling rain in a crystal shower
on the branches.
With such a prelude as this, and hearts that were
filled with emotion,
Slowly they entered the Têche, where it flows
through the green Opelousas,
885 And, through the amber air, above the crest of the
woodland,
Saw the column of smoke that arose from a neigh-
bouring dwelling ;—
Sounds of a horn they heard, and the distant low-
ing of cattle.

III.

Near to the bank of the river, o'ershadowed by
oaks from whose branches
Garlands of Spanish moss and of mystic mistletoe
flaunted,
890 Such as the Druids cut down with golden hatchets
at Yule-tide,
Stood, secluded and still, the house of the herds-
man. A garden
Girded it round about with a belt of luxur'ant blos-
soms,
Filling the air with fragrance. The house itself
was of timbers
Hewn from the cypress-tree, and carefully fitted
together.

895 Large and low was the roof ; and on slender columns supported,
Rose-wreathed, vine-encircled, a broad and spacious veranda,
Haunt of the humming-bird and the bee, extended around it.
At each end of the house, amid the flowers of the garden,
Stationed the dove-cots were, as love's perpetual symbol,
900 Scenes of endless wooing, and endless contentions of rivals.
Silence reigned o'er the place. The line of shadow and sunshine
Ran near the tops of the trees ; but the house itself was in shadow,
And from its chimney-top, ascending and slowly expanding
Into the evening air, a thin blue column of smoke rose.
905 In the rear of the house, from the garden gate, ran a pathway
Through the great groves of oak to the skirts of the limitless prairie,
Into whose sea of flowers the sun was slowly descending.
Full in his track of light, like ships with shadowy canvas
Hanging loose from their spars in a motionless calm in the tropics,
910 Stood a cluster of trees, with tangled cordage of grapevines.

Just where the woodlands met the flowery surf
of the prairie,
Mounted upon his horse, with Spanish saddle and
stirrups,
Sat a herdsman, arrayed in gaiters and doublet of
deerskin.
Broad and brown was the face that from under the
Spanish sombrero
Gazed on the peaceful scene with the lordly look
of its master.
Round about him were numberless herds of kine
that were grazing
Quietly in the meadows, and breathing the vapoury
freshness
That uprose from the river, and spread itself over
the landscape.
Slowly lifting the horn that hung at his side, and
expanding
⁹¹⁵ Fully his broad, deep chest, he blew a blast, that
resounded
Wildly and sweet and far, through the still damp
air of the evening.
Suddenly out of the grass the long white horns of
the cattle
Rose like flakes of foam on the adverse currents of
ocean.
Silent a moment they gazed, then bellowing rushed
o'er the prairie,
⁹²⁰ And the whole mass became a cloud, a shade in
the distance.
Then, as the herdsman turned to the house,
through the gate of the garden
Saw he the forms of the priest and the maiden
advancing to meet him.

Suddenly down from his horse he sprang in amazement, and forward
Pushed with extended arms and exclamations of wonder;

930 When they beheld his face, they recognized Basil the blacksmith.
Hearty his welcome was, as he led his guests to the garden.
There in an arbour of roses with endless question and answer
Gave they vent to their hearts, and renewed their friendly embraces,
Laughing and weeping by turns, or sitting silent and thoughtful.

935 Thoughtful, for Gabriel came not; and now dark doubts and misgivings
Stole o'er the maiden's heart; and Basil, somewhat embarrassed,
Broke the silence and said, "If you came by the Atchafalaya,
How have you nowhere encountered my Gabriel's boat on the bayous?"
Over Evangeline's face at the words of Basil a shade passed.

940 Tears came into her eyes, and she said, with a tremulous accent,
"Gone? is Gabriel gone?" and, concealing her face on his shoulder,
All her o'erburdened heart gave way, and she wept and lamented.
Then the good Basil said,—and his voice grew blithe as he said it,—
"Be of good cheer, my child; it is only to-day he departed.

945 Foolish boy! he has left me alone with my herds
and my horses.
Moody and restless grown, and tried and troubled,
his spirit
Could no longer endure the calm of this quiet
existence.
Thinking ever of thee, uncertain and sorrowful
ever,
Ever silent, or speaking only of thee and his
troubles,
950 He at length had become so tedious to men and to
maidens,
Tedious even to me, that at length I bethought
me and sent him
Unto the town of Adayes to trade for mules with
the Spaniards.
Thence he will follow the Indian trails to the
Ozark Mountains,
Hunting for furs in the forests, on rivers trapping
the beaver.
955 Therefore be of good cheer; we will follow the
fugitive lover;
He is not far on his way, and the Fates and the
streams are against him.
Up and away to-morrow, and through the red dew
of the morning,
We will follow him fast, and bring him back to
his prison."

Then glad voices were heard, and up from the
banks of the river,
960 Borne aloft on his comrades' arms, came Michael
the fiddler.

Long under Basil's roof had he lived, like a god on
Olympus,
Having no other care than dispensing music to
mortals.
Far renowned was he for his silver locks and his
fiddle.
"Long live Michael," they cried, "our brave
Acadian minstrel!"
965 As they bore him aloft in triumphal procession;
and straightway
Father Felician advanced with Evangeline, greet-
ing the old man
Kindly and oft, and recalling the past, while Basil,
enraptured,
Hailed with hilarious joy his old companions and
gossips,
Laughing loud and long, and embracing mothers
and daughters.
970 Much they marvelled to see the wealth of the ci-
devant blacksmith,
All his domains and his herds, and his patriarchal
demeanour;
Much they marvelled to hear his tales of the soil
and the climate,
And of the prairies, whose numberless herds were
his who would take them;
Each one thought in his heart, that he, too, would
go and do likewise.
975 Thus they ascended the steps, and, crossing the
breezy veranda,
Entered the hall of the house, where already the
supper of Basil
Waited his late return; and they rested and feasted
together.

Over the joyous feast the sudden darkness descended.

All was silent without, and, illumining the landscape with silver,

980 Fair rose the dewy moon and the myriad stars ; but within doors,

Brighter than these, shone the faces of friends in the glimmering lamplight.

Then from his station aloft, at the head of the table, the herdsman

Poured forth his heart and his wine together in endless profusion.

Lighting his pipe, that was filled with sweet Natchitoches tobacco,

985 Thus he spake to his guests, who listened, and smiled as they listened : —

"Welcome once more, my friends, who long have been friendless and homeless,

Welcome once more to a home, that is better perchance than the old one !

Here no hungry winter congeals our blood like the rivers ;

Here no stony ground provokes the wrath of the farmer.

990 Smoothly the ploughshare runs through the soil, as a keel through the water.

All the year round the orange-groves are in blossom ; and grass grows

More in a single night than a whole Canadian summer.

Here, too, numberless herds run wild and unclaimed in the prairies ;

Here, too, lands may be had for the asking, and forests of timber

995 With a few blows of the axe are hewn and framed
 into houses.
After your houses are built, and your fields are
 yellow with harvests,
No King George of England shall drive you away
 from your homesteads,
Burning your dwellings and barns, and stealing
 your farms and your cattle."
Speaking these words, he blew a wrathful cloud
 from his nostrils,
1000 While his huge, brown hand came thundering
 down on the table,
So that the guests all started; and Father Felician,
 astounded,
Suddenly paused, with a pinch of snuff half-way to
 his nostrils.
But the brave Basil resumed, and his words were
 milder and gayer :—
 "Only beware of the fever, my friends, beware of
 the fever!"
1005 For it is not like that of our cold Acadian
 climate,
Cured by wearing a spider hung round one's neck
 in a nutshell!"
Then there were voices heard at the door, and
 footsteps approaching
Sounded upon the stairs and the floor of the breezy
 veranda.
It was the neighbouring Creoles and small Acadian
 planters,
1010 Who had been summoned all to the house of Basil
 the Herdsman.
Merry the meeting was of ancient comrades and
 neighbours :

Friend clasped friend in his arms; and they who
before were as strangers,
Meeting in exile, became straightway as friends to
each other,
Drawn by the gentle bond of a common country
together.

1001 But in the neighbouring hall a strain of music,
proceeding
From the accordant strings of Michael's melodious
fiddle,
Broke up all further speech. Away, like children
delighted,
All things forgotten beside, they gave themselves
to the maddening
Whirl of the dizzy dance, as it swept and swayed
to the music,
1020 Dreamlike, with beaming eyes and the rush of
fluttering garments.

Meanwhile, apart, at the head of the hall, the
priest and the herdsman
Sat, conversing together of past and present and
future;
While Evangeline stood like one entranced, for
within her
Olden memories rose, and loud in the midst of the
music
1025 Heard she the sound of the sea, and an irrepressible sadness
Came o'er her heart, and unseen she stole forth
into the garden.
Beautiful was the night. Behind the black wall of
the forest,

Tipping its summit with silver, arose the moon,
On the river
Fell here and there through the branches a tremu-
lous gleam of the moonlight,
1030 Like the sweet thoughts of love on a darkened and
devious spirit.
Nearer and round about her, the manifold flowers
of the garden
Poured out their souls in odours, that were their
prayers and confessions
Unto the night, as it went its way, like a silent
Carthusian.
Fuller of fragrance than they, and as heavy with
shadows and night-dews,
1035 Hung the heart of the maiden. The calm and the
magical moonlight
Seemed to inundate her soul with indefinable long-
ings,
As, through the garden gate, and beneath the
shade of the oak-trees,
Passed she along the path to the edge of the
measureless prairie.
Silent it lay, with a silvery haze upon it, and fire-
flies
1040 Gleaming and floating away in mingled and infinite
numbers.
Over her head the stars, the thoughts of God in the
heavens,
Shone on the eyes of man, who had ceased to
marvel and worship,
Save when a blazing comet was seen on the walls
of that temple,
As if a hand had appeared and written upon them,
“Upharsin.”

141 And the soul of the maiden, between the stars and
the fire-flies,
Wandered alone, and she cried, "O Gabriel ! O
my beloved !
Art thou so near unto me, and yet I cannot
behold thee ?
Art thou so near unto me, and yet thy voice
does not reach me ?
Ah ! how often thy feet have trod this path to the
prairie !

150 Ah ! how often thine eyes have looked on the
woodlands around me !
Ah ! how often beneath this oak, returning from
labour,
Thou hast lain down to rest, and to dream of me
in thy slumbers !
When shall these eyes behold, these arms be folded
about thee ?"
Lo ! and sudden and near the note of a whippoor-
will sounded

160 Like a fire in the woods ; and anon, through the
neighbouring thickets,
Farther and farther away it floated and dropped
into silence.
"Patience !" whispered the oaks from oracular
caverns of darkness ;
And, from the moonlit meadow, a sigh responded,
"To-morrow !"

Bright rose the sun next day ; and all the flowers
of the garden

160 Bathed his shining feet with their tears, and
anointed his tresses

With the delicious balm that they bore in their
vases of crystal.

"Farewell!" said the priest, as he stood at the
shadowy threshold;

"See that you bring us the Prodigal Son from his
fasting and famine,

And, too, the Foolish Virgin, who slept when the
bridegroom was coming."

1075 "Farewell!" answered the maiden and, smiling,
with Basil descended

Down to the river's brink, where the boatmen
already were waiting.

Thus beginning their journey with morning, and
sunshine, and gladness,

Swiftly they followed the flight of him who was
speeding before them,

Blown by the blast of fate like a dead leaf over the
desert.

1076 Not that day, nor the next, nor yet the day that
succeeded,

Found they trace of his course, in lake or forest or
river,

Nor, after many days, had they found him; but
vague and uncertain

Rumours alone were their guides through a wild
and desolate country;

Till, at the little inn of the Spanish town of
Adayes,

1077 Weary and worn, they alighted, and learned from
the garrulous landlord

That on the day before, with horses and guides
and companions,

Gabriel left the village, and took the road of the
prairies.

IV.

Far in the West there lies a desert land, where
the mountains
Lift, through perpetual snows, their lofty and
luminous summits.

1080 Down from their jagged, deep ravines, where the
gorge, like a gateway,
Opens a passage rude to the wheels of the emi-
grant's wagon,
Westward the Oregon flows and the Walloway
and Owyhee.

Eastward, with devious course, among the Wind-
river Mountains,
Through the Sweet-water Valley precipitate leaps
the Nebraska;

1085 And to the south, from Fontaine-qui-bout and the
Spanish sierras,
Fretted with sands and rocks, and swept by the
wind of the desert,
Numberless torrents, with ceaseless sound, descend
to the ocean,

Like the great chords of a harp, in loud and solemn
vibrations.

Spreading between these streams are the won-
drous, beautiful prairies,

1090 Billowy bays of grass ever rolling in shadow and
sunshine,
Bright with luxuriant clusters of roses and purple
amorphas.

Over them wandered the buffalo herds, and the elk
and the roebuck ;

Over them wandered the wolves, and herds of rider-
less horses ;

Fires that blast and blight, and winds that are
weary with travel ;
¹⁰⁹⁵ Over them wander the scattered tribes of Ish-
mael's children,
Staining the desert with blood ; and above their
terrible war-trails
Circles and sails aloft, on pinions majestic, the
vulture,
Like the implacable soul of a chieftain slaughtered
in battle,
By invisible stairs ascending and scaling the heav-
ens.
¹¹⁰⁰ Here and there rise smokes from the camps of
these savage marauders ;
Here and there rise groves from the margins of
swift-running rivers ;
And the grim, taciturn bear, the anchorite monk
of the desert,
Climbs down their dark ravines to dig for roots by
the brook-side,
And over all is the sky, the clear and crystalline
heaven,
¹¹⁰⁵ Like the protecting hand of God inverted above
them.

Into this wonderful land at the base of the Ozark
Mountains,
Gabriel far had entered with hunters and trappers
behind him.
Day after day, with their Indian guides, the maiden
and Basil
Followed his flying steps, and thought each day to
o'ertake him.

... Sometimes they saw, or thought they saw, the
smoke of his camp-fire
Rise in the morning air from the distant plain; but
at nightfall,
When they had reached the place, they found only
embers and ashes.
And, though their hearts were sad at times and
their bodies were weary.
Hope still guided them on, as the magic Fata
Morgana
... Showed them her lakes of light, that retreated and
vanished before them.

Once, as they sat by their evening fire, there
silently entered
Into the little camp an Indian woman, whose fea-
tures
Wore deep traces of sorrow, and patience as great
as her sorrow.
She was a Shawnee woman returning home to
her people,
... From the far-off hunting-grounds of the cruel
Camanches,
Where her Canadian husband, a coureur-des-bois,
had been murdered.
Touched were their hearts at her story, and warm-
est and friendliest welcome
Gave they, with words of cheer, and she sat and
feasted among them
On the buffalo-meat and the venison cooked on
the embers.
... But when their meal was done, and Basil and all
his companions,

Worn with the long day's march and the chase of
the deer and the bison,
Stretched themselves on the ground, and slept
where the quivering fire-light
Flashed on their swarthy cheeks, and their forms
wrapped up in their blankets,
Then at the door of Evangeline's tent she sat and
repeated,
... Slowly, with soft, low voice, and the charm of her
Indian accent,
All the tale of her love, with its pleasures, and
pains, and reverses.
Much Evangeline wept at the tale, and to know
that another
Hapless heart like her own had loved and had been
disappointed.
Moved to the depths of her soul by pity and
woman's compassion,
... Yet in her sorrow pleased that one who had suf-
fered was near her,
She in turn related her love and all its disas-
ters.
Mute with wonder the Shawnee sat, and when she
had ended
Still was mute; but at length, as if a mysterious
horror
Passed through her brain, she spake, and repeated
the tale of the Mowis;
... Mowis, the bridegroom of snow, who won and wed-
ded a maiden,
But, when the morning came, arose and passed
from the wigwam,
Fading and melting away and dissolving into the
sunshine,

Till she beheld him no more, though she followed
far into the forest.
Then, in those sweet, low tones, that seemed like
a weird incantation,
1145 Told she the tale of the fair Lilinau, who was wooed
by a phantom,
That, through the pines o'er her father's lodge, in
the hush of the twilight,
Breathed like the evening wind, and whispered
love to the maiden,
Till she followed his green and waving plume
through the forest,
And nevermore returned, nor was seen again by
her people.
1150 Silent with wonder and strange surprise, Evange-
line listened
To the soft flow of her magical words, till the
region around her
Seemed like enchanted ground, and her swarthy
guest the enchantress.
Slowly over the tops of the Ozark Mountains the
moon rose,
Lighting the little tent, and with a mysterious
splendour
1155 Touching the sombre leaves, and embracing and
filling the woodland.
With a delicious sound the brook rushed by, and
the branches
Swayed and sighed overhead in scarcely audible
whispers.
Filled with the thoughts of love was Evangeline's
heart, but a secret,
Subtle sense crept in of pain and indefinite
terror,

1160 As the cold, poisonous snake creeps into the nest
of the swallow.
It was no earthly fear. A breath from the region
of spirits
Seemed to float in the air of night ; and she felt for
a moment
That, like the Indian maid, she, too, was pursuing
a phantom.
With this thought she slept, and the fear and the
phantom had vanished.

1165 Early upon the morrow the march was resumed,
and the Shawnee
Said, as they journeyed along,—“On the western
slope of these mountains
Dwells in his little village the Black Robe chief of
the Mission.
Much he teaches the people, and tells them of
Mary and Jesus;
Loud laugh their hearts with joy, and weep with
pain, as they hear him.”
1170 Then, with a sudden and secret emotion, Evange-
line answered,
“Let us go to the Mission, for there good tidings
await us !”
Thither they turned their steeds ; and behind a
spur of the mountains,
Just as the sun went down, they heard a murmur
of voices,
And in a meadow green and broad, by the bank
of a river,
1175 Saw the tents of the Christians, the tents of the
Jesuit Mission.

Under a towering oak, that stood in the midst of
the village,
Knelt the Black Robed chief with his children. A
crucifix fastened
High on the trunk of the tree, and overshadowed
by grapevines,
Looked with its agonized face on the multitude
kneeling beneath it.

1180 This was their rural chapel. Aloft through the
intricate arches
Of its aerial roof, arose the chant of their
vespers,
Mingling its notes with the soft susurrus and sighs
of the branches.
Silent, with heads uncovered, the travellers, nearer
approaching,
Knelt on the swarded floor, and joined in the even-
ing devotions.

1185 But when the service was done, and the benedic-
tion had fallen
Forth from the hands of the priest, like seed from
the hands of the sower,
Slowly the reverend man advanced to the strangers,
and bade them
Welcome; and when they replied, he smiled with
benignant expression,
Hearing the homelike sounds of his mother-tongue
in the forest,

1190 And, with words of kindness, conducted them into
his wigwam.
There upon mats and skins they reposed, and on
cakes of the maize-ear
Feasted, and slaked their thirst from the water-
gourd of the teacher.

Soon was their story told; and the priest with
solemnity answered :—

"Not six suns have risen and set since Gabriel,
seated

1195 On this mat by my side, where now the maiden
reposes,

Told me this same sad tale; then arose and con-
tinued his journey!"

Soft was the voice of the priest, and he spake with
an accent of kindness ;

But on Evangeline's heart fell his words as in win-
ter the snow-flakes

Fall into some lone nest from which the birds have
departed.

1200 "Far to the north he has gone," continued the
priest ; "but in autumn,

When the chase is done, will return again to the
Mission."

Then Evangeline said, and her voice was meek
and submissive,

"Let me remain with thee, for my soul is sad and
afflicted."

So seemed it wise and well unto all; and betimes
on the morrow,

1205 Mounting his Mexican steed, with his Indian guides
and companions,

Homeward Basil returned, and Evangeline stayed
at the Mission.

Slowly, slowly, slowly the days succeeded each
other,

Days and weeks and months; and the fields of
maize that were springing

Green from the ground when a stranger she came,
now waving about her,

1210 Lifted their slender shafts, with leaves interlacing,
and forming
Cloisters for mendicant crows and granaries pil-
laged by squirrels.

Then in the golden weather the maize was husked,
and the maidens
Blushed at each blood-red ear, for that betokened
a lover,

But at the crooked laughed, and called it a thief in
the corn-field.

1215 Even the blood-red ear to Evangeline brought not
her lover.
"Patience!" the priest would say; "have faith,
and thy prayer will be answered!
Look at this vigorous plant that lifts its head from
the meadow,
See how its leaves are turned to the north, as true
as the magnet;
This is the compass-flower, that the finger of God
has planted

1220 Here in the houseless wild, to direct the traveller's
journey
Over the sea-like, pathless, limitless waste of the
desert.

Such in the soul of man is faith. The blossoms of
passion,
Gay and luxuriant flowers, are brighter and fuller
of fragrance,
But they beguile us, and lead us astray, and their
odour is deadly.

1225 Only this humble plant can guide us here, and
hereafter

Crown us with asphodel flowers, that are wet with
the dews of nepenthe."

So came the autumn, and passed, and the win-
"er,—yet Gabriel came not ;
Blossomed the opening spring, and the notes of
the robin and bluebird
Sounded sweet upon wold and in wood, yet Gabriel
came not.

1230 But on the breath of the summer winds a rumour
was wafted
Sweeter than song of bird, or hue or odour of
blossom.
Far to the north and east, it said, in the Michigan
forests,
Gabriel had his lodge by the banks of the Saginaw
River.
And, with returning guides, that sought the lakes
of St. Lawrence,

1235 Saying a sad farewell, Evangeline went from the
Mission.
When over weary ways, by long and perilous
marches,
She had attained at length the depths of the Michi-
gan forests,
Found she the hunter's lodge deserted and fallen
to ruin !

Thus did the long sad years glide on, and in
seasons and places

1240 Divers and distant far was seen the wandering
maiden ;—

Now in the Tents of Grace of the meek Moravian
Missions,
Now in the noisy camps and the battle-fields of the
army,
Now in secluded hamlets, in towns and populous
cities.
Like a phantom she came, and passed away unre-
membered.

1245 Fair was she and young, when in hope began the
long journey ;
Faded was she and old, when in disappointment it
ended.
Each succeeding year stole something away from
her beauty,
Leaving behind it, broader and deeper, the gloom
and the shadow.
Then there appeared and spread faint streaks of
gray o'er her forehead,

1250 Dawn of another life, that broke o'er her earthly
horizon,
As in the eastern sky the first faint streaks of the
morning.

V.

In that delightful land which is washed by the
Delaware's waters,
Guarding in sylvan shades the name of Penn the
apostle,
Stands on the banks of its beautiful stream the
city he founded.

1255 There all the air is balm, and the peach is the
emblem of beauty,



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And the streets still reecho the names of the trees
of the forest,
As if they fain would appease the Dryads whose
haunts they molested.
There from the troubled sea had Evangeline landed,
an exile,
Finding among the children of Penn a home and a
country.

126. There old René Leblanc had died ; and when he
departed,
Saw at his side only one of all his hundred de-
scendants.
Something at least there was in the friendly streets
of the city,
Something that spake to her heart, and made her
no longer a stranger ;
And her ear was pleased with the Thee and Thou
of the Quakers,

1265 For it recalled the past, the old Acadian coun-
try,
Where all men were equal, and all were brothers
and sisters.
So, when the fruitless search, the disappointed
endeavour,
Ended, to recommence no more upon earth, uncom-
plaining,
Thither, as leaves to the light, were turned her
thoughts and her footsteps.

1270 As from a mountain's top the rainy mists of the
morning
Roll away, and afar we behold the landscape be-
low us,
Sun-illumined, with shining rivers and cities and
hamlets,

So fell the mists from her mind, and she saw the
world far below her,
Dark no longer, but all illumined with love ; and
the pathway
1275 Which she had climbed so far, lying smooth and
fair in the distance.
Gabriel was not forgotten. Within her heart was
his image,
Clothed in the beauty of love and youth, as last
she beheld him,
Only more beautiful made by his death-like silence
and absence.
Into her thoughts of him time entered not, for it
was not.
1280 Over him years had no power ; he was not changed,
but transfigured ;
He had become to her heart as one who is dead,
and not absent ;
Patience and abnegation of self, and devotion to
others,
This was the lesson a life of trial and sorrow had
taught her.
So was her love diffused, but, like to some odorous
spices,
1285 Suffered no waste nor loss, though filling the air
with aroma.
Other hope had she none, nor wish in life, but to
follow,
Meekly with reverent steps, the sacred feet of her
Saviour.
Thus many years she lived as a Sister of Mercy ;
frequenting
Lonely and wretched roofs in the crowded lanes of
the city,

1290 Where distress and want concealed themselves
from the sunlight,
Where disease and sorrow in garrets languished
neglected.
Night after night when the world was asleep, as
the watchman repeated
Loud, through the gusty streets, that all was well
in the city,
High at some lonely window he saw the light of
her taper.

1295 Day after day, in the gray of the dawn, as slow
through the suburbs
Plodded the German farmer, with flowers and
fruits for the market,
Met he that meek, pale face, returning home from
its watchings.

Then it came to pass that a pestilence fell on the
city,
Presaged by wondrous signs, and mostly by flocks
of wild pigeons,
1300 Darkening the sun in their flight, with naught in
their crows but an acorn.
And, as the tides of the sea arise in the month of
September,
Flooding some silver stream, till it spreads to a
lake in the meadow,
So death flooded life, and, o'erflowing its natural
margin,
Spread to a brackish lake the silver stream of
existence.

1305 Wealth had no power to bribe, nor beauty to
charm, the oppressor;

But all perished alike beneath the scourge of his
anger;—

Only, alas! the poor, who had neither friends nor
attendants,

Crept away to die in the almshouse, home of the
homeless.

Then in the suburbs it stood, in the midst of
meadows and woodlands;—

Now the city surrounds it; but still, with its gate-
way and wicket

Meek, in the midst of splendour, its humble walls
seem to echo

Softly the words of the Lord:—"The poor ye
always have with you."

Thither, by night and by day, came the Sister of
Mercy. The dying

Looked up into her face, and thought, indeed, to
behold there

Gleams of celestial light encircle her forehead with
splendour,

Such as the artist paints o'er the brows of saints
and apostles,

Or such as hangs by night o'er a city seen at a
distance.

Unto their eyes it seemed the lamps of the city
celestial,

Into whose shining gates ere long their spirits
would enter.

Thus, on a Sabbath morn, through the streets,
deserted and silent,

Wending her quiet way, she entered the door of
the almshouse.

Sweet on the summer air was the odour of flowers
in the garden,
And she paused on her way to gather the fairest
among them,
That the dying once more might rejoice in their
fragrance and beauty.

1325 Then, as she mounted the stairs to the corridors,
cooled by the east-wind,
Distant and soft on her ear fell the chimes from
the belfry of Christ Church,
While, intermingled with these, across the meadows
were wafted
Sounds of psalms, that were sung by the Swedes
in their church at Wicaco.
Soft as descending wings fell the calm of the hour
on her spirit ;
1330 Something within her said, "At length thy trials
are ended ;"
And, with light in her looks, she entered the
chambers of sickness.
Noiselessly moved about the assiduous, careful
attendants,
Moistening the feverish lip, and the aching brow,
and in silence
Closing the sightless eyes of the dead, and con-
cealing their faces,
1335 Where on their pallets they lay, like drifts of snow
by the roadside.
Many a languid head, upraised as Evangeline
entered,
Turned on its pillow of pain to gaze while she
passed, for her presence
Fell on their hearts like a ray of the sun on the
walls of a prison.

And, as she looked around, she saw how Death,
the consoler,
1340 Laying his hand upon many a heart, had healed it
forever.

Many familiar forms had disappeared in the night
time ;
Vacant their places were, or filled already by
strangers.

Suddenly, as if arrested by fear or a feeling of
wonder,
Still she stood, with her colourless lips apart, while
a shudder
1345 Ran through her frame, and, forgotten, the flower-
ets dropped from her fingers,
And from her eyes and cheeks the light and bloom
of the morning.
Then there escaped from her lips a cry of such ter-
rible anguish,
That the dying heard it, and started up from their
pillows.
On the pallet before her was stretched the form of
an old man.
1350 Long, and thin, and gray were the locks that
shaded his temples ;
But, as he lay in the morning light, his face for a
moment
Seemed to assume once more the forms of its ear-
lier manhood ;
So are wont to be changed the faces of those who
are dy ing.
Hot and red on his lips still burned the flush of
the fever,

1355 As if life, like the Hebrew, with blood had been
sprinkled its portals,
That the Angel of Death might see the sign, and
pass over.
Motionless, senseless, dying, he lay, and his spirit
exhausted
Seemed to be sinking down through infinite depths
in the darkness,
Darkness of slumber and death, forever sinking
and sinking.

1360 Then through those realms of shade, in multiplied
reverberations,
Heard he that cry of pain, and through the hush
that succeeded
Whispered a gentle voice, in accents tender and
saintlike,
"Gabriel! O my beloved!" and died away into
silence.
Then he beheld, in a dream, once more the home of
his childhood;

1365 Green Acadian meadows, with sylvan rivers among
them,
Village, and mountain, and woodlands; and, walking
under their shadow,
As in the days of her youth, Evangeline rose in his
vision.
Tears came into his eyes; and as slowly he lifted
his eyelids,
Vanished the vision away, but Evangeline knelt by
his bedside.

1370 Vainly he strove to whisper her name, for the
accents unuttered
Died on his lips, and their motion revealed what
his tongue would have spoken.

Vainly he strove to rise; and Evangeline, kneeling
beside him,

Kissed his dying lips, and laid his head on her
bosom.

Sweet was the light of his eyes; but it suddenly
sank into darkness,

1375 As when a lamp is blown out by a gust of wind at
a casement.

All was ended now, the hope, and the fear, and
the sorrow,

All the aching of heart, the restless, unsatisfied
longing,

All the dull, deep pain, and constant anguish of
patience!

And, as she pressed once more the lifeless head to
her bosom,

1380 Meekly she bowed her own, and murmured,
“Father, I thank thee!”

Still stands the forest primeval; but far away
from its shadow,

Side by side, in their nameless graves, the lovers
are sleeping.

Under the humble walls of the little Catholic
churchyard,

In the heart of the city, they lie, unknown and
unnoticed.

1385 Daily the tides of life go ebbing and flowing beside
them,

Thousands of throbbing hearts, where theirs are at
rest and forever,
Thousands of aching brains, where theirs no longer
are busy,
Thousands of toiling hands, where theirs have
ceased from their labours,
Thousands of weary feet, where theirs have com-
pleted their journey !

1,390 Still stands the forest primeval; but under the
shade of its branches

Dwells another race, with other customs and
language.

Only along the shore of the mournful and misty
Atlantic

Linger a few Acadian peasants, whose fathers from
exile

Wandered back to their native land to die in its
bosom.

1,395 In the fisherman's cot the wheel and the loom are
still busy;

Maidens still wear their Norman caps and their
kirtles of homespun,

And by the evening fire repeat Evangeline's story,
While from its rocky caverns the deep-voiced,
neighbouring ocean

Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the
wail of the forest.

THE DAY IS DONE

The day is done, and the darkness
Falls from the wings of Night,
As a feather is wafted downward
From an eagle in his flight.

5 I see the lights of the village
Gleam through the rain and the mist,
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me
That my soul cannot resist:

A feeling of sadness and longing,
10 That is not akin to pain,
And resembles sorrow only
As the mist resembles the rain.

Come, read to me some poem,
Some simple and heartfelt lay,
15 That shall soothe this restless feeling,
And banish the thoughts of day.

Not from the grand old masters,
Not from the bards sublime,
Whose distant footsteps echo
20 Through the corridors of Time.

For, like strains of martial music,
Their mighty thoughts suggest
Life's endless toil and endeavour;
And to-night I long for rest.

25 Read from some humbler poet,
Whose songs gushed from his heart,

As showers from the clouds of summer,
Or tears from the eyelids start;

Who, through long days of labour,
And nights devoid of ease,
Still heard in his soul the music
Of wonderful melodies.

Such songs have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction
That follows after prayer.

Then read from the treasured volume
The poem of thy choice,
And lend to the rhyme of the poet
The beauty of thy voice.

And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares, that infest the day,
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.

THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS

Somewhat back from the village street
Stands the old-fashioned country-seat.
Across its antique portico
Tall poplar-trees their shadows throw;
And from its station in the hall
An ancient timepiece says to all,—
“Forever—never!
Never—forever!”

Half-way up the stairs it stands,

10 And points and beckons with its hands
From its case of massive oak,
Like a monk, who, under his cloak,
Crosses himself, and sighs, alas !
With sorrowful voice to all who pass,—

15 " Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

By day its voice is low and light;

But in the silent dead of night,
Distinct as a passing footstep's fall,

20 It echoes along the vacant hall,
Along the ceiling, along the floor,
And seems to say at each chamber-door,—

" Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

25 Through days of sorrow and of mirth,
Through days of death and days of birth,
Through every swift vicissitude
Of changeful time, unchanged it has stood,
And as it, like God, it all things saw,
30 It calmly repeats those words of awe,—

" Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

In that mansion used to be
Free-hearted Hospitality;

35 His great fires up the chimney roared;
The stranger feasted at his board;
But, like the skeleton at the feast,
That warning timepiece never ceased,—

" Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

There groups of merry children played,
There youths and maidens dreaming strayed;
O precious hours! O golden prime,
And affluence of love and time!

45 Even as a miser counts his gold,
Those hours the ancient timepiece told,—
“ Forever—never!
Never—forever!”

From that chamber, clothed in white,
50 The bride came forth on her wedding night;
There, in that silent room below,
The dead lay in his shroud of snow;
And in the hush that followed the prayer,
Was heard the old clock on the stair,—

55 “ Forever—never!
Never—forever!”

All are scattered and fled,
Some are married, some are dead;
And when I ask, with throbs of pain,
60 “ Ah! when shall they all meet again?”
As in the days long since gone by,
The ancient timepiece makes reply,—

“ Forever—never!
Never—forever!”

65 Never here, forever there,
Where all parting, pain, and care,
And death, and time shall disappear,—
Forever there, but never here!
The horologe of Eternity
70 Sayeth this incessantly,—
“ Forever—never!
Never—forever!”

THE FIRE OF DRIFT-WOOD

DEVEREUX FARM, NEAR MARBLEHEAD

We sat within the farm-house old,
Whose windows, looking o'er the bay,
Gave to the sea-breeze, damp and cold,
An easy entrance, night and day.

5 Not far away we saw the port,
The strange, old-fashioned, silent town,
The lighthouse, the dismantled fort,
The wooden houses, quaint and brown.

We sat and talked until the night,
10 Descending, filled the little room ;
Our faces faded from the sight,
Our voices only broke the gloom.

We spake of many a vanished scene,
Of what we once had thought and said,
15 Of what had been, and might have been,
And who was changed, and who was dead ;

And all that fills the hearts of friends,
When first they feel, with secret pain,
Their lives thenceforth have separate ends
20 And never can be one again ;

The first slight swerving of the heart,
That words are powerless to express,
And leave it still unsaid in part,
25 Or say it in too great excess.

30 The very tones in which we spake
Had something strange, I could but mark;

The leaves of memory seemed to make
A mournful rustling in the dark.

Oft died the words upon our lips,
30 As suddenly, from out the fire
Built of the wreck of stranded ships,
The flames would leap and then expire.

And, as their splendour flashed and failed,
We thought of wrecks upon the main,—
35 Of ships dismasted, that were hailed,
And sent no answer back again.

The windows, rattling in their frames,—
The ocean, roaring up the beach,—
The gusty blast,—the bickering flames,—
40 All mingled vaguely in our speech ;

Until they made themselves a part
Of fancies floating through the brain,—
The long-lost ventures of the heart,
That send no answers back again.

45 O flames that glowed ! O hearts that yearned !
They were indeed too much akin,
The drift-wood fire without that burned,
The thoughts that burned and glowed within.

RESIGNATION

THERE is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there !
There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,
But has one vacant chair !

5 The air is full of farewells to the dying,
 And mournings for the dead;
 The heart of Rachel, for her children crying,
 Will not be comforted !

Let us be patient ! These severe afflictions
 10 Not from the ground arise,
 But oftentimes celestial benedictions
 Assume this dark disguise.

We see but dimly through the mists and vapours ;
 Amid these earthly damps
 15 What seem to us but sad, funereal tapers
 May be heaven's distant lamps.

There is no Death ! What seems so is transition ;
 This life of mortal breath
 Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
 20 Whose portal we call Death.

She is not dead,—the child of our affection,—
 But gone unto that school
 Where she no longer needs our poor protection,
 And Christ himself doth rule.

25 In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion,
 By guardian angels led,
 Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,
 She lives, whom we call dead.

Day after day we think what she is doing
 30 In those bright realms of air ;
 Year after year, her tender steps pursuing,
 Behold her grown more fair.

Thus do we walk with her, and keep unbroken

The bond which nature gives,

35 Thinking that our remembrance, though unspoken,
May reach her where she lives.

Not as a child shall we again behold her ;

For when with raptures wild

In our embraces we again enfold her,

40 She will not be a child ;

But a fair maiden, in her Father's mansion,

Clothed with celestial grace ;

And beautiful with all the soul's expansion

Shall we behold her face.

45 And though at times impetuous with emotion

And anguish long suppressed,

The swelling heart heaves moaning like the ocean

That cannot be at rest,—

We will be patient, and assuage the feeling

50 We may not wholly stay ;

By silence sanctifying, not concealing,

The grief that must have way.

THE WARDEN OF THE CINQUE PORTS

A mist was driving down the British Channel,

The day was just begun,

And through the window-panes, on floor and panel,

Streamed the red autumn sun.

5 It glanced on flowing flag and rippling pennon,
And the white sails of ships ;
And, from the frowning rampart, the black cannon
Hailed it with feverish lips.

Sandwich and Romney, Hastings, Hi.he, and Dover
10 Were all alert that day,
To see the French war-steamers speeding over,
When the fog cleared away.

Sullen and silent, and like couchant lions,
Their cannon, through the night,
15 Holding their breath, had watched, in grim defiance,
The sea-coast opposite.

And now they roared at drum-beat from their stations
On every citadel ;
Each answering each, with morning salutations,
20 That all was well.

And down the coast, all taking up the burden,
Replied the distant forts,
As if to summon from his sleep the Warden
And Lord of the Cinque Ports.

25 Him shall no sunshine from the fields of azure,
No drum-beat from the wall,
No morning gun from the black fort's embrasure,
Awaken with its call !

No more, surveying with an eye impartial
30 The long line of the coast,
Shall the gaunt figure of the old Field Marshal
Be seen upon his post !

For in the night, unseen, a single warrior,
In sombre harness mailed,
35 Dreaded of man, and surnamed the Destroyer,
The rampart wall had scaled.

He passed into the chamber of the sleeper,
The dark and silent room,
And as he entered, darker grew, and deeper,
40 The silence and the gloom.

He did not pause to parley or dissemble,
But smote the Warden hoar;
Ah! what a blow! that made all England tremble
And groan from shore to shore.

45 Meanwhile, without, the surly cannon waited,
The sun rose bright o'erhead;
Nothing in Nature's aspect intimated
That a great man was dead.

THE BRIDGE

I stood on the bridge at midnight,
As the clocks were striking the hour,
And the moon rose o'er the city,
Behind the dark church-tower.

5 I saw her bright reflection
In the waters under me,
Like a golden goblet falling
And sinking into the sea.

And far in the hazy distance
10 Of that lovely night in June,

The blaze of the flaming furnace
Gleamed redder than the moon.

15 Among the long black rafters
The wavering shadows lay,
And the current that came from the ocean
Seemed to lift and bear them away.

20 As, sweeping and eddying through them,
Rose the belated tide,
And, streaming into the moonlight,
The seaweed floated wide.

And, like those waters rushing
Among the wooden piers,
A flood of thoughts came o'er me
That filled my eyes with tears.

25 How often, oh, how often,
In the days that had gone by,
I had stood on that bridge at midnight
And gazed on that wave and sky!

30 How often, oh, how often,
I had wished that the ebbing tide
Would bear me away on its bosom
O'er the ocean wild and wide!

35 For my heart was hot and restless,
And my life was full of care,
And the burden laid upon me
Seemed greater than I could bear.

But now it has fallen from me,
It is buried in the sea;

And only the sorrow of others

40 Throws its shadow over me.

Yet whenever I cross the river

On its bridge with wooden piers,

Like the odour of brine from the ocean

Comes the thought of other years.

45 And I think how many thousands

Of care-encumbered men,

Each bearing his burden of sorrow,

Have crossed the bridge since then.

I see the long procession

50 Still passing to and fro,

The young heart hot and restless,

And the old subdued and slow !

And forever and forever,

As long as the river flows,

55 As long as the heart has passions,

As long as life has woes ;

The moon and its broken reflection,

And its shadow shall appear,

As the symbol of love in heaven,

60 And its wavering image here.

A GLEAM OF SUNSHINE

This is the place. Stand still, my steed,

Let me review the scene.

And summon from the shadowy Past

The forms that once have been.

5 The Past and Present here unite
 Beneath Time's flowing tide,
Like footprints hidden by a brook,
 But seen on either side.

Here runs the highway to the town ;
10 There the green lane descends,
Through which I walked to church with thee,
 O gentlest of my friends !

The shadow of the linden-trees
 Lay moving on the grass ;
15 Between them and the moving boughs,
 A shadow, thou didst pass.

Thy dress was like the lilies,
 And thy heart as pure as they :
One of God's holy messengers
20 Did walk with me that day.

I saw the branches of the trees
 Bend down thy touch to meet,
The clover-blossoms in the grass
 Rise up to kiss thy feet.

25 "Sleep, sleep to-day, tormenting cares,
 Of earth and folly born !"
Solemnly sang the village choir
 On that sweet Sabbath morn.

Through the closed blinds the golden sun
30 Poured in a dusty beam,
Like the celestial ladder seen
 By Jacob in his dream.

And ever and anon, the wind
Sweet-scented with the hay,

35 Turned o'er the hymn-book's fluttering leaves
That on the window lay.

Long was the good man's sermon,
Yet it seemed not so to me ;

For he spake of Ruth the beautiful,
40 And still I thought of thee.

Long was the prayer he uttered,
Yet it seemed not so to me ;

For in my heart I prayed with him,
And still I thought of thee.

45 But now, alas ! the place seems changed ;
Thou art no longer here :
Part of the sunshine of the scene
With thee did disappear.

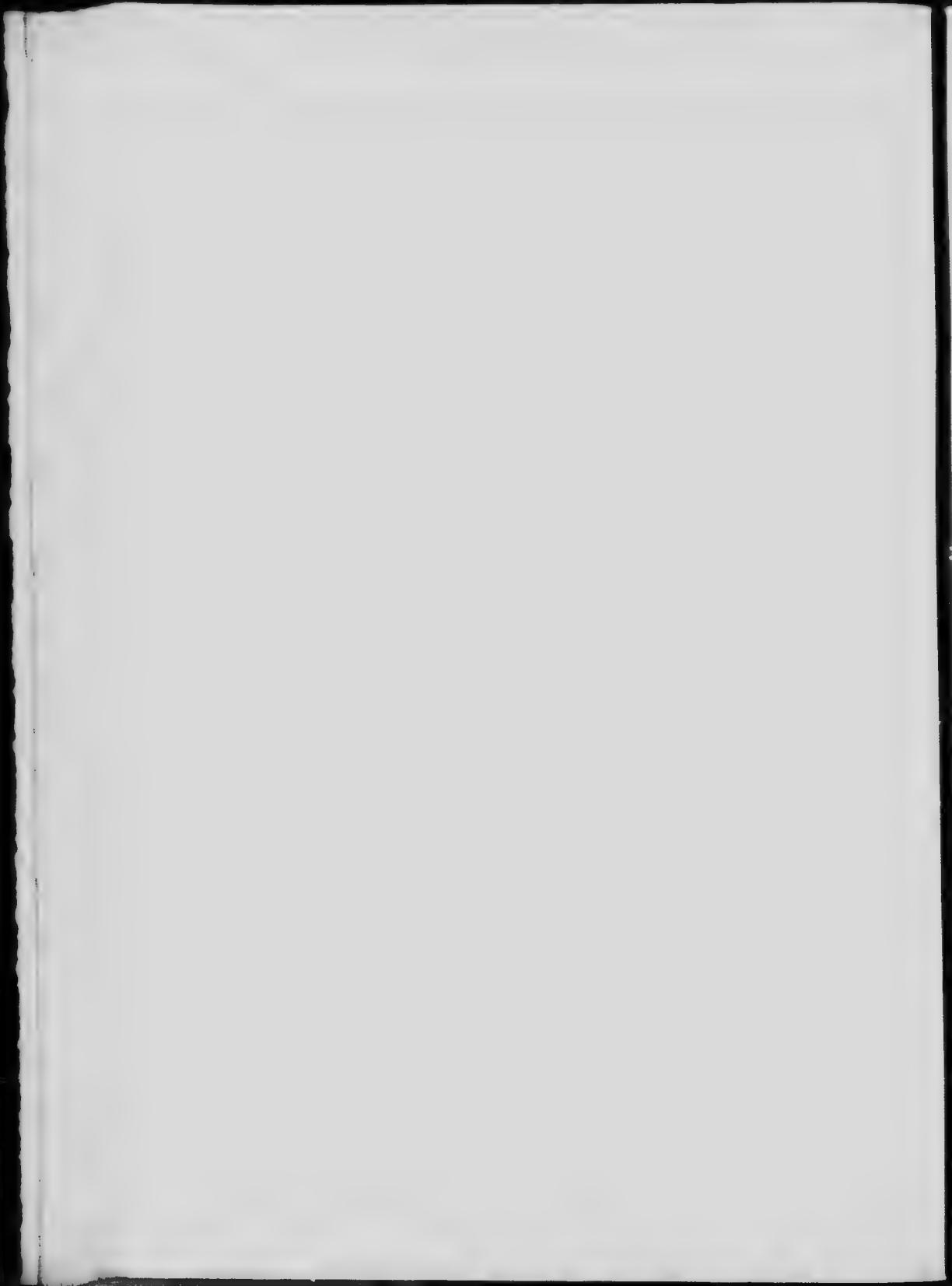
Though thoughts, deep-rooted in my heart,

50 Like pine-trees dark and high,
Subdue the light of noon, and bide the
A low and ceaseless sigh ;

This memory brightens o'er the past,

As when the sun, concealed
55 Behind some cloud that near us hangs,
Shines on a distant field.

LIFE AND WRITINGS OF WORDSWORTH



BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, born at Cockermouth, Cumberland,
April 7, 1770; died at his home, Rydal Mount, Grasmere,
April 23, 1850.

Ah! since dark days still bring to light
Man's prudence and man's fiery might,
Time may restore us in his course
Goethe's sage mind and Byron's force;
But where will Europe's latter hour
Again find Wordsworth's healing power?
Others will teach us how to dare,
And against fear our breast to steel;
Others will strengthen us to bear—
But who, ah! who will make us feel?
The cloud of mortal destiny,
Others will front it fearlessly—
But who, like him, will put it by?

—Matthew Arnold.

The peace which Wordsworth's poetry confers upon those who read him with sympathy and insight, its "healing power" as Arnold rightly names it, does not proceed from a nature too self-centred to realize the presence of misery in the world, and comp'actly satisfied with its own selfish joy. We are over prone perhaps to consider optimism as the result of limited insight or defective sympathies, or, at the best, as the outcome of circumstances which have never known the shock of sorrow. Thus, Wordsworth's undeviating spirit of optimism has been ascribed now to the fact that fortune

had always smiled upon him, or again to the narrow range of his intellectual sympathies, which confined him within the limits of a petty parish among the hills, into whose recesses the turbid flow of the world's currents could not penetrate. Especially has he been fiercely assailed by the partisans of progress as a recalcitrant from the cause of liberty which he had momentarily espoused in his youth. Shelley, a devout admirer of his poetry, stigmatized him as a slave, and Browning mourned him as a "Lost Leader."

In the brief sketch which follows, the facts are so presented as to account for the evident change in Wordsworth's opinions, which led his mind from chaos to stability and his nature from turbulence to repose.

Narrow and reactionary, in a sense, he certainly became, and his narrowness grew intensified with years. Yet the greatness of his poetry does not rest upon his conservative theories of church and state. It was his privilege to reveal to the world the native dignity of humanity even in the humblest guise, and the beauty and the healing power of nature in the mere fragrance of a flower or in the majesty of the folded hills. The spirit of joy which penetrates his poetry is so buoyant, not because the mood which gave it birth was shallow, but because it brought,

Authentic tidings of invisible things ;
Of ebb and flow, and ever-during power ;
And central peace, subsisting at the heart
Of endless agitation.

—Excursion IV.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH was born on the 7th of April, 1770, at Cockermouth, Cumberland, on the verge of that lake country with which his name will always be associated. He was the second son of five children

born to John Wordsworth and Anne Wordsworth, the daughter of William Cookson, a mercer of Penrith. His mother died of consumption when the poet was eight years old, and his father died five years later, leaving no property save an unpaid claim upon the estate of the Earl of Lonsdale, whose agent for many years he had been.

While his mother lived, William Wordsworth had been sent with small profit to schools at Cockermouth and Penrith. Upon her death, in 1778, his father sent him and his elder brother to the Grammar school at Hawkshead, where he remained, boarding with a village dame, in thorough contentment until 1787, little hampered by discipline, satisfying his lively delight in reading as his fancy prompted him—old-world fables, Arabian Nights, Don Quixote, Fielding, and Swift, and roaming at will through the beautiful country-side, enjoying nature with all the zest of a healthy boy.

Such unreflecting joy in nature was not, however, untempered by feelings akin to awe such as are recorded in the memorable passage of "The Prelude," when as he was rowing down the silent lake, a grim peak, black and huge, towered up between him and the stars, and strode after him "with measured motion like a living thing."

And often, even to his boyish vision, the external world seemed to fade, and substantial things lost the semblance of reality. "I was often unable," he says, "to think of external things as having external existence, and I communed with all that I saw as something not apart from, but inherent in my own immaterial nature. Many times while going to school have I grasped at a wall or tree

Hawkshead
Grammar
School,
1778-1787.

Early feel-
ing for
mystery in
Nature.

to recall myself from this abyss of idealism to the reality."

His masters were sympathetic and free from pedantry, if we may trust the idealized portrait which Wordsworth has left us of his favorite teacher, William Taylor, the Matthew of the poems. They never interfered with the healthy native impulses of boyhood, and few poets can look back upon a youth where the qualities of mind and body have had such freedom to expand. Coleridge was growing pale in the unhealthy cloisters of Christ's Hospital, while Wordsworth was roaming the Esthwaite hills, moulded less by the lore of books than by the delicate influences of the woods and skies.

In the poetic record of his own life these at least are the influences which he recalls with positive rapture:

Ye Presences of Nature in the sky
And on the earth! Ye Visions of the hills!
And Souls of lonely places! can I think
A vulgar hope was yours when ye employed
Such ministry, when ye through many a year
Haunting me thus among my boyish sports,
On caves and trees, upon the woods and hills,
Impressed upon all forms the characters
Of danger or desire, and thus did make
The surface of the universal earth
With triumph and delight, with hope and fear,
Work like a sea? *

In estimating the influences which moulded Wordsworth's youth, we must accord to that of nature the first importance; yet the democratic spirit of rustic life, the humble, though noble, characters of the shepherds and dalesmen of the north country among whom he lived, were not without their effect, and could not

* *The Prelude*, I. 464 f.

fail to stamp his mind with the ideals of sincerity and simplicity that dominate his poetry upon the human side.

Wordsworth's father had left his young family under the guardianship of two uncles, who managed when the time arrived to gather enough money to send William and his younger brother to the University of Cambridge.

St. John's
College.
Cambridge.
1787-1791. In October, therefore, of the year 1787, Wordsworth was duly enrolled as a student of St. John's College. Like most Freshmen he entered residence with romantic visions of the future, but soon the feeling came over him that he "was not for that hour, nor for that place." After the untrammelled freedom of his boyhood the comparative restrictions of the university fretted his spirit, nor could he accommodate his mind to the narrow courses of study then prescribed. Intellectual life at Cambridge was stagnant, and for mathematics and theology which still commanded their zealous votaries, Wordsworth could simulate no enthusiasm. To the mortification of his guardians he systematically neglected his studies, and devoted such time as he gave to books to the modern languages, then as now despised in those conservative abodes of learning.

But his vacations brought a renewal of his old enthusiasms, and to a sunrise beheld at Hawkshead, during the first summer of his return, he ascribes the definite awakening of his poetic spirit :

Magnificent

The morning rose, in memorable pomp,
Glorious as e'er I had beheld—in front,
The sea lay laughing at a distance; near,
The solid mountains shone, bright as the clouds,
Grain-tinctured, drenched in empyrean light;
And in the meadows and the lower grounds

Was all the sweetness of a common dawn—
Dews, vapors, and the melody of birds,
And laborers going forth to till the fields.
Ah! need I say, dear Friend! that to the brim
My heart was full; I made no vows, but vows
Were then made for me; bond unknown to me
Was given, that I should be, else sinning greatly,
A dedicated Spirit. On I walked
In thankful blessedness, which yet survives.*

Wordsworth spent his second long vacation in Derbyshire and Yorkshire, and in wandering about the Lake Country with his sister Dorothy and his old school companion and future wife, Mary Hutchinson. During the summer of 1790 he made a foreign tour with his friend, Robert Jones. With about £20 apiece, and all their belongings knotted in a handkerchief, they went on foot through northern France, then in the early ferment of the Revolution, into Switzerland and the Italian mountain lakes, and homeward by the Rhine.

This journey was to bear fruit in his future poetry, but the immediate result of this systematic neglect of ^{Takes his} his studies was an undistinguished degree ^{Degree, 1791.} without honors in January, 1791.

Then followed a long period of hopeless irresolution. He passed three months in London, where he records that the moving scenes of the great city quickened at least his human sympathies. But his outlook was gloomy. He had offended his guardians by his want of assiduity, and he now alienated them completely by his apparent infirmity of purpose, and his seeming unconcern for the future. He spent the summer with his friend Jones in Wales, and in the late autumn he again set foot in France.

* *The Prelude*, IV, 323 f.

From Paris he passed on to Orleans, and thence in the early spring of 1792 to the town of Blois. He had hitherto been an astonished but unsympathetic spectator of the momentous drama of the Revolution. But now he, too, caught the blaze, and kindled with enthusiasm for what he judged a sacred cause. This change had been wrought in him by his growing friendship with Michel Beaupuy, a captain in the little garrison at Blois, and an ardent and noble-minded republican. The September massacres in Paris did not suffice to disillusion him, and he seriously contemplated throwing in his lot with the Girondist party.

A dearth of funds quite possibly saved his neck from the guillotine, for in December he was forced to forego his political dreams and return to his own country.

With our preconceived ideas of Wordsworth's reverence for order and established custom it is well nigh impossible for us to realize the vehemence of his republican sympathies at this time.

Soon after his return to England he found occasion to give expression to his advanced opinions. The country was divided between the discreet views of Edmund Burke, who relished the measured domination of the past, and the incendiary theories of Paine and Godwin, who represented in England the most extreme tendencies in French thought, and desired a root and branch destruction of existing evils. For these thinkers the past was nothing less than a mighty blunder, and all modern institutions inherited from the past were founded on error. They advocated the abolition therefore of all government, and Godwin went so far as to urge the dissolution of the human ties of friendship, gratitude, and love as consecrated by the

marriage bond. In their stead individual liberty would flourish, and reason (what they meant by the term is scarcely clear), would reign supreme.

The early views of Wordsworth are tinged by these doctrines, and are plainly expressed in a letter which he addressed to Richard Watson, the Bishop of Llandaff, in January, 1793. Never an advocate of violence he still could reconcile himself to the Reign of Terror, and to the execution of Louis XVI as a measure of indisputable justice.

The outbreak of war between Great Britain and France, in February, 1793, cast him into great mental distress. His philosophy and his patriotism were in conflict, and British reverses caused him exultant triumph.

At this painful period of his life he was absorbed wholly by political thought and had sadly lapsed from his earlier innocent delight in nature. During the year

Early poems, 1793. 1793, with little enthusiasm and, as it were, in apology for his idleness, he prepared some of his early poems for publication—the *Evening Walk*, and the *Descriptive Sketches*. Coleridge declared that “seldom, if ever, was the emergence of an original poetic genius above the literary horizon more evidently announced.” To the student of Wordsworth these poems are now chiefly of interest as showing the distance that his mind was able to traverse in a brief space from obscurity and artificiality to the clearness and naked simplicity of the “Lyrical Ballads.”

The sky was soon to clear for Wordsworth. The summer of 1793 he passed in the Isle of Wight with William Calvert. Early in 1794 he caught more than a fleeting glimpse of his sister Dorothy who had been jealously kept apart from him owing to their guard-

ian's mistrust of his radical opinions. Wordsworth still firmly persisted in his refusal to enter one of the liberal professions, but later in this same year a timely legacy released his mind from care, and made possible for him the only career in which he might confidently look for success and contentment. Raisley Calvert, the

The Calvert bequest. brother of his friend William, dying of consumption in 1794, left the young poet a bequest of £900, "from a confidence on his part," as Wordsworth writes, "that I had power and attainments which might be of use to mankind."

With this modest sum, and little besides, he supported his sister and himself for the next seven or eight years. In 1795 he became tutor to the son of Basil Montagu for the sum of £50 a year. Also through the **Racedown, 1795.** good offices of Montagu he secured in the autumn of the same year, a farmhouse with orchard and garden, rent free, at Racedown in the southern part of Dorsetshire.

Though his financial resources, slender indeed as they were, had now become less restricted, and the possibility of a poetic career seemed assured, it must not be supposed that his harmony of mind was at once restored. Indeed at Racedown he may be said to have reached the crisis of his mental distress, when disillusionment had begun to fall upon his ideals, and a new philosophy had not yet dawned for him.

But the conditions were favorable for a restoration of his peace of mind. His dearly loved sister was his companion, and as his old dreams fell into **Dorothy Wordsworth.** worthless dust, she led him back to nature for consolation:

She gave me eyes, she gave me ears,
And humble cares, and delicate fears;

A heart the fountain of sweet tears;
And love, and thought and joy.*

Inevitably, we imagine, Wordsworth would have been led of himself to revive his early love for nature, but the influence of his sister at this critical time can scarcely be over-estimated. She herself possessed the poet's eye, and almost the poet's faculty of expression, for Wordsworth seems to have caught some of his most felicitous phrases from her lips.† Her sympathy also for the simple manners of rustic life was sincere, and it was her powerful inducement which stimulated her brother in the choice of his poetic themes.

But for the present, the revolutionary leaven was still fermenting within him. In 1796, Coleridge, who had met him shortly before, describes him as "a republican, and at least a semi-atheist."

The poems upon which he spent his time in 1795-6 reveal how deeply he had imbibed the theories of the Revolution. These were: *Satires*, inveighing against the evils of society; *Guilt and Sorrow*, a sombre poem of human suffering; and more particularly deserving mention, *The Borderers*, his sole dramatic effort. In this ill-constructed and undramatic play, which Coleridge in his early enthusiasm ranked with Shakespeare's, Wordsworth finally purged his mind of the theories he had once revered. As Goethe exposed in "The Sorrows of Werther" the fatal results of unrestricted sentimentality, and thus freed himself from the clutches of that disease, so Wordsworth, in *The Borderers*, showed the disintegrating power of moral casuistry, masquerading in the guise of reason. Defective though the play

* *The Sparrow's Nest.*

† Dorothy Wordsworth's Journal contains the germ, and touches even of the phraseology of many of the poet's early lyrics.

may be, it is still of capital importance as showing the progressive evolution of Wordsworth's opinions.

The final shock which definitively alienated the poet's sympathies from revolutionary France, was to come in 1798, when the Republican armies invaded Switzerland, the ancient inviolate home of liberty.

Wordsworth and Coleridge had first met towards the close of 1795, and by 1797 their intimacy had ripened into a close friendship. Coleridge was living in 1797 at Nether Stowey, and in June paid the Wordsworths a visit at Racedown. In July, they visited him at Stowey, and while there they rented a house at Alfoxden, three miles away, their principal inducement, of course, being Coleridge's society. "We are three people," said Coleridge, "but only one soul," and Miss Wordsworth's Journal amply confirms the statement.

The critical importance of this period in Wordsworth's development has already been shown. His effort had been to recover joy from the heart of despair, and to free himself from the exclusive domination of the reasoning faculty. The habit of analysis had vitiated his mind, and well nigh paralyzed his emotional nature. A partial recovery he had indeed found in his renewed delight in nature, and now his intimacy with Coleridge was to afford him the path of escape from the bondage of reason.

This escape Coleridge had already found in the mystic philosophies of Boehme, Swedenborg, and Spinoza, and in the writings of the great modern thinkers of Germany. "They contributed," writes Coleridge, "to keep alive the heart in the head; gave me an indistinct, yet stirring and working presentiment, *that all the pro-*

ducts of the mere reflective faculty partook of death, and were as the rattling twigs and sprays in winter, into which a sap was yet to be propelled, from some root to which I had not penetrated, if they were to afford my soul either food or shelter."

These unfamiliar ideas asserting the supremacy of imagination and the emotions, and poured forth with the irresistible eloquence of his friend, were like manna in the desert to Wordsworth. He had found the resting place his thoughts had so long sought in vain; and urged onward by Coleridge's unfeigned admiration for his powers, and his growing confidence in himself, he entered upon a season of unexampled poetic activity. His genius had been slow to put forth blossom, but now the harvest was bounteous.

Wordsworth's removal to Alfoxden in 1797 marks the turning point in his career. His faith in the specious humanitarian ideals of the revolutionary writers had yielded to saner views of life and human destiny. The region was beautiful enough to satisfy his renewed delight in the charms of nature. "There is everything here," Miss Wordsworth wrote in her first enthusiasm, "sea, woods wild as fancy ever painted, brooks clear and pebbly as in Cumberland, villages so romantic; and William and I, in a wander by ourselves, found out a sequestered waterfall in a dell formed by steep hills covered with full-grown timber trees. The woods are as fine as those at Lowther, and the country more romantic; it has the character of the less grand parts of the neighborhood of the lakes." And finally, the stimulating society of Coleridge and an intellectual group of friends saved him from the narrowness of mind which his natural love of solitude would have surely engendered.

"The stream of his poetry, ...nerto slender and intermittent, now began to gush forth in an abundant tide. *The Recluse*, his great philosophical work, was projected and commenced just at the time when Coleridge was composing his indignant ode to France.

Lyrical Ballads. Almost all the Lyrical Ballads were written during the spring and summer of 1798, a spring of exceptional beauty in spite of its backwardness, a summer so marvellous that *The Prelude* looks back towards it as the brightest and sunniest the author had known since his boyhood. The loss of his last illusion concerning the Revolution, instead of destroying the joyousness of his spirit, taught him that in himself and in his comprehension of nature, he possessed an inexhaustible well-spring of happiness, against which no external disappointment could prevail. Henceforth he was conscious of his own power to resist depression, and of the vitality of his own joyous spirit.

Still a convalescent when he arrived, Wordsworth left Alfoxden cured. When he came, he was engaged in putting the finishing touches to *Guilt and Sorrow*, *The Borderers*, and *The Ruined Cottage*. On his departure, a year later, after addressing to Nature his first hymn of thanksgiving, written near Tintern Abbey, he carried away with him in manuscript about a thousand lines of his great consolatory poem, *The Recluse*. His self-identity, destroyed for a time by a crisis of despair, was restored. The link which was to connect his early years with those of his maturity was happiness; happiness formerly spontaneous, but now the result of conscious reflection; at first mere lightness of heart, but a settled optimism at last. The years of doubt and gloom had fled, leaving behind them merely a fruitful impression, a salutary warning. Those which preceded them, on the other hand, the years of his childhood and early youth, drew near again, until for him they became the present. He recognized that in them, unknown to himself, he had lived the true life; and if for a moment he had gone astray, he would now attempt to ascertain the direction of his first innocent footsteps, in order that he might set his feet once more upon the path which they had followed."*

The remaining years of Wordsworth's life were placid and uneventful. There are no new developments in

* Émile Legouis. *The Early Life of Wordsworth*.

his opinions to be recorded, save perhaps a deepening of his sympathies towards ecclesiastical and political authority, and an intensification of his prejudices against all that savored of innovation in the state, and against the increasing utilitarianism of the age.

His most brilliant productive period lay within the decade from 1797 to 1807. His share in the conception of Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner* has frequently been pointed out; and as the poems of the two friends continued to multiply beneath the stimulus of their intercourse the plan of a joint volume was discussed. Thus arose the famous "Lyrical Ballads," in which Wordsworth's task was to reveal the poetry that lay beneath the surface of familiar things, while Coleridge was to transfer human interests into the realm of the supernatural.*

This publication is so important in the history of English poetry as to justify the insertion of two quotations from the pens of Professor Dowden and Professor Herford.

"In the literature of the time there were two powerful tendencies, each of which was liable to excess when it operated alone, each of which needed to work in harmony with the other, and to take something into itself from the other. A little before the death of Johnson, English poetry had almost reached the lowest ebb. It has often been said that its revival was due to the excitement and enthusiasm caused by the Revolution in France; but this is certainly untrue. In 1785 appeared Cowper's poem, *The Task*. Two years previously the most remarkable of Crabbe's earlier group of poems, *The Village*, had been published. In 1786 the Kilmarnock edition of the poems of Burns was issued. Thus our poetry had sprung into sudden and splendid life before that memorable year, the centenary of which has recently been celebrated in Paris. And by what means did English poetry renew its life and regain its vigor? By a return to Nature.

* See Coleridge, *Biographia Literaria*, Chap. xiv.

Burns sang direct out of his own warm heart and out of the joys and sorrows of his fellows. The daisy in the furrow, the mouse in the stubble field, the dying ewe in the ditch, the rustic patriarch among his children and servants, the humors of Scottish drink, the humors of Scottish ecclesiastical parties, and the passions of his own wayward heart supplied him with the themes of his song. Cowper turned from the wire-drawn abstractions in verse which had done duty as poetry and looked around him in his walks about Olney, or filled his senses and spirit with the domestic pleasures of Mary Unwin's home, and uttered in verse the feelings aroused in him by his garden, his walk in the crisp December morning, his evening fireside, his newspaper and easy-chair. And Crabbe resolved to set down for once the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth about the life of the peasant, or the rough fisher on our eastern coasts. He was sick of the ideality of sweet Auburns, and of Corydons complaining of their amorous pains, 'the only pains, alas, they never feel.' He aimed at being what in our present critical phraseology we term a "realist or naturalist,

" . . . But with this tendency there co-existed another which was also strong. It was the tendency toward romance which gave their popularity to the *Mysteries of Udolpho* and *The Italian*, which appears in the modern-antiques of Chatterton, and in connection with a sentiment supposed to be that of primitive poetry in Macpherson's *Ossian*. The Gothic revival which in our century became learned and antiquarian was then sentimental and imaginative. As Crabbe may serve to represent the extreme of naturalism in art, so 'Monk' Lewis may serve to represent the other extreme, the extravagance of the romantic tendency. His *Castle Spectre*, a play brimful of supernatural horrors, was produced in the year in which Coleridge and Wordsworth met at Nether Stowey, and it had a run of sixty nights. . . . The gross marvel and mystery amassed in 'The Monk' would suffice for a library of our modern tales of horror.

"Here, then, were two movements in our literature, each operating apart from the other, and each prone to excess—naturalism, tending to a hard, dry, literal manner, unilluminated by the light of imagination; romance, tending to become a coarse revel in material horrors. English poetry needed first that romance should be saved and ennobled by the presence and the power of truth, and, secondly, that naturalism, without losing any

of its fidelity to fact, should be saved and ennobled by the presence and the power of imagination. And this was precisely what Coleridge and Wordsworth contributed to English poetry in their joint volume of *Lyrical Ballads*, which in consequence may justly be described as marking if not making an epoch in the history of our literature." *

Or, as Professor Herford very tersely puts it, with an important reference to the mystical poetry of another predecessor, Blake : "Here the two lines of advance along which poetry had been slowly borne by 'realists' like Cowper and Crabbe, and visionaries like Blake, at length met. Here, too, the crude marvel-mongering of the Radcliffian school was supplemented by the psychological veracity, without which the marvellous cannot be the basis of great poetry. Horace Walpole contrived 'marvels' by violently distorting Nature ; Mrs. Radcliffe, with more illusive skill in devising them, was careful to explain them away. To Wordsworth and Coleridge the world of familiar undoubted things was itself full of expressive affinities and inexplicable suggestion." †

The *Lyrical Ballads* appeared in September, 1798, and in 1800 a second edition was issued with a celebrated

Lyrical Ballads. preface, in which Wordsworth propounded his famous theory of poetic diction, contending September, 1798. that the language of poetry should be identical with that of "real life," and that "there neither is nor can be any essential difference between the language of prose and metrical composition." The fallacy of this theory, in its extreme application at least, was pointed out in Coleridge's remarkable criticism of Wordsworth's poetry and poetic theories in the *Biographia Literaria* (1817). Indeed, Wordsworth rarely binds himself by his own theory, and then only in passages whose bathos permitted the poet's critics to stigmatize his verse as childish and nonsensical. The majestic diction of the "Tintern Abbey," which he pro-

* Professor Dowden, *New Studies in Literature*, pp. 336-338.

† C. H. Herford, *The Age of Wordsworth*, pp. 152-153.

duced at this period, must surely be measured by another test!

In September, 1798, on the eve of the first appearance of the *Lyrical Ballads*, the Wordsworths, in company with Coleridge, set sail from Yarmouth for Germany. Coleridge parted from them almost immediately, and Wordsworth and his sister proceeded to Goslar. Here, amid much discomfort, and in the uninspiring snow and slush of a German winter, Wordsworth produced many of his finest poems—*Nutting*, portions of *The Prelude*, and the exquisite series of verses to Lucy. Wordsworth's stay in Germany, unlike Coleridge's more significant visit, was absolutely unproductive of result upon his development.

German visit. 1798-1799.

Early in 1799, he returned to England. In October he made a tour of the English lakes with Coleridge and his brother John. On the 20th December, 1799, he made his home at Dove Cottage, Town End, Grasmere, where he remained until his growing family compelled him in 1808 to change his abode.

Dove Cottage, 1799-1808.

In 1802, the death of Lord Lonsdale freed him for the rest of his life from financial embarrassment. The heir to the title and estates nobly recognized and acquitted the debt which now with interest had accumulated to £8,500. Of this, Wordsworth and his sister received their proportionate share, amounting to £1,800 each. His brighter outlook enabled Wordsworth, in October, to marry Mary Hutchinson, his long valued friend.

Maries Mary Hutchinson, October, 1802.

This same year is memorable in his poetic history as marking the commencement of his sonnets, which new form a series as noble as the English language

contains. The first stimulus to the choice of this form came from Milton, whose majestic tone he has sought, and not without success, to reproduce. But the immediate inspiration to his political poems was the crisis in his country's history, which, moving to its depths his newly awakened spirit of patriotism, inspired his sonnets of liberty with a nervous energy and passion that revealed a profoundly emotional nature. The sonnet remained with Wordsworth always a favorite form of poetic expression for a great variety of reflective and descriptive themes. The necessary compression saved him from his besetting sin of prolixity, and nowhere so consistently as in the sonnet does he reveal himself as a consummate master of expression.

The last fifty years of his life were passed in placid retirement among the English lakes, broken only by occasional visits to the Continent or Scotland. On his second Scottish tour in 1803 he learned to value the friendship of Sir Walter Scott, then at the height of his poetic fame. In February, 1805, the first great sorrow of his manhood fell upon him. His favorite brother, John, the captain of an East Indiaman, went down with his vessel off the Bill of Portland. The *Elegiac Stanzas* were written when this grief was fresh upon him, and *The Character of the Happy Warrior*, suggested by the death of Nelson, contains traits avowedly borrowed from the character of his brother.

In May, 1805, Wordsworth brought to a conclusion his great autobiographical and philosophical poem, *The Prelude*. This was intended to be 'the portico' of a more ambitious poem, *The Recluse*, which was destined never to be written. *The Excursion*, which appeared in 1814, and .

**The
Prelude.
May, 1805.**

**The
Excursion.
1814.**

prompted Jeffrey's famous remark in the *Edinburgh Review*, "This will never do," is another mighty fragment of the unfinished edifice.

Two volumes of his collected poems appeared in 1807, containing the great odes, *To Duty*, and *On the Intimations of Immortality, Miscellaneous Poems, 1807.* Sonnets, sonnets dedicated to liberty, and the poems of the Scottish tour. These volumes, more important in the history of English poetry than anything which had appeared since Milton, were coldly received. Confident in his ultimate triumph, Wordsworth wrote to his friend Lady Beaumont as follows: "Trouble not yourself upon their present reception; of what moment is that compared with what I trust is their destiny?—to console the afflicted; to add sunshine to daylight by making the happy happier; to teach the young and the gracious of every age to see, to think and feel, and, therefore, to become more actively and securely virtuous; this is their office, which I trust they will faithfully perform, long after we (that is, all that is mortal of us) are mouldered in our graves."

In 1808, the Wordsworths moved to a larger house, Allan Bank, near Easedale. Here his poetical activity flagged, but he produced two works in prose ^{Allan Bank, 1808-1810.} of some merit—a pamphlet stigmatizing the recent Convention of Cintra, and a *Guide to the Lakes*. The pamphlet is a lofty production in the manner of Burke, but, owing to its weightiness, was of comparatively little effect. The *Guide to the Lakes* deals in a masterly analytical fashion with the characteristics of the natural scenery he had celebrated in his verse.

In 1810, a painful misunderstanding led to a

breach of his friendship with Coleridge, which resulted in a partial reconciliation seven years later. His poetical activity was chiefly devoted to the composition of *The Excursion*, the narrative of a soulful pedlar. When it appeared, in 1814, the public were exhilarated by the brilliant poems of Lord Byron, and Wordsworth exacted of his readers a deliberate attention that they were not then prepared to give.

For three years (1810-1813) the Wordsworths now occupied the parsonage at Grasmere. It was a period

1810-1813. The Parsonage at Grasmere. Rydal Mount, beautifully situated two miles from the village of Grasmere. Here he resided until his death.

About the period of his removal to Rydal Mount he received, through the good offices of Lord Lonsdale,

Distributor of stamps for Westmoreland. £400. the post of distributor of stamps for the county of Westmoreland. This yielded the poet £400 a year and was in the nature of a

Pension of £300 in 1842. sinecure, as a deputy discharged the main duties attaching to the office. When Wordsworth resigned this post in 1842, Sir Robert Peel, at the instance of Gladstone, conferred on the poet a pension of £300 a year.

In 1839, the first indication of his growing popularity was manifested when the aged poet went up to Oxford

D.C.L. of Oxford, 1839. to receive an honorary degree. His welcome there was as spontaneous as it was enthusiastic.

Laureate, 1843-1850. When his old friend, Robert Southey, died, in 1843, and the laureateship fell vacant, there could be no two opinions as to the most fitting successor for the office. Wordsworth accepted

it upon the understanding that no poetry of an official character should be exacted of him.

Thus in dignity and honor the poet's life was drawing to a close. Famous men made pilgrimages to Grasmere, where the old man was always willing to discuss his own poetry in thorough detail. Among his disciples were Matthew Arnold, Aubrey de Vere, and Sir Henry Taylor. His last days were darkened by domestic grief through the loss of his daughter, Mrs. Quillinan. In March, 1850 while watching a beautiful sunset, Wordsworth caught a chill, which at his advanced age he could not resist. He gradually sank, and died on the 23rd of April. He was buried beside his children in Grasmere churchyard.

CHARACTER AND PERSONAL APPEARANCE

The hidden places which lie in the depths of ordinary human character are so withdrawn as to render analysis almost futile, or at the best a mere compromise between truth and probability. When the investigation

Words-
worth's
character. concerns a man of genius, the attempt would be incredibly more difficult, were it not that genius betrays itself into perpetual confession, and by sudden flashes here and there reveals its secret. Therefore, the student of Wordsworth's life, turning from the quiet incidents of his dignified career to a contemplation of his poems, will see reflected there the same grave simplicity, the same quiet dignity, the same steadfast sincerity of purpose. Vehement, even to the verge of passion in his youth, unsettled in his beliefs and vagrant in his habits, his maturer life is the story of a hard won conquest over himself. We may regret the gradual cooling of those early fires, the chill-

ing of his young enthusiasms which would have inspired the glow and fervor which his poetry lacks. And yet we have missed the secret of Wordsworth's power if we fail to discern the true passion which underlies his greatest verse, a passion which has in it nothing hysterical nor erotic, is never simulated or artificial, but burns inconsumably nevertheless in the depths of his nature—the passion for noble living and steadfast endurance.

Wordsworth's character has been described as unamiable and selfish, and friendly criticism has dwelt even upon the narrowness and bigotry of his intellectual opinions. He was, perhaps, too profoundly conscious of his poetical mission; took himself too seriously almost, and like his great contemporary, Victor Hugo, worshipped too exclusively at the shrine of his own genius. Protracted solitude may intensify, but it certainly narrows, the range of the intellectual sympathies. Hugo emerged from his seventeen years of exile self-hypnotized, and apparently unconscious that the world had revolved upon its axis in the interval of his seclusion. Thus Wordsworth, too, grew constantly more incapable of grasping the significance of modern life, and when the intellectual stimulus of Coleridge's society was withdrawn, his poetical powers gradually but steadily declined. Had Wordsworth died thirty years earlier his poetic fame would have been more secure.

Four contemporary descriptions of Wordsworth's appearance are of particular interest. The portrait of

Haydon in this volume shows well the massiveness of his head, but the heavy-lidded eyes, while denoting contemplation, yet dull the expression of the face. Leigh Hunt and De Quincey dwell especially upon the significance of his eyes. . . .

His personal appearance.

"I never beheld eyes that looked so inspired, so supernatural. They were like fires, half burning, half smouldering, with a sort of acrid fixture of regard. One might imagine Ezekiel or Isaiah to have had such eyes."—Leigh Hunt.

"His eyes are not, under any circumstances, bright, lustrous, or piercing; but, after a long day's toil in walking, I have seen them assume an appearance, the most solemn and spiritual that it is possible for the human eyes to wear."—De Quincey *Works*, vol. ii.

"Wordsworth and Scott were as little alike in their aspect as in their genius. The only thing common to both countenances was that neither expressed a limitation. You might not have divined from either frontispiece the treasures of the volume,—it was not likely that you should;—but when you knew that there they were, there was nothing but what harmonized with your knowledge. Both were the faces of considerable men. Scott's had a character of rusticity. Wordsworth's was a face which did not assign itself to any class. It was a hardy, weather-beaten old face which might have belonged to a nobleman, a yeoman, a mariner, or a philosopher; for there was so much of a man that you lost sight of superadded distinctions. For my own part I should not, judging from his face, have guessed him to be a poet. To my eyes, there was more of strength than refinement in the face Perhaps what was wanting was only *physical* refinement. It was a rough grey face, full of rifts, and clefts, and fissures, out of which, some one said, you might expect lichens to grow."—*Autobiography of Henry Taylor*.

"For the rest, he talked well in his way; with veracity, easy brevity, and force, as a wise tradesman would of his tools and workshop, and as no unwise one

could. His voice was good, frank, and sonorous, though practically clear, distinct, and forcible, rather than melodious; the tone of him, business-like, sedately confident; no courtesy, yet no anxiety about being courteous. A fine, wholesome rusticity, fresh as his mountain breezes, sat well on the stalwart veteran, and on all he said and did. You would have said that he was a usually taciturn man, glad to unlock himself to audience sympathetic and intelligent, when such offered itself. His face bore marks of much, not always peaceful, meditation; the look of it not bland or benevolent so much as close, impregnable, and hard; a man *multa tacere loquive paratus*, in a world where he had experienced no lack of contradictions as he strode along. The eyes were not very brilliant, but they had a quiet clearness; there was enough of brow, and well-shaped; rather too much cheek ('horse face' I have heard satirists say); face of squarish shape, and decidedly longish, as I think the head itself was (its length going horizontal); he was large-boned, lean, but still firm-knit, tall, and strong-looking when he stood, a right good old steel-gray figure, with rustic simplicity and dignity about him, and a vivacious strength looking through him, which might have suited one of those old steel-gray markgrafs whom Henry the Fowler set up toward the 'marches' and do battle with the intrusive heathen in a stalwart and judicious manner."—Thomas Carlyle in *Reminiscences*.

CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE

Born, April 7, 1770, at Cockermouth, Cumberland.
Goes to Hawkshead Grammar School, 1778.
Sent by guardians to St. John's College, Cambridge, October,
1787.
Foreign tour with Jones, 1790.

Graduates as B.A. without honors, January, 1791.
 Residence in France, November, 1791, to December, 1792.
 Publication of *The Evening Walk*, and *Descriptive Sketches*.

1793.
 Legacy from Raisley Calvert of £900, 1794.
 Lives at Racedown, Dorsetshire, autumn of 1795 to summer
 of 1797.
 Composes *The Borderers*, a tragedy, 1795-1796.
 Close friendship with Coleridge begins in 1797.
 Rents a house at Alfoxden, 1797.
 Genesis of the *Lyrical Ballads*, 1797.
Lyrical Ballads published September, 1798.
 German visit, September, 1798, to April, 1799.
 Lives at Dove Cottage, Grasmere, December 21, 1799, to
 1806, 1807-1808.
 The Lonsdale debt of £8,500 repaid, 1802.
 Marries Mary Hutchinson, October, 1802.
 Death by drowning of his brother, Captain John Wordsworth.

1805.
 Lives at Coleorton, Leicestershire, 1806 to 1807.
 Collected Edition of Poems, 1807.
 Lives at Allan Bank, Easedale, 1808 to 1810.
 Lives at the Parsonage, Grasmere, 1810 to 1812.
 Loss of two children and removal to Rydal Mount, Grasmere,
 1813 to 1850.
 Appointed distributor of stamps for Westmoreland (£400 a
 year), 1813.
The Excursion appears, July, 1814.
 Honorary degree of D.C.L. from Oxford, 1839.
 Resigns his office as distributor of stamps, 1842.
 Receives a pension from Sir R. Peel of £300, 1842.
 Appointed Poet Laureate, 1843.
 Dies at Grasmere, April 23, 1850.

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THE POETRY OF WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

Coleridge, with rare insight, summarized Wordsworth's characteristic defects and merits as follows :

"The first characteristic, though only occasional defect, which I appear to myself to find in these poems is the *inconstancy* of the style. Under this name I refer to the sudden and unprepared transitions from lines or sentences of peculiar felicity (at all events striking and original) to a style, not only unimpassioned but undistinguished.

The second defect I can generalize with tolerable accuracy, if the reader will pardon an uncouth and newly-coined word. There is, I should say, not seldom a *matter-of-factness* in certain poems. This may be divided into, first, a laborious minuteness and fidelity in the representation of objects, and their positions, as

they appeared to the poet himself; secondly, the insertion of accidental circumstances, in order to the full explanation of his living characters, their dispositions and actions; which circumstances might be necessary to establish the probability of a statement in real life, when nothing is taken for granted by the hearer; but appear superfluous in poetry, where the reader is willing to believe for his own sake. . . .

Third; an undue predilection for the *dramatic* form in certain poems, from which one or other of two evils result. Either the thoughts and diction are different from that of the poet, and then there arises an incongruity of style; or they are the same and indistinguishable, where two are represented as talking, while in truth one man only speaks. . . .

The fourth class of defects is closely connected with the former; but yet are such as arise likewise from an intensity of feeling disproportionate to such knowledge and value of the objects described, as can be fairly anticipated of men in general, even of the most cultivated classes; and with which therefore few only, and those few particularly circumstanced, can be supposed to sympathize: in this class, I comprise occasional prolixity, repetition, and an eddying, instead of progression, of thought. . . .

Fifth and last; thoughts and images too great for the subject. This is an approximation to what might be called mental bombast, as distinguished from verbal: for, as in the latter there is a disproportion of the expressions to the thoughts, so in this there is a disproportion of thought to the circumstance and occasion. . . .

To these defects, which . . . are only occasional, I may oppose . . . the following (for the most part correspondent) excellencies:

First; an austere purity of language both grammatically and logically; in short a perfect appropriateness of the words to the meaning. . . .

The second characteristic excellence of Mr. Wordsworth's works is—a correspondent weight and sanity of the thoughts and sentiments, won not from books, but from the poet's own meditative observations. They are *fresh* and have the dew upon them. . . .

Third; . . . the sinewy strength and originality of single lines and paragraphs; the frequent *curiosa felicitas* of his diction . . .

Fourth; the perfect truth of nature in his images and descriptions as taken immediately from nature, and proving a long and genial intimacy with the very spirit which gives the physiognomic expression to all the works of nature. Like a green field reflected in a calm and perfectly transparent lake, the image is distinguished from the reality only by its greater softness and lustre. Like the moisture or the polish on a pebble, genius neither distorts nor false-colors its objects; but on the contrary, brings out many a vein and many a tint, which escape the eye of common observation, thus raising to the rank of gems what had been often kicked away by the hurrying foot of the traveller on the dusty high-road of custom. . . .

Fifth; a meditative pathos, a union of deep and subtle thought with sensibility; a sympathy with man as man; the sympathy indeed of a contemplator, rather than a fellow-sufferer or co-*rite*, but of a contemplator, from whose view no difference of rank conceals the sameness of the nature; no injuries of wind or weather, of toil, or even of ignorance, wholly disguise the human face divine. The superscription and the image of the Creator still remain legible to *him* under the dark lines,

with which guilt or calamity had cancelled or cross-barred it. Here the Man and the Poet lose and find themselves in each other, the one as glorified, the latter as substantiated. In this mild and philosophic pathos, Wordsworth appears to me without a compeer. Such as he is: so he writes.

Last, and pre-eminently, I challenge for this poet the gift of imagination in the highest and strictest sense of the word. In the play of fancy, Wordsworth, to my feelings, is not always graceful, and sometimes recondite. . . . But in imaginative power, he stands nearest of all writers to Shakespeare and Milton; and yet in a kind perfectly unborrowed and his own."—*Biographia Literaria*, ch. xxii.

These are the grounds upon which Coleridge bases the poetic claims of Wordsworth.

Matthew Arnold, in the preface to his well-known collection of Wordsworth's poems, accords to the poet a rank no less exalted. "I firmly believe that the ^{poetical performance of Wordsworth is, after} Matthew Arnold's criticism. ^{that of Shakespeare and Milton, of which all} the world now recognizes the worth, undoubtedly the most considerable in our language from the Elizabethan age to the present time." His essential greatness is to be found in his shorter pieces, despite the frequent intrusion of much that is very inferior. Still it is "by the great body of powerful and significant work which remains to him, after every reduction and deduction has been made, that Wordsworth's superiority is proved."

Coleridge had not dwelt sufficiently, perhaps, upon the joyousness which results from Wordsworth's philosophy of human life and external nature. This Matthew Arnold considers to be the prime source of his greatness.

"Wordsworth's poetry is great because of the extraordinary power with which Wordsworth feels the joy offered to us in the simple primary affections and duties ; and because of the extraordinary power with which, in case after case, he shows us this joy, and renders it so as to make us share it." Goethe's poetry, as Wordsworth once said, is not inevitable enough, is too consciously moulded by the supreme will of the artist. "But Wordsworth's poetry," writes Arnold, "when he is at his best, is inevitable, as inevitable as Nature herself. It might seem that Nature not only gave him the matter for his poem, but wrote his poem for him." The set poetic style of *The Excursion* is a failure, but there is something unique and unmatchable in the simple grace of his narrative poems and lyrics. "Nature herself seems, I say, to take the pen out of his hand, and to write for him with her own bare, sheer, penetrating power. This arises from two causes : from the profound sincereness with which Wordsworth feels his subject, and also from the profoundly sincere and natural character of his subject itself. He can and will treat such a subject with nothing but the most plain, first hand, almost austere naturalness. His expression may often be called bald, as, for instance, in the poem of *Resolution and Independence* ; but it is bald as the bare mountain tops are bald, with a baldness which is full of grandeur. . . . Wherever we meet with the successful balance, in Wordsworth, of profound truth of subject with profound truth of execution, he is unique."

Professor Dowden has also laid stress upon the harmonious balance of Wordsworth's nature, his different faculties seeming to interpenetrate one another, and yield mutual support. He has likewise called attention

to the austere naturalism of which Arnold speaks. "Wordsworth was a great naturalist in literature, but he was also a great idealist; and between the naturalist and the idealist in Wordsworth no opposition existed; each worked with the other, each served the other. While Scott, by allying romance with reality, saved romantic fiction from the extravagances and follies into which it had fallen, Wordsworth's special work was to open a higher way for naturalism in art by its union with ideal truth."

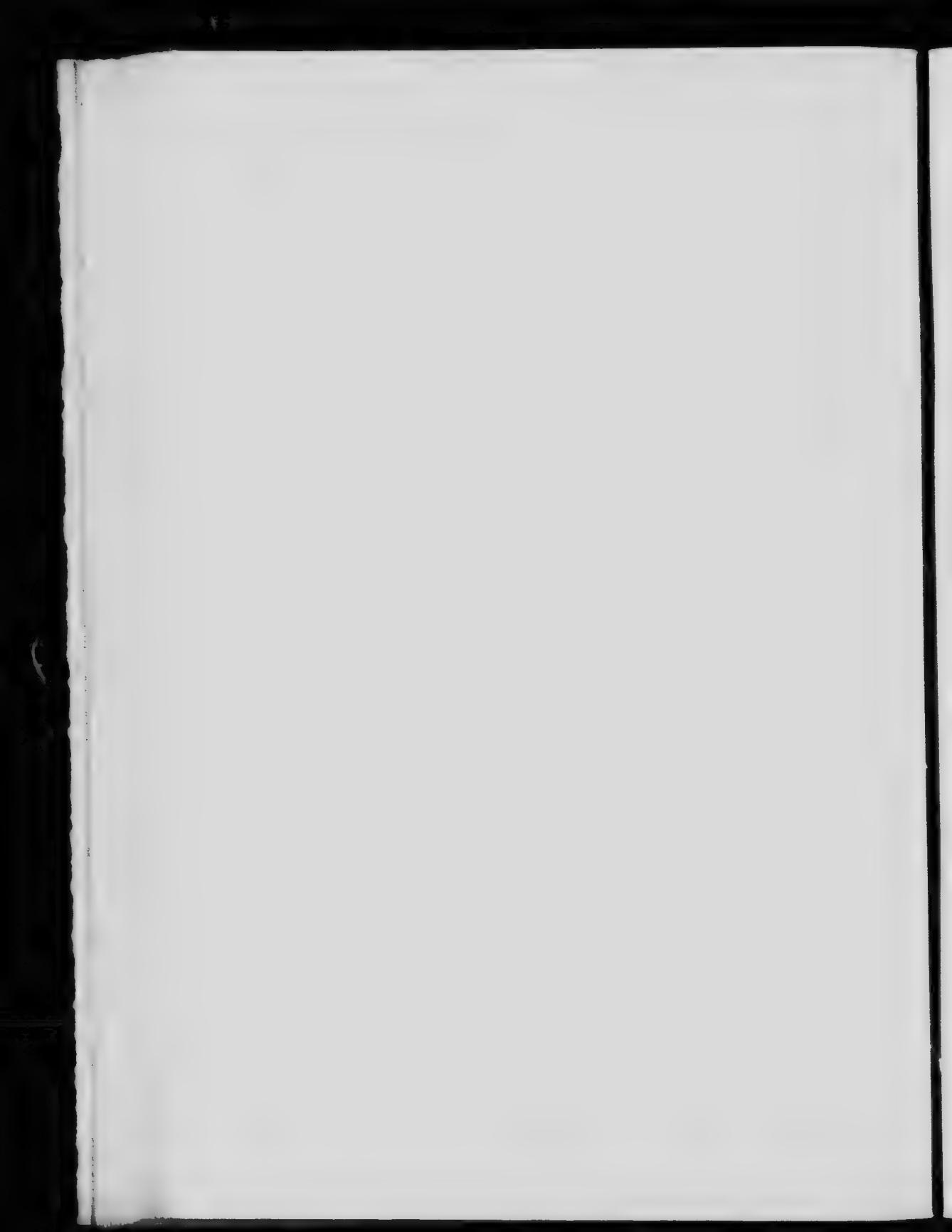
There is no need further to dwell upon Wordsworth's merits and defects in this place. The position he holds in English poetry is secure from all attack. Criticism has long since ceased to ridicule his *Betty Foy*, and his *Harry Gill*, whose "teeth, they chatter, chatter still." Such malicious sport proved only too easy for Wordsworth's contemporaries, but the essential value of his poetry was unimpaired by the mirth which his failures evoked.

The range of poetry is indeed inexhaustible, and even the greatest poets must suffer some subtraction from universal pre-eminence. Therefore, we may frankly admit the deficiencies of Wordsworth,—that he was lacking in dramatic force and in the power of characterization; that he was singularly deficient in humor, and therefore in the saving grace of self-criticism, in the capacity to see himself occasionally in a ridiculous light; that he has little of the romantic glamor and none of the narrative energy of Scott; that Shelley's lyrical flights leave him plodding along the dusty highway; and that Byron's preternatural force makes his passion seem by contrast pale and ineffectual. All this and more may freely be granted, and yet for his influence upon English thought, and

especially upon the poetic thought of his country, he must be named after Shakespeare and Milton. The intellectual value of his work will endure; for leaving aside much valuable doctrine, which from didactic excess fails as poetry, he has brought into the world a new philosophy of Nature, and has emphasized in a manner distinctively his own the dignity of simple manhood.

NOTES

ON THE SELECTED POEMS OF WORDSWORTH



NOTES

THREE YEARS SHE GREW IN SUN AND SHOWER

COMPOSED IN THE HARTZ FOREST IN 1799: PUBLISHED IN 1800

From what we know of Wordsworth's interpretation of nature this poem will not be considered a mere exercise of playful fancy. It was the ingenious theory of Rousseau that children should be educated in communion with nature, and apart from contact with the world. The poem is, therefore, in part a reflection of that idea; but we must not take it as representing Wordsworth's views upon education in their entirety. Yet, there is undeniable beauty, and some truth perhaps, in the thought that the child's character, and even her appearance, may be moulded by the subtle influences of nature.

It will be noticed that not only is the child removed from the disturbing turmoil of the world, but she is also purely receptive of these beautiful influences. The mood of the poem is therefore to be compared with that expressed in *Expostulation and Reply*, *The Tables Turned*, and *To My Sister*. In the first verse nature withdraws the child, Lucy, to herself. In the second verse she will exercise upon her both a kindling and restraining power. She shall have (verse 3) at once the sportiveness of the fawn, and the quiet reserve of "mute insensate things." The two succeeding verses show how nature will mould her form and add beauty to her face.

The fifth verse affords a fine example of Wordsworth's sensitiveness to the beauty of sound. This is instanced in many of his poems, but here the power of sound is exceptionally subtle, for the face of the child grows more beautiful for the murmuring of the dancing rivulets.

In the final verse the poet speaks in his own words. Must we conclude that the child has breathed too rare an atmosphere of perfection, and that life in this world is not consistent with absolute purity?

The Lucy Poems. The Lucy Poems, which were composed at Goslar, form a group of five, namely: "Strange fits of passion have I known"; "She dwelt among the untrodden ways"; "I travelled among unknown men"; "Three years she grew in sun and shower"; and "A slumber did my spirit seal."

"The Goslar poems include those addressed to Lucy. Some have supposed that there was an actual Lucy, known to Wordsworth in Yorkshire, 'about the springs of Dove,' to whom he was attached, who died early, and whose love and beauty he commemorates in these five memorial poems. There is no doubt that the intensity of the lines, the allusion to the spinning-wheel to the heath, the calm, and quiet scene, all suggest a real person. We only wish there were evidence that it had been so. But there is no such evidence." Knight's *Wordsworth*, ix, p. 187.

16. **breathing balm.** The fragrance which exhales from trees or shrubs, or the healing power which resides in their odorous breath. "Balm" is originally the oily substance exuded from resinous trees, and by extension of meaning the aromatic odour and healing power of the exudation.

20-24. **for her the willow bend,** etc. The willow will mould her form to symmetry, and even the sweeping cloud-lines of approaching storms will communicate their grace to her.

SHE WAS A PHANTOM OF DELIGHT

COMPOSED 1804: PUBLISHED 1807

Written at Town-End, Grasmere. The poem describes the poet's feeling for his wife. For other references to her see *The Prelude* vi. l. 224 f., and xiv. l. 268 f. "The germ of this poem was four lines composed as a part of the verses on *The Highland Girl*. Though beginning in this way, it was written from my heart, as is sufficiently obvious." (Wordsworth's Note.)

It is not clear which four lines of *The Highland Girl* are referred to by Wordsworth.

The poems have a certain general resemblance inasmuch as in both the poet regards the woman at first as a phantom apparition, and then upon a nearer view he sees her human qualities. Compare ll. 11-18 of *The Highland Girl*:

' In truth together do ye seem
Like something fashioned in a dream;
Such forms as from their covert peep
When earthly cares are laid asleep!

But, O fair Creature ! in the light
 Of common day, so heavenly bright,
I bless thee, Vision as thou art,
I bless thee with a human heart."

In the present poem there is a progression of the thought from stanza to stanza. In the first stanza the apparition almost transcends our mortal senses ; in the second she takes on a woman's form, and seems a fitting comrade of man's every day life -

"A Creature not too bright or good
 For human nature's daily food."

In the third stanza, as his wife, her loftier qualities are described, and she becomes his intellectual and moral companion. In both the second and third stanzas the poet dwells upon the blending in her nature of spiritual and human attributes:

"A Spirit, yet a Woman too ! l. 12.
 A perfect Woman
 And yet a Spirit still." ll. 27-29.

The reference to his wife in *The Prelude*, xiv. 268, is similar in character:

"She came no more a phantom to adorn
 A moment, but an inmate of the heart,
 And yet a Spirit, there for me enshrined
 To penetrate the lofty and the low;"

17-21. As apposite to ll. 17-21, we may note other verses addressed by Wordsworth to his wife, in which he rejoices in her human imperfections:

"Let other bards of angels sing,
 Bright suns without a spot;
 But thou art no such perfect thing:
 Rejoice that thou art not!"—

and the following verses from *Her only Pilot*:

"While here sits one whose brightness owes its hues
 To flesh and blood; no goddess from above,
 No fleeting spirit, but my own true love."

Crabb Robinson states in his *Diary* (May 12, 1842), that Wordsworth said that the poems 'Our Walk was far among

the Ancient Trees,' then 'She was a Phantom of Delight,' and finally the two sonnets 'To a Painter,' should be read in succession as exhibiting the different phases of his affection to his wife."

22. The very pulse, etc. Professor Dowden's comment is as follows: "Does Wordsworth mean by machine merely the body, as Hamlet does in his signature of the letter to Ophelia: 'Thine . . . whilst this machine is to him'? I rather think the whole woman with all her household routine is conceived as the organism of which the thoughtful soul is the animating principle." The word has deteriorated for poetic uses since Wordsworth employed it.

TO THE CUCKOO

COMPOSED IN THE ORCHARD AT TOWN-END 1802: PUBLISHED 1807

Wordsworth, in his Preface to the 1815 edition, has the following note on ll. 3, 4 of the poem:—"This concise interrogation characterises the seeming ubiquity of the cuckoo, and disposes the creature almost of corporeal existence; the Imagination being tempted to this exertion of her power, by a consciousness in the memory that the cuckoo is almost perpetually heard throughout the season of spring, but seldom becomes an object of sight." The cuckoo is the bird we associate with the name of Wordsworth, as with Keats the nightingale, and with Shelley the skylark. While we admire the delicate precision with which the poet characterises the bird, the chief value of the poem lies in its imaginative suggestiveness. The bird is merely "babbling to the vale of sunshine and of flowers," and yet its wandering voice brings back to him the thought of his vanished childhood. We have already noticed the almost sacred value which Wordsworth attaches to the impressions of his youth, and even to the memory of these impressions which remains with him to console his maturer life. The bird is a link which binds him to his childhood:

"And I can listen to thee yet;
Can lie upon the plain
And listen, till I do beget
That golden time again."

In other poems, especially in the *Intimations of Immortality*, he speaks of "the glory and the freshness of a dream," which

hallowed nature for him as a child, and which grew fainter as the "shades of the prison-house began to close upon the growing Boy," until

"At length the Man perceives it die away;
And fade into the light of common day."

1. **O blithe New-comer.** The Cuckoo is migratory, and appears in England in the early spring.

I have heard. i.e., in my youth.

3. **shall I call thee Bird?** Compare Shelley:

"Hail to thee, blithe spirit !
Bird thou never wert."

To a Skylark.

4. **a wandering Voice?** Consult Wordsworth's note on the preceding page.

6. **twofold shout.** Twofold, because consisting of a double note. Compare Wordsworth's sonnet, *To the Cuckoo*, l. 4;

"With its twin notes inseparably paired."

Wordsworth employs the word "shout" in several of his Cuckoo descriptions. See *The Excursion*, ii. l. 346-348 and vii. l. 408; also the following from *Yes! it was the Mountain Echo*:

"Yes! it was the mountain echo,
Solitary, clear, profound,
Answering to the shouting Cuckoo;
Giving to her sound for sound."

THE GREEN LINNET

COMPOSED 1803: PUBLISHED 1807

"Composed in the orchard, Town-End, Grasmere, where the bird was often seen as here described."

In this poem Wordsworth dwells upon the joyousness of nature as revealed in the revels of the linnet. The following note by Mr. Wintringham, in *The Birds of Wordsworth*, is appropriate to the last verse. "Of all English birds, the greenfinch—or the green grosbeak—is best adapted to its position in nature. Its colour makes it almost imperceptible to all who are not adepts in ornithology."

"A simple, irrepressible joy in things is the motive of many of Wordsworth's shorter poems. His heart leaps up when he beholds a rainbow in the sky. The daffodils, dancing in the breeze, fill him with the spirit of gaiety, and live in his mind and heart, a joyful memory. His poetry does not convert these things into food for reflection; it is the work of all mystics that they make the intellect feed the emotions, not the emotions the intellect. He tries to catch the experience, just as it was, and to preserve its brightness.

". . . His descriptions never stray far from the object before him, and sometimes are the work of the most delicate observation."

—Walter Raleigh, *Wordsworth*.

Coleridge has praised the accurate loveliness of this poem, but more remarkable than the detail of its beauty is the spirit of joy which it communicated.* In spite too of the precision with which the whole scene is sketched--the falling blossoms, the quiet orchard seat, and the green bird amid the hazel trees a sense of mystery steals in upon the poet's contemplation, and momentarily at least the linnet becomes a symbol of the pervading joy in Nature:

"A Life, a Presence like the Air
Scattering thy gladness without care." —

So, the cuckoo with its wandering voice becomes a mystic link which binds the present with the past—

"No bird, but an invisible thing,
A voice, a mystery."

In these little nature lyrics, as in the sublimer nature passages of the longer poems, description, however accurate, never becomes a mere process of cataloguing individual beauties. Where isolated beauties are momentarily detached they are fused by the poet's imaginative vision into harmony with the universal life of things. His scorn for purely descriptive poetry is emphasized by Aubrey de Vere in an interesting passage:—

"He expatiated much to me one day," writes Mr. Aubrey de Vere, "as we walked among the hills above Grasmere, on the mode in which Nature had been described by one of the most justly popular of England's modern poets— one for whom

*See the quotation from Arnold, pages 139 and 140.

he preserved a high and affectionate respect [evidently Sir Walter Scott]. 'He took pains,' Wordsworth said; 'he went out with his pencil and note-book, and jotted down whatever struck him most—a river rippling over the sands, a ruined tower on a rock above it, a promontory, and a mountain-ash waving its red berries. He went home and wove the whole together into a poetical description.' After a pause, Wordsworth resumed, with a flashing eye and impassioned voice: 'But Nature does not permit an inventory to be made of her charms! He should have left his pencil and note-book at home, fixed his eye as he walked with a reverent attention on all that surrounded him, and taken all into a heart that could understand and enjoy. Then, after several days had passed by, he should have interrogated his memory as to the scene. He would have discovered that while much of what he had admired was preserved to him, much was also most wisely obliterated; that which remained—the picture surviving in his mind—would have presented the ideal and essential truth of the scene, and done so in a large part by discarding much which, though in itself striking, was not characteristic. In every scene many of the most brilliant details are but accidental; a true eye for Nature does not note them, or at least does not dwell on them.'"

TO A SKYLARK

COMPOSED 1825: PUBLISHED 1827

"Written at Rydal Mount, where there are no skylarks, but the poet is everywhere." The poem consisted originally of three stanzas, the second of which was transferred in 1845 to the poem *A Morning Exercise*. It is as follows:—

"To the last point of vision, and b^{ene}ath,
Mount, daring Warbler! that love-prompted strain,
('Twixt thee and thine a never-failing bond)
Thrills not the less the bosom of the plain:
Yet might'st thou seem, proud privilege! to sing
All independent of the leafy spring."

In his note to *A Morning Exercise* Wordsworth says:—"I could wish the last five stanzas of this to be read with the poem addressed to the Skylark."

One verse of *A Morning Exercise* particularly enforces the thought contained in the earlier poem:

"Faithful, though swift as lightning, the meek dove;
Yet more hath Nature reconciled in thee;
So constant with thy downward eye of love,
Yet, in aerial singleness, so free
So humble, yet so ready to rejoice
In power of wing and never-tarnished voice."

In Shelley's lyric, in which we almost hear the quivering beat of the skylark's wings, we do not realize that the bird is bound to the earth by any tie. It is an unbodied joy among the clouds, — the symbol of a gladness without stain. Wordsworth's poem has nothing of this pulsating fervour; but we feel some kinship with this bird whose nest is "upon the dewy ground," while Shelley's skylark typifies an ecstasy that can never be attained, a yearning that can never be satisfied.

2. **despise the earth.** Compare Shelley's *To a Skylark* xx.

"Thou scorner of the ground."

3-4. Compare Hogg's *Skylark*, ll. 10-12.

"Where on thy dewy wing,
Where art thou journeying?
Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth."

6. **Those quivering wings, etc.** The construction is absolute.

8. Compare again Shelley's *To a Skylark*, viii

"Like a poet hidden
In the light of thought."

TO THE DAISY

COMPOSED 1802: PUBLISHED 1807

Three poems addressed to this flower were written in 1802 at Town-End, Grasmere.

The poet, removed from the unworthy attractions of the great world, turns for consolation to the daisy! Not until we realize how this is possible can we enter into or appreciate Wordsworth's philosophy of life. That the flower is a symbol of

himself is surely not sufficient reason unsupported by weightier motives. Four stanzas, from one of the companion poems, will serve as the poet's justification:

"A hundred times, by rock or bower,
Ere thus I have lain couched an hour,
Have I derived from thy sweet power
Some apprehension,
Some steady love; some bright delight;
Some memory that has taken flight;
Some chime of fancy winged
Or stray invention.
"It statey passions in me burn,
And one chance look to
I drink out of an humbler urn.
A twofold pleasure
The honeyed sympathy that feeds
The common as our nature breeds;
A wisdom used by the gods
Of hearts at rest.
"Fresh-smitten by the morning ray,
When thou art up, alert and gay,
Then, wondrous flower, my spirits play
With kindred sadness:
And when, a dusky day doth oppress
Thou sink'st, the image of thy rest
Hath often caused my pensive breast
Careful sadness.
And all day long I number yet,
I see sons through, another debt,
Which, wherever thou art met,
To thee am owing;
Instinct call it, a blind sense,
A happy social influence,
Coming on — *was not how, nor whence,*
Nor whether going."

The loveliness of the flower is clearly the initial attraction, and the worldling must strip off something of the sophistication before he grows amid brick and mortar before such poetry comes to him with any meaning. When he realizes that life

contains much that cannot be gained from commerce with men, or from the clamour of trade, he may go into the fields and woods and renew his spirit at a more vital source. Then the flowers, the birds, the trees and the hills will possess for him a meaning which, if he cannot translate it into words, will still remain with him as "an instinct, a blind sense, a happy genial influence."

Humility is also the starting point of the present poem.

"Thou unassuming common-place of Nature," thus the flower is first addressed, and then in pure idle sportiveness the poet plays with similes, adopting one only to reject it in favour of the next. At last he realizes the flower in its true and lasting form:

Bright Flower! for by that name at last,
When all my reveries are past,
I call thee, and to that cleave fast,
Sweet silent creature!

And from this contemplation of the daisy in its naked simplicity there comes a renovation of mind and spirit. The flower that shares with him the common air and sunshine has power to make him sharer also in its joyous humility.

THE LESSER CELANDINE

COMPOSED 1804: PUBLISHED 1807

Often called *The Small Celandine*.

"It is remarkable that this flower coming out so early in the spring as it does, and so bright and beautiful, and in such profusion, should not have been noticed earlier in English verse. What adds much to the interest that attends it, is its habit of shutting itself up and opening out according to the degree of light and temperature in the air."—*Wordsworth's Note*.

Wordsworth devoted two other poems to the praise of the celandine, both written in 1802. This flower, the common pilewort, is there celebrated for its unassuming beauty, its cheerful modesty, its sturdy health. He loves it the better because his pleasure in the flower is not widely shared. In the present poem the life history of the little plant is made to symbolize the lot of

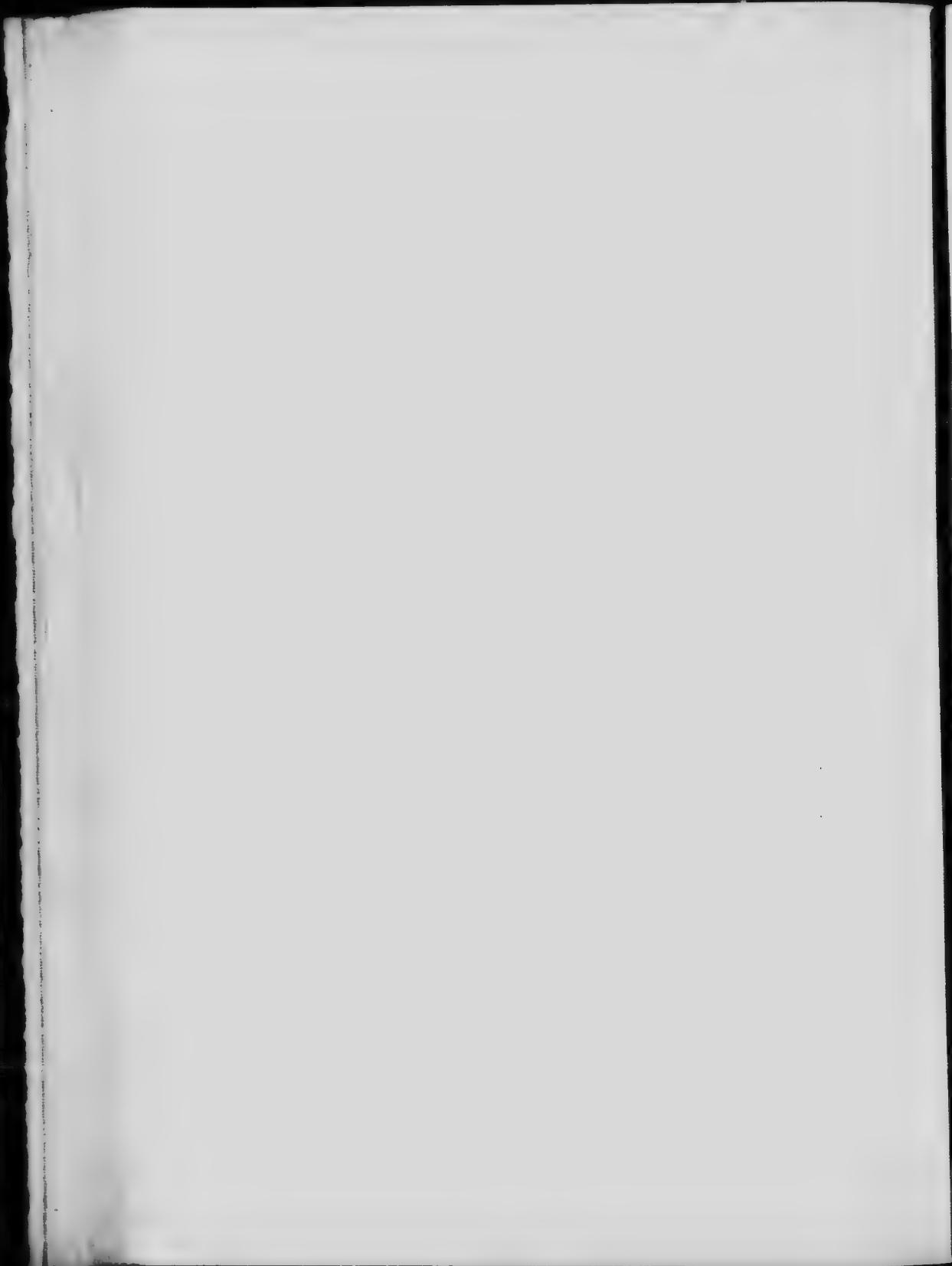
man. In youth when we enjoy the sunshine of health and fortune we have the strength to subsist without such lavish excess of these blessings as is showered upon us. In its old age the flower is no longer the favourite of the prodigal (lavish) sun, but a pensioner of its miserly rays. Man suffers a kindred fate, and yearns in his old age for the blessing which youth carelessly enjoyed.

In the earliest poem the flower itself, and not the sun is termed a Prodigal:

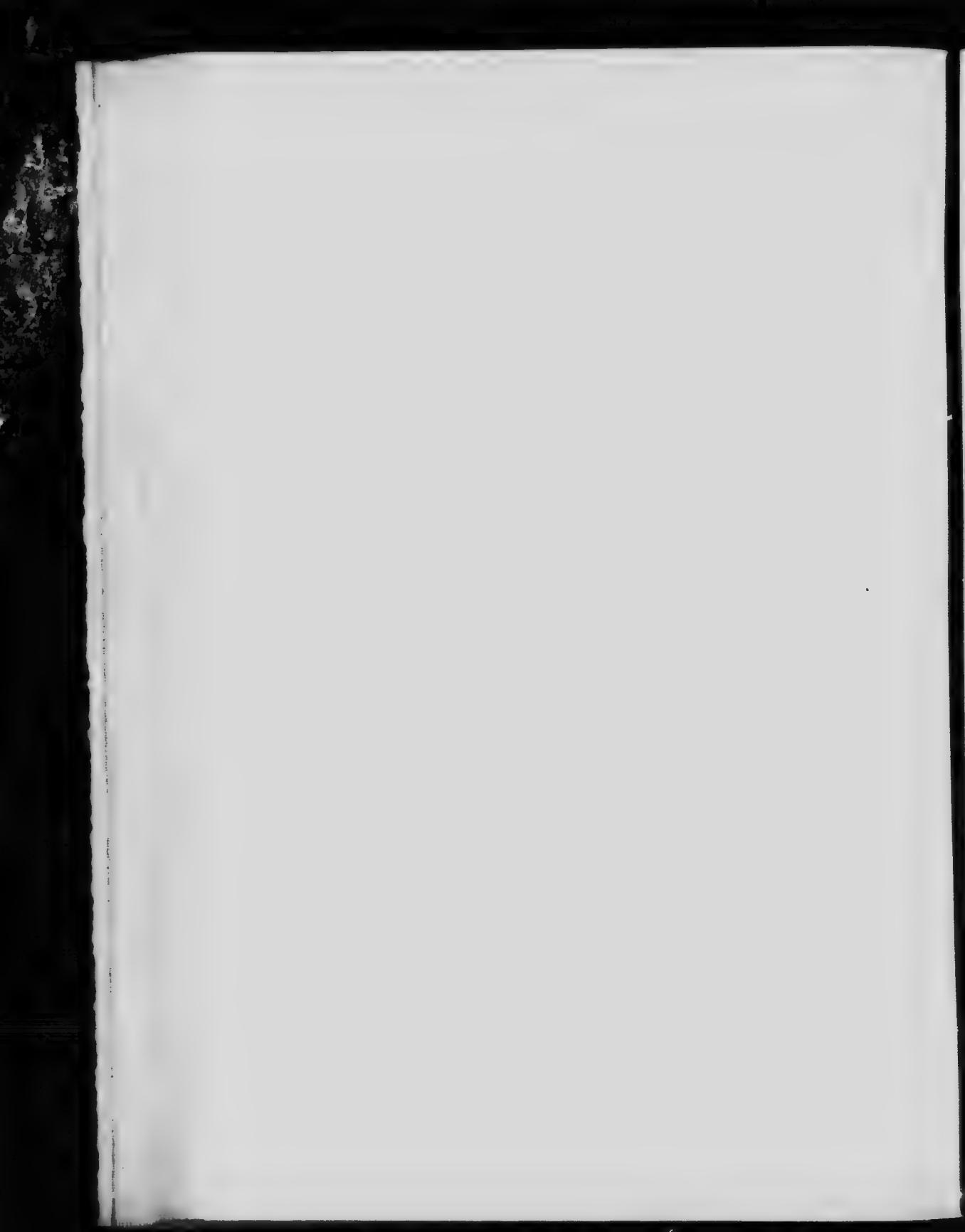
"Ere a leaf is on the bush
In the time before the thrush
Has a thought about her nest,
Thou wil come with half a call
Spreading out thy glossy breast
Like a careless Prodigal;
Telling tales about the sun,
When we've little warmth or none."

With the last stanza of the poem compare the following stanza from *The Fountain*:

"Thus fares it still in our decay:
And yet the wiser mind
Mourns less for what age takes away
Than what it leaves behind."



LIFE AND WRITINGS OF LONGFELLOW



BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW, born at Portland, Maine,
February 27, 1807; died at Craigie House, Cambridge,
Mass., March 24, 1882.

If poetic values were measured by editions, Longfellow would be the greatest poet, save Shakespeare, of the English tongue. But the standard of appraisement by popularity, save always in the case of Shakespeare, is unreliable, for it would set Longfellow above Keats, and Browning, and Tennyson, and thus establish a superiority which not the most patriotic of his countrymen would seek to justify. What then may reasonably be inferred from the acclaim of the multitude, when the voice of accredited authority is either silent, or studiously discreet of praise?* This much, at least, and the inference may be trite—that what has touched the heart and the intelligence of the people for half a century will bear an appeal to the popular mind and heart for indefinite generations to come.

From this assumed perpetuity of fame, we might make bold to deduce the most conspicuous qualities of Longfellow's genius. If he tells a story in verse it will

*Although not measurably affecting the general argument, it may be mentioned that one explanation of Longfellow's vogue in England during his lifetime, was that his poems were unprotected by copyright, and were consequently spread broadcast in cheap editions, the profits of which were reaped by the publishers and the booksellers alone. What the poet gained in fame he lost in lucre.

not be saturated with poetry like Keats's *Endymion* nor even gracefully erudite like Tennyson's *Princess*, but the theme will be simple, the verse easy and flowing, and the emotional quality sentimentally tragic. If his fancies flow into the lyric mould we shall not expect the ardours of Shelley nor the subtleties of Browning, but we shall find some tender consolatory strain that will bear its message to every simple household that has some grief to mourn, or some mild yet earnest exhortation that will strengthen the untutored heart in its hour of trial. So far our inference would be justified by the example of *Evangeline*, and poems not a few of the type of *Resignation*, *Excelsior* and the *Psalm of Life*. It is these and kindred poems which endear Longfellow to succeeding generations, and concerning which the critics (conceited race) are silent or severe. For *Evangeline* they permit a discreetly reserved praise,—the sentimental and hortatory poems they condemn without qualification.

We shall take the safest course by ranging ourselves with the critics. We will grant the occasional banality of the poet's themes, and the frequently commonplace character of his ideas. To one poem alone, the trilogy of *Christus*, Longfellow devoted the thirty best years of his life, and in conception and execution his work as a whole is a failure. His failures. Another ambitious effort, the play of the *Spanish Student*, is inadequate for the stage, and lacks the high literary quality which alone is the saving grace of the closet-drama. Does nothing then remain to Longfellow save the honour of being the favourite bard of the uneducated multitude?

Yes, much remains; and even the harshest critic, if his arm-chair be comfortable and his mood propitious,

will make certain concessions in his favour. Longfellow is, to be sure, the poet of the masses, yet he is also the most cultivated American writer of his century, and he did more than any other poet or teacher among his contemporaries to refine the intellectual tastes and to ripen the culture of his country. But he has been blamed

**His
redeeming
qualities.** (might he not rather have been praised?) for foisting a borrowed culture upon the United States. "What has America to do," we seem to hear Walt Whitman shout, "with the effete chivalry of Europe? Have we not men and manners of our own? Is it not our duty to develop new morals, new manners, and a new type of manhood that shall resume and perpetuate the special glories of democracy?" Longfellow stands open, we admit, to the charge of drawing his inspiration from the traditions of the Old World, but he was equally alive to the wealth of poetic material which the New World afforded and was among the first to translate that material into the language of poetry. *Evangeline* and *Hiawatha* are eloquent witnesses of this fact, and if there is any value or meaning in the term "national poet," it is by such work that the title must be won.

Again, while it must be admitted that Longfellow's mind does not habitually move in a world of large ideas, he has such command over the technical resources of his art that his verse is almost perfect to the measure of his thought. Artistic faults he has, and the gravest of these is his passion for similes in season and out of season, but in his easy manipulation of varied and difficult measures, and in the graceful flow of his thought he shows a masterly skill that commands our admiration. His ballads are among the best that modern poetry has produced,

and Walt Whitman alone of American poets understood as Longfellow did the mystery and the magic of the sea. The *Saga of King Olaf* in the *Tales of a Wayside Inn* excited Kipling's profound admiration, and finer still is the *Ballad of Carmilhan*, which deserves to rank not immeasurably behind Coleridge's more famous poem.

As we study the life of any famous poet the isolated circumstances of his career receive importance in proportion as they shed light on the manner in which the man's talent was developed. We must take for granted the initial gift of genius. It then becomes our pleasure to trace its progress, and incidents which are the merest commonplace in the life record of the ordinary man become charged with strange significance as we follow the careers of the great leaders of the world. Longfellow's life is somewhat uninteresting in the narration. Richer in the mere detail of travel, it is on the whole as placid as Wordsworth's life, but lacks the impulse of the great ideas which stimulated the elder poet's youth, and which in their recoil inspired his maturer years. America is responsible for but one definite intellectual movement which has found expression in permanent literature, but from this movement of transcendentalism, both on its wise and foolish side, Longfellow held gravely though not scornfully aloof. In the biographical sketch which follows, little attention will be given to the broader intellectual questions of the day. In order to understand the conditions under which the poet wrote, a general outline of his career will suffice.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW was born in Portland, Maine, on February 27, 1807. The town is still beautiful, but it has lost something of the romance which used to haunt its wharves, and which lingered in the poet's mind until in middle life he gave it expression in *My Lost Youth*:

I remember the black wharves and the slips
And the sea-tides tossing free ;
And Spanish sailors with bearded lips,
And the beauty and mystery of the ships,
And the magic of the sea.
And the voice of that wayward song
Is singing and saying still :
“A boy’s will is the wind’s will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.”

His father, Stephen Longfellow, was at this time a prominent lawyer in Portland, and was subsequently a member of the Massachusetts legislature, and later still a member of Congress. His mother’s tastes (Zilpah Wadsworth) were more æsthetic, and we learn that she was “fond of poetry and music, and a lover of nature in all its aspects; one who would sit by a window during a thunderstorm enjoying the excitement of its splendours.”

After a varied school experience, lasting from the age of three to fourteen, he entered Bowdoin College at Brunswick, Maine, where he became a classmate of Nathaniel Hawthorne. His literary instincts were already active, and he was in the habit of contributing poems, and occasional prose articles modelled upon the style of Washington Irving, to the “United States Literary Gazette.”

Longfellow graduated fourth in his class in June, 1825, and it became immediately necessary for him to

Enters
Bowdoin
College,
1821.

settle upon some definite career. His preferences as to a profession had already been made clear in two letters to his father. The first, written in March, 1824, contains the following passage :

**Graduates
June,
1826.**

**Choice
of a
profession.**

"I am curious to know what you intend to make of me,—whether I am to study a profession or not; and if so, what profession. I hope your ideas upon this subject will agree with mine, for I have a particular and strong prejudice for one course of life, to which you, I fear, will not agree. It will not be worth while for me to mention what this is until I become more acquainted with your own wishes."

And more explicitly and emphatically the subject is followed up some months later :—

"I take this early opportunity to write to you, because I wish to know fully your inclinations with regard to the profession I am to pursue when I leave college.

For my part I have already hinted to you what would best please me. I want to spend one year at Cambridge [Massachusetts] for the purpose of reading history and of becoming familiar with the best authors in polite literature, whilst at the same time I can be acquiring a knowledge of the Italian language, without an acquaintance with which I shall be shut from one of the most beautiful departments of letters. The French I mean to understand pretty thoroughly before I leave college. After leaving Cambridge I would attach myself to some literary periodical publication, by which I could maintain myself and still enjoy the advantages of reading. Now, I do not think that there is anything visionary or chimerical in my plan thus far. The fact is—and I will not disguise it in the least, for I think I ought not—the fact is, I most eagerly aspire after future eminence in literature; my whole soul burns most ardently for it, and every earthly thought centres in it. There may be something visionary in *this*, but I flatter myself that I have prudence enough to keep my enthusiasm from defeating its own object by too great haste. Surely there never was a better opportunity offered for the exertion of literary talent in our own country than

is now offered. To be sure, most of our literary men thus far have not been professedly so until they have studied and entered the practice of Theology, Law, or Medicine. But this is evidently lost time. I do believe that we ought to pay more attention to the opinion of philosophers, that 'nothing but Nature can qualify a man for knowledge.'

Whether Nature has given me any capacity for knowledge or not, she has at any rate given me a strong predilection for literary pursuits, and I am almost confident in believing that, if I can ever rise in the world, it must be by the exercise of my talent in the wide field of literature. With such a belief, I must say that I am unwilling to engage in the study of law."

These letters have more biographical interest than any which Longfellow wrote in later years. Rarely, in the case of great writers, have early literary ambitions been more forcibly, yet modestly expressed, and few obdurate fathers have been more gracefully besought to consent to a future which must hold not affluence but penury, and only such good repute as attaches to honest mediocrity, if former examples of literary eminence in America were to be credited. It speaks much for the wisdom of the father and the gentle nature of the son that the literary project was set aside as impracticable, with something, however, granted in the nature of a compromise in permission to reside for a year in Cambridge as a preliminary to the study of law.

In such commonplace fashion was the destiny of our poet determined, when one of those happy chances which are the workings surely of a higher destiny, shaped his future in a way which he had never contemplated. On the strength of a fine rendering of a difficult ode of Horace, Longfellow was provisionally offered the professorship of modern languages in his own college!

Needless to say, he accepted the offer and the more eagerly, as it promised to give scope to his literary ambitions. He had just graduated, and was scarcely nineteen years of age. In view of his inexperience, it was suggested that he should proceed to Europe, at his own expense, and familiarize himself with the more important modern languages by residence abroad.

Recommended for chair
In Bowdoin College, 1825.

On May 15, 1826, Longfellow sailed for Europe. His three years of foreign travel made a deep impression upon his genius, which interests us to Europe. more than the mere fact that he returned to his own country one of the best equipped scholars in America. Scholarship, in the modern sense, he never possessed. He was widely, but not profoundly read; but in the early days of which we speak, even the range of culture which he possessed, was exceedingly rare in the New World. His allowance was meagre, - some six hundred dollars a year, - and although youth and economy are sorry bedfellows, the traveller missed few opportunities of profitably employing his leisure and his working hours. Some months in France were followed by some months in Spain, and to these he always looked back with longing and regret. From Spain he proceeded to Italy and Germany. The records of his travels are not lively reading, for Longfellow lacked the subtle art of self-confession. It is interesting, however, to note that he writes from Germany to his sister (March 28, 1829): "My poetic career is finished. Since I left America I have hardly put two lines together." His only literary achievement was to elaborate the titles of some New England sketches which were never written. Yet, scanty as was the immediate harvest, the impressions of his first visit

were ineffaceable, and the places where still lingered, in stone walls or hoary legends, dim traces of the mediæval age profoundly impressed his imagination.

Longfellow returned to America in August, 1829, and at once assumed his professorial duties in Bowdoin College. His gentle nature and scholarly attainments endeared him to the little world of students and professors. His literary work was limited to a few prose essays in the *North American Review*, and his words to his sister still held good, save for occasional poetic translations. As a translator of foreign poetry Longfellow is almost without a peer, and the earliest evidence of his skill in this respect falls within this period, when he published a verse rendering of a Spanish poem,—the *Coplas de Manrique*.

Within this period also falls the poet's marriage, in 1832, to Mary Storer Potter, whose family were neighbours of the Longfellow in Scotland.

First
marriage,
1832.

Appointed
to Harvard
College.

A tangible testimony of Longfellow's scholastic services was afforded in 1834, when he was offered and accepted the Smith Professorship in modern languages at Harvard College. The incumbent of this chair had been Professor Ticknor, who had conceived such a high opinion of Longfellow's attainments, thanks largely to the prose articles and poetic translations to which reference has been made, that he recommended him as his successor. President Quincy concluded his letter to Longfellow in the following words:—"Should it be your wish, previously to entering upon the duties of the office, to reside in Europe, at your own expense, a year or eighteen months for the purpose of a more

perfect attainment of the German, Mr. Ticknor will retain his office till your return."

In pursuance of this suggestion, Longfellow set sail for Europe in April, 1835, accompanied by his wife.

Second European visit. The greater portion of his time was spent in the northern part of Europe,—Sweden, Denmark, Finland, and Holland.

In November, 1835, his wife died in Rotterdam. The winter of 1835-6, was spent in study in Germany,

Death of his wife. and before his return he visited the Tyrol and Switzerland. It was here that was laid the scene of a subsequent prose romance *Hyperion*, and here too that were spun the threads of a personal romance, that resulted some years afterwards in his second marriage.

Longfellow established himself in his new duties at the close of 1836, and his residence in Cambridge was

Cambridge, December, 1836. unbroken, save by occasional travel, until his death. He secured rooms at the Craigie House in Cambridge which had once been occupied by Washington, and the house was ultimately purchased for him by Mr. Appleton, the father of his second wife.

In these congenial surroundings, despite the inroads made upon his time by his college duties, Longfellow devoted himself to poetry with renewed ardour. Referring to this period the editor of the Riverside edition of Longfellow's works, writes: "He was still a student, but the urgency of the student-mood was passed; the riches of human thought had become in a measure his possession; his personal experience had been enlarged and deepened; he no longer saw principally the outside of the world; youth with its surrender to the moment had gone, and manhood with its hours of reflection

**Craigle
House,
Cambridge.**

had come. So we may interpret the poet's mood as it discloses itself in the verses which introduce his first volume of original poetry."

His reputation had hitherto been derived from prose, and had been largely enhanced by the publication in 1835 of *Outre-Mer*, a volume of descriptive prose sketches. This was followed in 1839, by a second work in prose, *Hyperion*, a sentimental romance of travel. The interval between these publications was responsible for the composition of the poems which appeared in the *Voices of the Night* (1839). This publication which included the famous *Psalm of Life* was signally successful, and from this moment Longfellow's poetical career was a continuous triumph. Once only in later years did he revert to prose, in the New England romance of *Kavanagh* (1849). Longfellow's more important volumes are noted in the descriptive list on pages 177-183, so without cumbersome detail we may briefly resume the main incidents of his career subsequent to the establishment of his poetic reputation.

In 1841, Longfellow obtained leave of absence on account of ill-health, and crossed the Atlantic for the third time to Europe. The baths of Marienbad helped to renew his strength, and in the following year he was able to return to Cambridge and resume his duties.

Third visit
to Europe.
1841.

In July, 1843, he married Frances Elizabeth Appleton, a woman of rare charm and distinction of manner, whom he had met some years before in Switzerland, and who had been one of the inspiring motives of his novel, *Hyperion*, which we are therefore justified in considering as idealized autobiography.

Second
marriage.
July, 1843.

As his poetic labours and ambitions increased the routine of college life grew increasingly irksome. The somewhat monotonous records of his journal are broken by recurrent outbursts of petulance. "I get very tired of the routine of this life." "This college work is like a great hand laid on all the strings of my lyre, stopping their vibrations." "I have fallen into a very unpoetic mood and cannot write." In spite of these benumbing influences his poetic production of this period was high in quality and not slender in volume. Between the date of the assumption of his duties at Harvard, and his resignation, 1837-1854, the following poems were written: *The Spanish Student* (1843), *Evangeline* (1847), *The Golden Legend* (1851), and the following collections of verse: *Voices of the Night* (1839), *Ballads and other Poems* (1841), *Poems on Slavery* (1842), *The Belfry of Bruges and other Poems* (1846), *The Seaside and the Fireside* (1850).

Longfellow resigned his professorship in February, 1854, but continued to live in Craigie House, spending

Resigns
professor-
ship, 1854

his summers regularly at Nahant, a watering place in the neighbourhood of Boston.

Tragic
death of his
wife, 1861

The year 1861 is marked by a tragedy which darkened the remaining years of Longfellow's life. The story is effectively, because simply, told by the poet's brother, Samuel Longfellow.

"On the ninth of July his wife was sitting in the library, with her two little girls, engaged in sealing up some small packages of their curls which she had just cut off. From a match fallen upon the floor, her light summer dress caught fire. The shock was too great, and she died the next morning. Three days later her burial took place at Mount Auburn. It was the anni-

versary of her marriage-day; and on her beautiful head, lovely and unmarred in death, some hand had placed a wreath of orange blossoms. Her husband was not there,—confined to his chamber with the severe burns which he had himself received.

"These wounds healed with time. Time could only assuage, never heal, the deeper wounds that burned within. This terrible bereavement, made more terrible by the shock of the suddenness and the manner of it, well-nigh crushed him. Friends gathered round, and letters of sympathy poured in upon him from every quarter as the sad intelligence flashed over the land and sea. He bore his grief with courage and in silence. Only after months had passed could he speak of it; and then only in fewest words. To a brother far distant he wrote: 'And now, of what we both are thinking I can say no word. God's will be done.' To a visitor, who expressed the hope that he might be enabled to 'bear his cross' with patience, he replied: '*Bear* the cross, yes; but what if one is stretched upon it!'"—(*Life of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*, vol. II., p. 369).

After the poet's death the following sonnet was found in his portfolio :

THE CROSS OF SNOW

In the long, sleepless watches of the night,
A gentle face--the face of one long dead
Looks at me from the wall, where round its head
The night-lamp casts its halo of pale light.
Here in this room she died ; and soul more white
Never through martyrdom of fire was led
To its repose ; nor can in books be read
The legend of a life more benedight.
There is a mountain in the distant West,
That, sun-defying, in its deep ravines,

Displays a cross of snow upon its side,
Such is the cross I wear upon my breast
These eighteen years, through all the changing scenes
And seasons, changeless since the day she died.

Longfellow survived his wife for twenty-one years. There is little to record in this period beyond the recurrent publication of new poems. The two tasks to which he consecrated his best efforts were now slowly completed, the *Christus*, a poem in three parts (completed in 1872), and the poetic translation of Dante's *Divine Comedy* (1867-1870). The *Tales of a Wayside Inn*, the first instalment of which appeared in 1863, is the only other considerable work of the period.

In 1862, Longfellow paid his only visit to Canada.
Visits Can-
ada, 1862. His journal for June relates his impressions with the usual brevity:

"7th. Reach Niagara at nine, and stop at the Cataract House, impending over the Rapids. After supper go with E. and Miss S. to Goat Island, lovely in the moonlight, and get our first glimpse of the Falls.

8th. Bright, beautiful day. Pass all the morning alone, on Goat Island and a smaller one, just on the western brink of the American Fall. What a lovely spot! Better than a church for me to-day. Go up the stone tower in the midst of the English Fall. It drives me frantic with excitement. In the afternoon, go over the Suspension Bridge to Table Rock, on the Canada side. It is the finest view of the English Fall. In every other particular the American side is preferable.

9th. Niagara is too much for me; my nerves shake like a bridge of wire; a vague sense of terror and unrest haunts me all the time. My head swims and reels with the ceaseless motion of the water.

10th. Last night we took a farewell ramble on Goat Island, Luna Island, and the Three Sisters. Leave Niagara for Toronto after dinner to-day. After supper took a stroll through the main street of Toronto with E., then to bed in the gloomy Castle of Otranto, called the Rossin House.

12th. From Kingston, down the St. Lawrence in the steam-boat; first, among the 'Thousand Islands,' then down the rapid, which is exciting. But in the afternoon we ran aground in Lake St. Francis, where we remained fast, till two steam tugs got us off in the evening and conveyed us to the shore. We passed the night snugly at the landing-place.

13th. Started early, and passed through the lake, and down the Côteau, Cedar, and Cascade Rapids, and across Lake St. Louis. At a wretched little Indian village of huts, with moss-covered roofs, Caughnawaga, the Indian pilot Baptiste came on board and steered us down the last and most dangerous of the rapids, the Lachine. We reached Montreal for breakfast, at the St. Lawrence Hotel. A day in Montreal is not much time for so nice a place. We all like it. Pass the forenoon in rambling through the streets, and the afternoon in a drive round the mountain.

16th. From Burlington to Boston, by Bellow's Falls,—a pleasant route. Reached home at dark, and found the house deserted.

22nd. Bright, melancholy day. It is too terrible to bear! This utter loneliness!"

In 1868, Longfellow made his final journey to Europe. He was at the height of his fame, and was received with much distinction in England.
^{Last visit to Europe.} He received honorary degrees from Cambridge and Oxford, enjoyed the hospitality of many distinguished men, and obtained the honour of a private presentation to the Queen. Longfellow used to speak with some amusement of this interview. After the usual introductory remarks the Queen signified her approval of the poet's work, and graciously added: "Mr. Longfellow, I wish to tell you how very fond my servants are of your poetry."

The declining years of the poet's life were tranquil in the extreme. His kindness of temper exposed him to many annoyances from inconsiderate admirers.

"The multitude of letters from entire strangers, old and young, instructed and illiterate, wise and foolish, increasingly encumbered his study table. His kindness prompted him to answer them, some of them willingly, others with reluctance, as so much taken from time valued for more valuable things. Autographs, which so many asked for, were quickly answered with an enclosed signature, already prepared in some moment of leisure. By far the larger part of these letters were of the most trivial character; even to read them wasted time and patience. 'Did the youth in *Excelsior* attain his purpose, or die before he had crossed the pass?' 'Please inform me whether or not your *feelings* were in sympathy with your immortal thought when you wrote the poem of *The Bridge*.' 'Please tell me who was *Evangeline*, what country did she belong to, also the place of her birth,'—a request which came in the very same words, in one day, from two different towns. Sometimes the request was for an original poem. Of one such from a school girl, he said, 'I could not write it; but I tried to say *No* so softly that she would think it better than *Yes*.' Of course, there were numberless letters enclosing verses, or even long poems, with a request for his 'candid criticism,' or his 'real opinion.' By far the largest part of these attempts were pathetically hopeless. Some of them were comically so; as these 'On the Taking of Ticonderoga,' beginning,—

In dreams of bliss from Morpheus couch,
The garrison are now aroused;
Their commander at the door appears,
Saying, 'Of this uproar I am not advised,'

of which the writer said, 'I did so much better than I thought I could, as a beginner [at the age of sixty-five], that I have really felt a little proud of my poems.'"—(Samuel Longfellow—*Life of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*.)

These details would be idle trifles if they did not represent the gentleness and the courteousness of the poet's disposition. His brother wrote of him without exaggeration: "The key to his character was *sympathy*. This made him the gentle and courteous receiver of every visitor, however

obscure, however tedious; the ready responder to every appeal to his pity and his purse; the kindly encourager of literary aspirants, however unpromising; the charitable judge of motives, and excuser of mistakes and offences; the delicate yet large liker; the lenient critic, quick to see every merit beyond every defect. This gave to his poetry the *human* element, which made thousands feel as if this poem or that verse was written for each of them especially, and made in thousands of hearts in many lands a shrine of reverence and affection for his name. Through this sympathy thousands of grateful hearts had been touched, comforted and lifted, —made more gentle, more courageous, more full of holy trust in God, of faith in immortality."

Towards the close of 1881 the poet's health, hitherto robust, began to fail. On his seventy-fifth birthday,

Death,
March 24,
1882. February 27th, his condition gave no cause for immediate alarm. The event was celebrated widely throughout the United States, but the poet remained quietly at home. On March 19th he was seized with a sudden illness, and died of peritonitis on Friday, March 24th, 1882.

Memorial
bust
at West-
minster. Two years later a signal honour was conferred upon the poet's memory, and incidentally upon the American nation, by the unveiling of a bust of Longfellow in Poets' Corner, Westminster Abbey. The function was performed with all due ceremony, and was the more noteworthy inasmuch as Longfellow was the first American poet whose reputation was deemed worthy of such a distinguished tribute. Several speeches were made to commemorate the occasion, the most important of these being delivered by James Russell Lowell, who was then American minister in London. In the course of his

remarks he established an interesting parallel between Longfellow and Grey:

"There are certain very marked analogies between them, I think. In the first place, there is the same love of a certain subdued splendour, not inconsistent with transparency Lowell's of diction; there is the same power of absorbing estimate. and assimilating the beauties of other literatures without loss of originality; and, above all, there is that genius, that sympathy with universal sentiments and the power of expressing them so that they come home to everybody, both high and low, which characterize both poets. There is something also in that simplicity,—simplicity in itself being a distinction. But in style, simplicity and distinction must be combined in order to their proper effect; and the only warrant, perhaps, of permanence in literature is this distinction in style. It is something quite indefinable; it is something like the distinction of good breeding, characterized, perhaps, more by the absence of certain negative qualities than by the presence of certain positive ones. But it seems to me that distinction of style is eminently found in the poet whom we are met here in some sense to celebrate to-day." Turning presently to a consideration of the poet's character, the speaker continued: "It seems that I should add a few words—in fact, I cannot refrain from adding a few words—with regard to the personal character of a man whom I knew for more than forty years, and whose friend I was honoured to call myself for thirty years. Never was a private character more answerable to public performance than that of Longfellow. Never have I known a more beautiful character. I was familiar with it daily,—with the constant charity of his hand and of his mind. His nature was consecrated ground, into which no unclean spirit could ever enter."

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF IMPORTANT WORKS

1833 *Coplas de Don Jorge Manrique.* Stedman in his "Poets of America" writes of this translation too sanguinely perhaps: "A rendering so grave and sonorous that, if now first printed, it would be caught up like Fitz Gerald's *Rubaiyat*, instead of going to the paper-mill." In this unoriginal work an original poetical faculty was revealed.

1835 *Outre-Mer; a Pilgrimage Beyond the Sea.* This book is modelled very closely upon the style of Washington Irving. The descriptive passages are flowingly written, but the observations are very superficial in character.

1839 *Hyperion; a Romance.* This book is an idealized transcript of Longfellow's own experiences. Its scene is laid principally in Switzerland, the country in which he first met the woman who became his second wife. The book marks an advance in power of characterization, and its passages descriptive of Rhine scenery make it, even to the present day, a favourite pocket companion for travellers. There is an atmosphere of German sentimentality in the book suggesting the manner of two of Longfellow's favourite authors—Jean Paul Richter and Heine.

1839 *Voices of the Night.* By this book Longfellow's popularity was secured. *The Psalm of Life*, contained in this collection, still remains the most popular of his shorter poems. Professor Barrett Wendell (*A Literary History of America*, pp. 386-387) skilfully indicates the qualities which secure for this poem so wide a constituency of admirers,

and which at the same time jar upon the more refined literary sense: "From the day, more than fifty years ago, when it first saw light in the 'Knickerbocker Magazine,' it has spoken, as it will speak for generations more, to the hearts of simple-minded men. Its deepest merit, however, lies in a gentle simplicity which unsympathetic moods must be at pains to distinguish from commonplace. Even of its most familiar stanza,

Life is real ! Life is earnest !
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul,

one may well question whether the deeper trait is utter simplicity or reminiscent triteness. And the whole poem is full not only of outworn metaphor, but of superficial literary allusion: 'Art is long, and Time is fleeting,' for example; the 'foot-prints on the sands of Time,' which so queerly mix up the beach of Robinson Crusoe with the unimpressionable contents of hour-glasses; and, still more, the closing line,

Learn to labour and to wait,
which so elusively misses the solemnity of that
graver line,

They also serve who only stand and wait—
the mournful close of Milton's great sonnet on his
Blindness. Yet when all is said, a sense of the
sweet sincerity which makes these commonplaces
more dear than richer wisdom comes surging
back."

1841 *Ballads and other Poems.* Contains, *The Skeleton in Armour*, *The Wreck of the Hesperus*, *The Village Blacksmith*, *Excelsior*, etc. Of these the most popular is *Excelsior*, and it is the one weak poem in a strong collection. The first two ballads named mark a distinct advance in poetic method. The simple direct form of the ballad did not permit of cheap moralizing, and the Norse atmosphere of the first, and the sea atmosphere of the second poem inspired the poet here as always to vigorous expression. Both poems are included in the Additional Poems in the present volume.

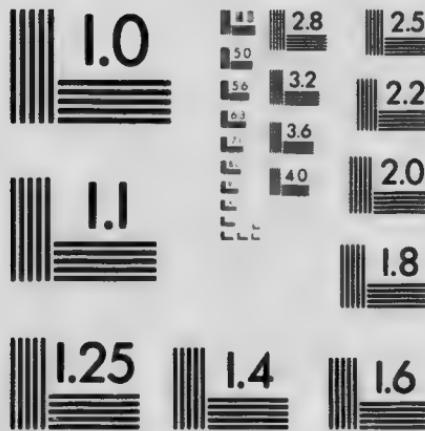
1842 *Poems on Slavery.* Written on board ship on his return from his third visit to Europe. Margaret Fuller called the volume "the thinnest of all Mr. Longfellow's thin books; spirited and polished like its forerunners; but the subject would warrant a deeper tone." Professor Eric S. Robertson (*Life of Longfellow*, p. 103) writes in a similar way: "Fine as they are, something more powerful had been expected by his friends. They lack the argumentative earnestness of Whittier's slave poems, and compared with young Lowell's rapier-like wit, they were but as tin swords against the South."

1843 *The Spanish Student.* "The plot is not in itself strong, and Longfellow's was not the genius to strengthen it in the working of it out. A story, of which the central figure is a beautiful Spanish stage-dancer, with all the rich disreputables at her feet, but giddily enamoured of a student, should abound in passion. But there was no passion in Longfellow's nature. He made the whole thing



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not an acting play at all, not a study of deep emotions, but a pretty drawing-room piece, with nice descriptions and a song or two."—(Eric S. Robertson).

1845 *The Belfry of Bruges and other Poems.* Contains besides the title-poem, the following: *A Gleam of Sunshine*, *The Arsenal at Springfield*, *To a Child*, *The Bridge*, *The Day is Done*, *The Old Clock on the Stairs*, *The Arrow and the Song*, etc.

1847 *Evangeline: a Tale of Acadie.* See notes to *Evangeline* (pp. 189-194).

1849 *Kavanagh: a Tale.* Greatly admired by Howells for its faithful and delicately humorous treatment of New England life. It is Longfellow's last prose writing, and has never been popular.

1850 *The Seaside and the Fireside.* Contains the following poems: *The Building of the Ship*, *Sir Humphrey Gilbert*, *The Fire of Driftwood*, *Resignation*, etc. These poems fully sustained the author's reputation, and the first named has suffered more in the mouth of elocutionists than anything else the poet has written. It is a vigorous piece of work, modelled upon Schiller's *Song of the Bell*. Its movement is rhythmically free and it is eloquently sustained to its impressive close. *Sir Humphrey Gilbert* is a weird sea-ballad.

1851 *The Golden Legend.* The central poem of a trilogy of which the first part is *The Divine Tragedy*, and the last part the *New England Tragedies*. The completed poem is named *Christus: a Mystery* (1872), and is designed to illustrate "the various aspects of Christendom in

the Apostolic, Middle and Modern Ages." The present poem is the finest of the three in thought and execution, and deals imaginatively with a mediaeval theme. No other American poet, and no modern English poet, except William Morris, has so intimately penetrated the spirit of the Middle Ages. Ruskin in his *Modern Painters*, vol. v., chap. xx., says: "Longfellow in his *Golden Legend* has entered more closely into the temper of the monk, for good or for evil, than ever yet theological writer or historian, though they may have given their life's labour to the analysis." Stedman writes (*Poets of America*, p. 206): "*The Golden Legend* is a piece in which the poet's versatile genius is seen at its best."

1855 *The Song of Hiawatha*. This poem is a skilful rendering of Indian myths gathered principally from Schoolcraft's collection. In the opinion of some critics, especially in England, it constitutes Longfellow's chief title to fame. It unquestionably is his most original contribution to American literature, although the theme and the measure were both borrowed. In spite of its length the poem is wonderfully fresh and spontaneous, and has a genuine wildwoods flavour.

1858 *The Courtship of Miles Standish*. Stimulated by the success of *Hiawatha*, Longfellow determined to write more poems upon national subjects. His attention was directed to the history of the Puritans and Quakers in America. As a first result of his researches he began to work at *The New England Tragedies*, but deferred this labour in order to write the present poem. It is written in

the same measure as *Evangeline*. Twenty-five thousand copies were sold in the United States during the first week, and ten thousand were disposed of in London on the first day. Mr. Higginson says that this poem "vindicated yet further that early instinct which guided him to American subjects." Mr. Stedman states that it marks "an advance upon *Evangeline* so far as concerns structure and the distinct characterization of personages." It is inferior, however, to *Evangeline* in beauty, and has not maintained itself at the same level of popularity.

1863 *Tales of a Wayside Inn*. These consist of stories drawn from various foreign and native sources, ancient and modern. *The Saga of King Olaf* was written before the poet thought of writing a series of tales in one framework. The framework itself is traditional. A little company of people gathered in an inn (the Sudbury Inn, near Cambridge is the model), beguile the time by telling stories. Longfellow shows remarkable narrative genius in these poems, especially in *The Saga of King Olaf* which has the true rugged spirit of its Norse original, and in *The Ballad of Carmilhan*, which embodies with much power a weird legend of the sea. The second and third parts of this collection appeared in 1872 and 1873.

1868 *The New England Tragedies*. These eventually formed Part III. of *Christus*, and represent a modern aspect of Christianity in the Puritan life of America. The subject matter of these tragedies is in itself gloomy, and is not relieved by Longfellow's dramatic treatment.

1867-1870 *Dante's Divine Comedy.* A remarkably faithful yet unpedantic translation in verse of Dante's poem.

1871 *The Divine Tragedy.* A poetic rendering of the life of Christ, incorporated in the following year in the *Christus*.

1872 *Christus: a Mystery.* Already several times referred to. It is the poem to which Longfellow devoted thirty years of his life, cherishing it as his greatest achievement. As a whole it is a failure, partially redeemed by the mediaeval portion, *The Golden Legend* (see p. 180).

The last ten years of Longfellow's life were not productive of great work. Small collections of his new poems appeared from time to time, but nothing added to or even sustained his fame except possibly the very graceful domestic poem *The Hanging of the Crane*, and the well-known *Morituri Salutamus*, a poem to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of his graduating class at Bowdoin College. This last poem has a sustained dignity and depth of thought which we do not habitually associate with Longfellow's work.

As has already been pointed out, Longfellow is widely famous through those poems which least sustain a rigorous examination. If we approach the *Psalm of Life*, *Excelsior*, and *Resignation* in this severe spirit, their merits disappear. The poet is revealed to us as a skilful manipulator of commonplace ideas and sentiments. The public dearly loves a moral, and is stimulated and consoled by a poem in proportion as it lacks the reflective depth and the refinement of expression which go to the making of great poetry. From

this point of view Longfellow loses as an artist what he gains as an educator, and has performed a task which greater poets are prone to neglect, that, namely, of bringing poetry home to the minds of men in the humbler ranks of life, of bearing to them comfort in their afflictions and inspiring them with strength in their hours of weakness. Having regard to the time in which he lived he must be credited also with having sensibly raised the level of culture among his countrymen, at a time when intellectual impulses were necessarily drawn in large measure from foreign sources. By his exquisite translations he made his people familiar with a wide range of poetry that represented not inadequately the flowering of poetic thought in Europe through many centuries and in many lands. And not alone by translation, but in a number of memorable poems he convinced his readers that they were sharers by native right in the common fund of legend and romance which sheds its glamour through the long perspective of the European past. By this catholicity of sympathy Longfellow made it clear that American literature possessed a twofold source of strength, with one root planted firmly in the soil of a distant past, strengthened by its traditions, fed by its brimming streams of poetry, and nourished by the genius of Chaucer and Shakespeare and Milton, and the other root striking ever deeper into the virgin soil of the western world.

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NOTES
ON THE SELECTED POEMS OF LONGFELLOW



EVANGELINE

The story of how *Evangeline* came to be written is rather interesting. Nathaniel Hawthorne, in his *American Note Books*, makes the following entry:—"H. L. C. heard from a French-Canadian a story of a young couple in Acadie. On their marriage day all the men of the province were summoned to assemble in the church to hear a proclamation. When assembled, they were all seized and shipped off to be distributed through New England,—among them the new bridegroom. His bride set off in search of him,—wandered about New England all her lifetime, and at last, when she was old, she found her bridegroom on his death-bed. The shock was so great that it killed her likewise." Hawthorne's friend H. L. C. (the Rev. H. L. Conolly) proposed this as a fitting theme for a touching romance, but Hawthorne, not feeling it suited to his genius, rejected it. One day they were both dining with Longfellow, and Mr. Conolly repeating the story, said that he wondered that Hawthorne did not care to make use of it. "If you really do not want this incident for a tale," said Longfellow to his friend, "let me have it for a poem."

This conversation took place probably in the summer of 1845, and the poet's journal for November and the following months shows how zealously he worked at his task.

"Nov. 28, 1845. Set about Gabrielle, my idyll in hexameters, in earnest. I do not mean to let a day go by without adding something to it, if it be but a single line. F. and Sumner are both doubtful of the measure. To me it seems the only one for such a poem.

Dec. 7. I know not what name to give to—not my new baby, but my new poem. Shall it be *Gabrielle* or *Célestine* or *Evangeline*?

Jan. 8, 1846. Striving, but alas how vainly, to work upon *Evangeline*. One interruption after another, long to fly to the desert for a season.

Dec. 17. I see a diorama of the Mississippi advertised. This comes very *a propos*. The river comes to me instead of my going to the river; and as it is to flow through the pages of my poem, I look upon this as a special benediction.

Dec. 10. Went to see Bannard's moving diorama of the Mississippi. One seems to be sailing down the great stream, and sees the boats and the sand-banks crested with cottonwood, and the bayous by moonlight. Three miles of canvas, and a great deal of merit.

Jan. 7, 1847. Went to the Library and got Watson's *Annals of Philadelphia*, and the *Historical Collections of Pennsylvania*. Also Darley's *Geographical Description of Louisiana*. These books must help me through the last part of *Evangeline*, so far as facts and local colouring go. But for the form and the poetry they must come from my own brain.

Feb. 27. *Evangeline* is ended. I wrote the last lines this morning."

The poem was published on October 30, 1847, and to a congratulatory letter from Hawthorne Longfellow replied: "Still more do I thank you for resigning to me that legend of Acadie. This success I owe entirely to you, for being willing to forego the pleasure of writing a prose tale, which many people would have taken for poetry, that I might write a poem which many people take for prose."

So much for the origin and progress of the poem. Longfellow's fears as to its success were not justified in the result. It greatly enhanced the already distinguished reputation of its author, and has always enjoyed a securer success than that which attaches to mere popularity. Oliver Wendell Holmes's verdict has been echoed by many competent voices: "Of the longer poems of our chief singer, I should not hesitate to select *Evangeline* as the masterpiece, and I think the general verdict of opinion would confirm my choice."

We need not concern ourselves here with such detailed criticism as will find its appropriate place in the notes. But the poem, as a whole, has been criticised adversely in various quarters as sentimental and untrue. The former charge is, in a measure, justified. Longfellow has not the sure grip of pathos which belongs only to the great masters,—to Shakespeare, wherever he employs it, to Wordsworth, Tennyson, and Browning in their highest moods of inspiration,—in *Michael*, in *Risphah*, and in Pomplilia's story in *The Ring and the Book*.

The charge of a false rendering of facts must be examined on its merits. No poet, it is readily agreed, is held responsible like a sober historian for the detailed accuracy of his statements. A

higher responsibility is his. If he is dealing with a remote epoch he may use or omit historic detail as he pleases, but he must present to our mind a lively image of the time, must conjure up before our imagination the body and spirit of the period. The facts he employs may be historically true or untrue. They are false only if they are out of harmony with the picture.

Now, thanks largely to Longfellow's noble poem, much careful research has been stimulated in the Acadian period of which he wrote, and we know much more intimately than the poet could, the details of this tragic history. His chief reliance was placed in Haliburton's book, *An Historical and Statistical Account of Nova Scotia*, which in turn drew largely from the Abbé Raynal's emotional story. The question is pertinent here: Supposing that modern research had established the fact that the Acadian peasants were treacherous and disloyal, that they were an ignorant population who had received uniformly fair treatment at the hands of their conquerors, but still remained a constant menace to the insecurely established authority of Britain, joining now with bloodthirsty savages in sudden raids upon defenceless homes, or darkly plotting in a time of peace with secret emissaries of the French,—if all these facts were established (and many have sought to establish them), and the deportation of the Acadians were shown to be an imperative though harsh necessity which their own misdeeds had occasioned, would Longfellow's poem fall to the ground condemned as a sentimental perversion of the truth? The question is not so difficult as it is long. A brilliant travesty might continue to exist as a work of art, but though the reader might palliate the perversion if he knew it not to be a wilful distortion of the truth, there would still remain a lurking distrust of the poet's intention. This is the attitude of mind, unfortunately, which many modern readers bring to this poem, and few who begin it in this mood can continue to read it beyond the first canto. The supreme need in the poem is that our sympathy shall go out unreservedly to the simple actors in this tragedy. Longfellow knew just enough of history to be assured that these people had suffered some grievous wrong. If he had knowledge of the countervailing reasons he wise kept them out of the poem. He is presenting the story from the Acadian point of view, and to imply that the Acadians knew themselves to be in the wrong would be to misunderstand completely the instinctive reasoning of these simple peasants.

A word concerning the history of Acadia, and a description of its people, will enable us to learn whether Longfellow was justified in appealing so strongly to our sympathies.

Acadia, now comprising the Provinces of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, was wrested from the French in 1710, and formally ceded to England by the Treaty of Utrecht in 1713. The conquered population are described by the historian Parkman as follows:—"They were a simple and very ignorant peasantry, industrious and frugal till evil days came to discourage them; living aloof from the world, with little of that spirit of adventure which an easy access to the vast fur-bearing interior had developed in their Canadian kindred; having few wants, and those of the rudest; fishing a little and hunting in the winter, but chiefly employed in cultivating the meadows along the river Annapolis, or rich marshes reclaimed by dikes from the tides of the Bay of Fundy. The British government left them entirely free of taxation. They made clothing of flax and wool of their own raising, hats of similar materials, and shoes and moccasins of moose and seal-skin. They bred cattle, sheep, hogs, and horses in abundance; and the valley of the Annapolis, then as now, was known for the profusion and excellence of its apples. For drink, they made cider or brewed spruce beer. French officials describe their dwellings as wretched wooden boxes, without ornaments or conveniences, and scarcely supplied with the most necessary furniture. Two or more families often occupied the same house; and their way of life, though simple and virtuous, was by no means remarkable for cleanliness. Such as it was, contentment reigned among them, undisturbed by what modern America calls progress."

In the forty years which followed British occupation the Acadians thrived and multiplied apace. The conquerors were uniformly lenient towards them, and it was not until 1730 that they were required to take an oath of allegiance, modified, so the Acadians asserted, to free them from taking up arms against their own countrymen from France and Canada. Had these simple peasants been allowed to follow their own inclinations they would have continued to graze their herds and till their fields in peace. But France had never reconciled herself to the loss of so important a province, and constant intrigues were maintained to wean the Acadians from their new allegiance. So feebly were the English established that it was not difficult to persuade the

Acadians that France would speedily regain possession of the country. It is not surprising, therefore, that in the minor struggles which preceded the great conflict of the Seven Years' War, Acadians were to be found not infrequently in the ranks of the enemy. The disaffection, fanned by the priests and political agents, continued to spread, until in 1750, Cornwallis demanded an unconditional renewal of the oath of allegiance. This oath the Acadians refused to sign, assured of the speedy restoration of French power, and persuaded by the missionary priest, Le Loutre, that to subscribe to an oath of allegiance to the English King would imperil the salvation of their souls.

Five years later (1755) the crisis came. Governor Lawrence was now at the head of affairs in Nova Scotia, a man apparently of a harsh and unconciliatory temper. His opportunity for reprisals soon came. In the capture of the French stronghold at Beauséjour a number of Acadians were found under arms. They pleaded that they were fighting under compulsion, and by the terms of capitulation were allowed to go free. But retribution was swift to follow. An unconditional oath of allegiance was again demanded. "I am determined," the Governor wrote to the Lords of Trade, "to bring the inhabitants to a compliance or rid the province of such perfidious subjects." It must be admitted that every opportunity was afforded the misguided and bewildered inhabitants of signing this oath which, while constituting them subjects of the English King, curtailed them in no respect of their accustomed civil and religious liberties. Deputies from the Acadians were summoned to Halifax, where they declared that they had always been faithful to the British Crown, but still flatly refused the oath. To continue in Parkman's words: "They were told that, far from having been faithful subjects, they had always secretly aided the Indians, and that many of them had been in arms against the English; that the French were threatening the province; and that its affairs had reached a crisis when its inhabitants must either pledge themselves without equivocation to be true to the British Crown, or else must leave the country. They all declared that they would lose their lands rather than take the oath. The Council urged them to consider the matter seriously, warning them that, if they persisted in refusal, no further choice would be allowed them, and they were given till ten o'clock on the following Monday to make their final answer.

"When that day came another body of deputies had arrived from Grand Pré and the other settlements of the Basin of Minas; and being called before the Council, both they and the former deputation absolutely refused to take the oath of allegiance. These two bodies represented nine-tenths of the Acadian population within the peninsula. 'Nothing,' pursues the record of the Council, 'now remained to be considered but what measures should be taken to send the inhabitants away, and where they should be sent to.' If they were sent to Canada, Cape Breton, or the neighbouring islands, they would strengthen the enemy, and still threaten the province. It was therefore resolved to distribute them among the various English colonies, and to hire vessels for the purpose with all despatch." It may be pointed out here that the English government had not given orders for the deportation. It is possible to explain but not to condone an act of wanton cruelty. The stern necessities of war may have demanded it, and the eighteenth century philosophy of conquering and conquered races was as utilitarian as the philosophy of to-day, though without its moral casuistry and its self-sacrificing assumption of the "white man's burden." England had treated the simple Acadians with a leniency that erred upon the side of excess. Firmness tempered with kindness, and a sufficient display of force to inspire respect would have rendered fruitless the insurrectionary schemes of the French political emissaries and priests, and the saddest page of our Canadian annals would not have been written.

THE METRE OF THE POEM

The measure in which *Evangeline* is written is the English dactylic hexameter. The classical hexameter which it distinctly imitates consists of a line of six feet composed of dactyls and spondees variously arranged. An example from Virgil's *Aeneid* will suffice :

Arma, vi|rūmque ēa|ro Trō|jāe qui | pīmūs ab | ūris

Itali|am, ū|to prō|fugūs, Lā|vīnaque | vēnīt

Aeneid, Bk. I, ll. 1-2.

It will be noted that the final foot is a spondee (— —), and the fifth foot a dactyl (— — —). Either a dactyl or a spondee may occur in any of the first four feet. Variety is obtained by

this freedom, and by the device of altering the metrical pauses (cæsura) within the line.

Longfellow was, perhaps, in the first instance stimulated to his choice of a metre by the successful example of modern accentual hexameter which Goethe's *Hermann und Dorothea* afforded, a poem that treats of a theme akin to the subject of *Evangeline*. He had been further attracted to the measure by some modern hexameters which appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine* to illustrate what many held to be the true manner in which Homer should be rendered in English.

It is clear, however, that the modern hexameter only imperfectly suggests the classical original. Greek and Latin poetry are based upon the quantitative value of syllables, whereas English and German poetry derive their rhythm principally from the subtle relations of accented and unaccented syllables. The classical dactyl, therefore, which is formed by a long syllable followed by two short syllables must be represented in English by an accented syllable followed by two unaccented syllables. The classical spondee (two long syllables) should be represented by two accented syllables in juxtaposition, but as this is an unusual combination we usually find as a substitute an accented syllable followed by an unaccented syllable (trochee — —). The method of scansion in *Evangeline* may be illustrated by a series of examples :

In the A|cadian | land, || on the | shores of the | Basin of | Minas,
 Distant, se|cluded, | still, || the | little | village of | Grand-Pré,
 Lay in the | fruitful | valley. || Vast | meadows | stretched to
 the | eastward,
 Giving the | village its | name, || and | pasture to | flocks with-
 out | number.

LINE 1.—Here we have a succession of dactyls (so-called) leading up to the concluding trochee. The cæsural pause is in the midst of the third foot.

LINE 2.—In the second, third, and fourth feet trochees occur instead of dactyls. This is a device for avoiding monotony. The cæsura is again in the midst of the third foot, with lighter

pauses after "distant" and "secluded." The final foot has almost the value of a spondee.

LINE 3. — The trochaic feet are the second and fourth. The caesura is in the third. The last foot has again almost the value of a spondee.

LINE 4. — Only one trochee occurs in the body of the line, namely in the third foot, which also shows the caesura.

As a practical hint to the student let him always, in reading, accent the first syllable however light (as in line 1) it may appear to be. The rest of the line can then usually be read without difficulty. If there is, however, any difficulty, first mark off the fifth and sixth feet, which do not vary. This will then leave only four feet to account for, and the ear should be a sufficient guide for these.

The success of *Evangeline* evoked a number of imitations in English poetry, and in spite of the protests of many critics and poets, the metre has established itself in the language. It lends itself more especially to a languorous and melancholy theme, and in the hands of a skilful metrist is capable of a various music.

Examples of hexameters at their best and worst may be found in Longfellow's poem. Of the latter, two lines will suffice for examples :

So, in each pause of the song, with measured motion the clock clicked. (l. 217)

Children's children rode on his knee, and heard his great watch tick. (l. 274)

Many of the lines that do not jar upon the ear are nevertheless monotonous in their structure or prosaic in their expression, (e.g. ll. 972-977) but the variety of rhythmic expression throughout the poem enhances our appreciation of Longfellow's artistic skill.

NOTES

15. Refer to the map for all geographical names.

23. Grand-Pré means "great meadow." Note the figure, Zeugma, in this line.

29. Blomidon. An imposing cliff at the entrance of the Basin of Minas.

34. The Acadians were originally from Rochelle and neighbouring ports on the west of France. Comparatively few came from Normandy.

*Map of
The Basin of Minas
and the Old Acadia Land.*



35. **Gormer-windows.** Built out from a sloping roof.

38. **vanes.** Weathercocks.

39. **kirtles.** Close fitting gowns.

54. The ideas in this line are taken from the *Esprit des Lois*, a book by Montesquieu, a famous political writer of France.

62. **Stalworth.** The same word as "stalwart." There are several definitions proposed for this word. (a) A.S. stalu + weorth = worthy of stealing; (b) A.S. stathol + wyrthe = steadfast [stathol = foundation]; (c) A.S. steall + weorth = fit for its place or stall [steall = place, stall].

72. **hyssop.** Aspersorium. A brush for sprinkling holy-water.

88-9. **Such as—Mary.** A reminiscence of the poet's European travels.

122. **the plain-song.** A species of intonation used especially in the Roman Catholic Church. Cf. Gregorian chant.

133. **nuns going into the chapel.** The fancy runs that as each nun goes into the chapel the light which she carries in her hand disappears. A similar childish belief is current in Germany, with this difference, that the sparks expiring in ashes are supposed to be people coming out of church, and the sexton is the last spark. In France the sparks are imagined to be guests going in to a wedding.

137-139. **that wondrous stone—swallow.** Longfellow made use of a book dealing with Norman superstitions namely, Pluquet's *Contes Populaires*. We read there with reference to the swallow: "If the eye of one of the young ones is put out, the mother-bird seeks on the seashore a little stone with which to restore its sight. He who is fortunate enough to find the stone in the nest possesses a miraculous remedy."

142. **ripened action.** Caused the thoughts of others to ripen into action.

144-145. **Sunshine of Saint Eulalie—apples.** Saint Eulalie was a Spanish girl who suffered martyrdom in the third century. The reference in these lines is the following saying quoted by Pluquet in the above-mentioned book:

Si le soleil rit le jour de Sainte Eulalie,
Il y aura pommes et cidre à folie.

[If the sun laughs on Sainte Eulalie's day (12th of February), there will be plenty of apples and cider].

149. **The Scorpion** is one of the constellations of the Zodiac. The sun is said to enter the sign of Scorpion on the 23rd of October. In line 152 the season is mentioned as being September. Among English poets Chaucer is particularly fond of indicating seasons by reference to the Zodiac.

153. **As Jacob of old.** See *Genesis xxxii. 24 f.*

159. **Summer of All-Saints.** The season of fine warm days which follows the first snow-fall, and is called by us Indian Summer. All-Saints' Day falls on November 1st, and it is at about that date that these beautiful days appear.

170. **Flashed—jewels.** An example of Longfellow's forced and inappropriate similes. The essence of a fitting simile is that the comparison shall be perfectly clear, and that the beauty and the meaning of the thing compared should be enhanced by that with which it is compared. Herodotus, the Greek historian, relates that Xerxes found once "a plane-tree so beautiful that he presented it with golden ornaments, and put it under the care of a guardsman." Browning refers to the story in his poem, Prince Hohenstiel-Schwangau :

My pulse goes altogether with the heart
 O' the Persian, that old Xerxes, when he stayed
 His march to conquest of the world, a day
 I' the desert, for the sake of one superb
 Plane-tree which queened it there in solitude :
 Giving her neck its necklace, and each arm
 Its armlet, suiting soft waist, snowy side,
 With cinture and apparel.

249. **Louisburg—Beau-Séjour—Port Royal.** (See map.) These places had all been bones of contention between the French and English. At the date of the Acadian dispersion (1755) Louisburg was in the possession of France. It was a formidable stronghold on Cape Breton Island, built by the French in 1713 to offset the loss of Acadia, which in that year passed into the hands of England by the Treaty of Utrecht. A force from New England, led by Pepperel, captured it in 1745. It was restored to France in 1748 by the Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, and was finally captured by the English in 1758, as an important preliminary to the complete conquest of Canada. Beau-Séjour, on the Chignecto Isthmus, has been mentioned (see p. 193) as the place where a number of Acadians were found in arms against

the English. Port Royal (now Annapolis) was the ancient capital of Acadia. In 1749 Halifax was made the capital.

252. **Arms—us.** A command had been issued to the Acadians to give up their arms as a condition of having their property respected in the war between the rival powers.

259. **night of the contract.** A reference to the contract of marriage between Evangeline and Gabriel.

260-262. **Built—twelvemonth.** "As soon as a young man arrived at the proper age, the community built him a house, broke up the lands about it, and supplied him with all the necessities of life for a twelvemonth. There he received the partner whom he had chosen and who brought him her portion in flocks." Raynal's account, quoted by Haliburton, I. 172.

261. **glebe.** Poetical and archaic for soil or farm land.

263. In Haliburton's history, René Leblanc is mentioned as an actual character. His fate is referred to in the petition to the king of the Acadian exiles of Pennsylvania, "He was seized, confined, and brought away, with the rest of the people, and his family, consisting of twenty children, and about one hundred and fifty grandchildren were scattered in different colonies, so that he was put on shore at New York with only his wife and two youngest children, in an infirm state of health, from whence he joined three more of his children in Philadelphia, where he died without any more notice being taken of him than any of us, notwithstanding his many years' labour and deep suffering for your Majesty's service." See Haliburton, Vol. I. 194 f.

267. **notary.** An officer of the Crown authorized to draw up contracts, etc.

280. **Loup-garou** (Loup = wolf < Lat. *lupus*, garou or varou < A.S. *wer* = man. Cf. Anglo-Saxon, *werwulf*; and modern English, werwolf or werewulf.) A human being changed into a wolf though preserving human intelligence. The change might be voluntary with infernal aid for the gratification of cannibalism or other low desires, or it might be involuntary, and effected by witchcraft. The voluntary werwolf was the most dangerous to meet, and trial for offences supposed to be committed while in this form were held in Europe as late as the seventeenth century. The involuntary werwolf was not always evil. He was generally bewitched for three or seven years, but could be freed from the spell by being wounded with a key. This strange superstition was very widespread in the Middle Ages.

281. goblin - to water the horses. Pluquet is the source where Longfellow culled this and the foregoing superstition. "The goblin, a kind of familiar genius or spirit, inhabiting farms, who leads horses to water, feeds them, protects some of them specially, awakens the lazy servants, overturns furniture, puts it out of place, and gives vent to bursts of laughter. Almost always he is invisible; only sometimes he takes the form of a fine black horse, presenting himself all saddled and bridled on the highway; but woe to the rider who bestrides the unlucky animal! he kicks up his heels, wheels about, carries off his rider, and disappears at last in a pool or quagmire." Pluquet, *Contes*, p. 14 f.

282. Letiche. "Animals of a gleaming whiteness which appear only at night, disappear as soon as you try to touch them, and do no harm. They are, people say, the souls of children who have died unbaptised. I think they are nothing else than the ermine of our regions, a little animal of surprising agility." *Ib.* p. 13.

284-286. Superstitions die hard. The belief in the good-luck that results from the finding of a four-leaved clover or a horseshoe still prevails.

302 f. Father Leblanc here relates an old Florentine story.

351-352. Silently- angels. A metaphor of extreme beauty were it not for the puerile close.

381. out of Abraham's tent. Gen. xxi. 14.

430. their commander. Lieut.-Col. John Winslow, born in Plymouth, Mass., 1702. The speech which follows in the text is a brief résumé of the one which he actually delivered on this occasion. See Haliburton, I. 176 f.

456. we never have sworn them allegiance. See introductory note.

486. like Elijah—heaven. 2 Kings, ii. 11.

489 f. Note here especially the indications of Evangeline's character.

492. emblazoned its windows. "To emblazon is literally to adorn anything with ensigns armorial. It was often the custom to work these ensigns into the design of painted windows." (Riverside Series, *Evangeline*.)

507. like the Prophet—Sinai. Exodus xxxiv. 29-35.

521. Told her—created. Compare Browning, *Pippa Passes*.

God's in His heaven—
All's right with the world!

524 f. In the description of the scene of embarkation Longfellow has faithfully followed Haliburton's account, I. 179 f.

570-571. **Wives were torn from their husbands—entreaties.** This is probably a stronger statement than the facts of the case warrant. There is no question that the embarkation was ill-managed in many particulars, and that occasionally families were separated. But this was in no case wilfully done. There was an unfortunate delay in the arrival of the transports for which Winslow was in no wise responsible. "I am amazed," he writes, "what can keep the transports and Saul." To another friend in Halifax: "I know they deserve all and more they feel; yet it hurts me to hear their weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth. I am in hopes our affairs will soon put on another face, and we get transports, and I rid of the worst piece of service that ever I was in." To continue in Parkman's words: "Winslow prepared for the embarkation. The Acadian prisoners and their families were divided into groups answering to their several villages, in order that those of the same village might, as far as possible, go in the same vessel. It was also provided that the members of each family should remain together; and notice was given them to hold themselves in readiness. 'But even now,' he writes, 'I could not persuade the people I was in earnest.' Their doubts were soon ended. The first embarkation took place on the eighth of October, under which date the Diary contains this entry: 'Began to embark the inhabitants, who went off very solentarily [sic] and unwillingly, the women in great distress, carrying off their children in their arms; others carrying their decrepit parents in their carts, with all their goods; moving in great confusion, and appeared a scene of woe and distress.' Though a large number were embarked on this occasion, still more remained; and as the transports slowly arrived, the dismal scene was repeated at intervals, with more order than at first, as the Acadians had learned to accept their fate as a certainty. So far as Winslow was concerned, their treatment seems to have been as humane as was possible under the circumstances; but they complained of the men who disliked and despised them. At the beginning of November Winslow reported that he had sent off fifteen hundred and ten persons, in nine vessels, and that more than six hundred still remained in the district. The last of these were not embarked until December. Murray finished his part of the work at the end of October,

having sent from the district of Fort Edward eleven hundred persons in four frightfully crowded transports. At the close of that month sixteen hundred and sixty-four had been sent from the district of Annapolis, where many others escaped to the woods Le Guerne, missionary priest in this neighbourhood, gives a characteristic and affecting incident of the embarkation. 'Many unhappy women, carried away by excessive attachment to their husbands, whom they had been allowed to see too often, and closing their ears to the voice of religion and their missionary, threw themselves blindly and despairingly into the English vessels. And now was seen the saddest of spectacles; for some of these women, solely from a religious motive, refused to take with them their grown-up sons and daughters.' They would expose their own souls to perdition among heretics, but not those of their children." Parkman, *Montcalm and Wolfe*, I. 289-291.

577. **kelp.** Coarse sea-weed.

579. **leaguer.** Archaic. The camp of a besieging army.

597. **shipwrecked Paul.** *Acts xxvii. 22 f.; xxviii. 1.*

Melita. The present island of Malta.

601. Criticise the simile.

605. **Benedicite.** Bless ye.

615. **Titan-like.** Giant-like. The Titans were according to classical mythology a giant race, the offspring of Heaven and Earth. Is it appropriate to speak of the moon as "stretching its hundred hands?" In the phrase *hundred hands* there is an implied reference to the hundred-handed giant Briareus, who was of the same parentage as the Titans, but was not classed with them.

621. **gleeds.** Burning coals. The instructions of the Governor to Colonel Winslow read: "You must proceed by the most vigorous measures possible, not only in compelling them to embark, but in depriving those who shall escape of all means of shelter or support, by burning their houses and by destroying everything that may afford them the means of subsistence in the country." It has been alleged that these instructions were not disinterested, and that Governor Lawrence personally profited by the confiscations of land and cattle.

668. **household gods.** The "household gods" of the Romans were called Lares and Penates. They were regarded as the divinities presiding over the home, and the words synonymous.

mize family traditions and the intimate memories of the home and hearth.

669. and without an example in story. Not strictly accurate. The expulsion of the Protestants from Salzburg in 1731-2, which Goethe made the theme of his domestic idyll, *Hermann and Dorothea*, offers some analogy. Longfellow used this famous poem to some extent as a model for his own. It is only fair to remember, also, that Louis XIV. proposed to remove 18,000 people from New York without a tithe of the provocation that the Acadians had given. Remember, too, the greater horrors of the Spanish Inquisition, and the Huguenot persecutions in France.

675. Father of Waters. The Mississippi, a literal rendering of the Indian words *Miche Sepe*.

676. Soves the hills—ocean. Compare:

The moanings of the homeless sea,
The sound of streams that swift or slow
Draw down Æonian hills, and sow
The dust of continents to be.

Tennyson, *In Memoriam*, xxxv.

677. Deep in their sands—mammoth. The mammoth or mastodon, is an extinct species of gigantic elephant. Their bones are found in the alluvial deposits throughout Canada and the United States.

699. Sometimes — whisper. There is a fine diminishing effect here leading up to the "airy hand" of the following line. Its rhythm is subtly beautiful.

705. Coureurs-des-bois. Literally, "Runners of the woods," a sufficiently close English equivalent being "Bushrangers." The word is usually written *coureurs-de-bois*. They were a class of men who played a very important part in early provincial and Canadian history. Though of French extraction, and sometimes of noble birth, the *coureurs-de-bois* adopted by preference the mode of life and manners of the Indians, took part in their councils, shared often in their wars, and married into their tribes. Their living was made principally by illegal trading in furs, so they were frequently embroiled with the authorities and the established companies.

707. voyageur. A name given to Lower Canadian boatmen.

713. to braid St. Catherine's tresses. There were two St.

Catherines,—of Siena and Alexandria, and both of them were revered for their vows of virginity. The expression was applied to women who remained unmarried. It is more familiar in its French form, *coiffer Sainte Catherine*. Its use is perhaps derived from the practice common in France, Spain and Italy, for maidens to "braid the tresses" of the images of the saints in the churches (*i.e.* to decorate them).

732. **shards.** Fragments of pottery. Here used with "thorns" in a figurative sense.

733. The epic poets, from Homer to Milton, habitually invoke the Muse of poetry for aid in performing their tasks.

741. **Beautiful River.** The French name of the Ohio River was La Belle Rivière.

742. **the Wabash.** Enters the Miss., near the junction of the latter with the Mississippi.

743. **golden stream.** *"...,"* euphemistically to the discoloured waters of the Mississ., which is contaminated by the muddy discharge from the Mis.ouri.

745-750. **a raft Opelousas.** "Between the 1st of January and the 13th of May, 1765, about six hundred and fifty Acadians had arrived at New Orleans. Louisiana had been ceded by France to Spain in 1762, but did not really pass under the control of the Spanish until 1769. The existence of a French population attracted the wandering Acadians, and they were sent by the authorities to form settlements in Attakapas and Opelousas. They afterwards formed settlements on both sides of the Mississippi, from the German Coast up to Baton Rouge, and even as high as Pointe Coupée. Hence the name of Acadian Coast, which a portion of the banks of the river still bears."

755. **chutes.** "In Louisiana and along the Mississippi, a bayou or side channel; also a narrow passage between the islands, or between an island and the shore." *Century Dictionary.*

756. **Cotton-trees.** A species of poplar, known also as cotton-wood. The seeds have at their base a tuft resembling cotton, which supports their flight through the air.

758. **wimpling.** The noun "wimple" signifies a species of veil worn by nuns. *To wimple*, implies that which suggests or resembles wimples, *to ripple*. Cf. Burns, *Hallowe'en*.

"Amang the bonnie, winding banks,
Where Doo' rins, ~~wimplin~~ clear."

761. china-trees. The china-tree is a native of India of the same family as the mahogany. Commonly grown in the Southern States.

766. Bayou of Plaquemine. Fifteen miles long between the Mississippi and Atchafalaya. A *bayou* is defined in the *Cent. Dict.* as follows: "In the southern United States, the outlet of a lake, or one of the several outlets of a river through its delta; a sluggish watercourse." From French *bayou*, gut. Cf. English,—Gut of Canso, etc.

782. mimosa. Derived from Latin *mimus=mimic*, because this species of plant imitates the habits of animals by shrinking to the touch. Generally known as *Sensitive Plants*.

805. whoop of the crane. The "whooping crane" is a larger species than the common sand-hill crane.

816. Wachita willows. The Ouachitta flows into the delta of the Mississippi.

819. cope. Original meaning, a kind of ceremonial cloak. Here used in the extended sense=anything spread over the head.

837. palmettos. Large fan-leaved palms.

873 f. the mocking-bird, wildest of singers, etc. Longfellow made this entry in his *Journal* for Jan. 26, 1847: "Finished second canto of Part II. of *Evangeline*. I then tried a passage of it in the common rhymed English pentameter. It is the song of the mocking-bird:

Upon a sprig that overhung the stream,
The mocking-bird, awakening from his dream,
Poured such delirious music from his throat
That all the air seemed listening to his note.
Plaintive at first the song began, and slow;
It breathed of sadness, and of pain and woe;
Then gathering all his notes, abroad he flung
The multitudinous music from his tongue,—
As, after showers, a sudden gust again
Upon the leaves shakes down the rattling rain."

Would you prefer this verse form to the one which Longfellow adopted?

878. frenzied Bacchantes. Priestesses of Bacchus, the wine-god. Their revels were marked by shocking excesses.

961. Olympus. A mountain in Thessaly, the famed home of the gods.

970. **ei-devant.** Former.

1006. **Cured—nutshell.** Compare I. 285.

1009. **Creoles.** People born in the West Indies or Spanish America, of European (Spanish or French) parents.

1033. **Silent Carthusian.** The Carthusians are a monastic order founded by Saint Bruno in the eleventh century. The rules of the order are very severe. Among other austerities, almost perpetual silence is enforced. Their principal monastery is at La Grande Chartreuse, near Grenoble in France. Their recent expulsion by the French Government has raised an anxious doubt in some minds lest their famous *liqueur* shall now cease to be made.

1041. **Over her head—heavens.** What are the stars called in an earlier portion of the poem?

1044. **Upharsin.** They are lacking. See *De* v. 5-28.

1057-8. **Patience—To-morrow!** Is it appropriate to speak of the oaks and the meadow in this strain?

1057. **oracular caverns of darkness.** There was a forest of oracular oaks at Dodona in Epirus. There was also a cavern at Delphi in Greece, where oracles were delivered, *i.e.* mysterious prophecies and warnings, which were interpreted by priests of the old religion.

1063. **Prodigal Son.** See *Luke*, xv. 11-32.

1064. **the Foolish Virgin.** See *Matt.* xxv. 1-13.

1082. **the Oregon flows.** Now called the Columbia River in British Columbia, Washington, and Oregon.

Walleway. The Wallawalla, a tributary of the Columbia. The metre necessitated a shortening of the word.

1083. **Wind-river mountains.** A part of the Rockies in Wyoming.

1084. **Sweet-water.** A river in Wyoming.

1085. **Fontaine-qui-bout.** Gushing Fountain. Literally "Fountain which boils."

1091. **amorphas.** False indigo.

1095. **Ishmael's children.** Ishmael is the supposed ancestor of the Arabs. Is the expression appropriately used here?

1114. **Fata Morgana.** A species of mirage not uncommon in the south-west of the United States. Longfellow has a poem entitled *Fata Morgana*. The term is that employed in Italy for a similar phenomenon witnessed occasionally in the Straits of Messina. Morgana was supposed to be the sister of King

Arthur, and the mirage in the Straits of Messina was supposed to be her magic work.

1119. **Shawnee woman.** The Shawnees were a western branch of the Algonquin tribe.

1120. **Camanches, or Comanches.** A fierce tribe that lived in the territory now known as Texas.

1139 and 1145. The tale of Mowis is found in Schoolcraft's *Tales of a Wigwam*, p. 381 f., and the story of Lilinau in his *Algic Researches*, ii. 77 f.

1167. **Black Robe chief.** The priest in his black cassock.

1213-1214. **Blushed-corn-field.** Schoolcraft relates this superstition as follows: "If one of the young female huskers find a red ear of corn, it is typical of a brave admirer, and is regarded as a fitting present to some young warrior. But if the ear be crooked and tapering to a point, no matter what colour, the whole circle is set in a roar, and *wa ge min* is the word shouted aloud. It is considered as the image of an old man stooping as he enters the lot," etc. *Oneota*, page 254.

Cf. Also *Hiawatha*, xiii.

1219. **compass-flower.** "A tall, coarse, composite plant, *Silphium lacinatum*, common upon the western prairies of North America. Also called *Polar-plant*, *Rosin-weed*. It has large divided leaves, which stand vertically; the radical ones, especially, are disposed to place their edges north and south, whence the name." — *Century Dictionary*.

1222. **The blossoms of passion.** Figurative. Or does it refer to the Passion-flower?

1226. **asphodel flowers.** A plant of the lily family. It is constantly employed with symbolical reference to death. Its blossoms were supposed to cover the meadows of Hades. This is, doubtless, because in Greece it used to grow in waste places, as in the neighbourhood of tombs.

nepenthe (Gk. *νῆ*, not, *πένθος*, sorrow = warding off sorrow). "A magic potion mentioned by ancient writers, which was supposed to make persons forget their sorrow and misfortunes." — *Century Dictionary*.

1229. **wold.** Open rolling country. A down. Note the alliteration.

1241. **Moravian Missions.** The Moravian Brethren originated as a Protestant sect in Bohemia and Moravia (15th century). They were suppressed for a century, but reorganised

again in Saxony (1722). Later they spread in Europe and America.

Tents of Grace. Gnadenhutten (=huts of grace) was the name of a village in Ohio founded by the Moravians as a mission centre for the Mohican Indians (1773). The English phrase is a free rendering of the name of this village. Longfellow wrote a poem called the *Hymn of the Moravian Nuns*, in which he ascribed to this austere Protestant sect the ceremonial of the Catholic Church.

1253. the name of Penn. William Penn founded Philadelphia in 1682 (city of brotherly love).

1256. reecho the names of the trees. Many of the streets of Philadelphia, especially those running east and west, are named after trees, Chestnut, Pine, etc.

1257. Dryads. Wood nymphs.

1260. René Leblanc. See introductory note to the poem.

1265. For it recalled the past. The French usage requires the use of the second person among members of a family, and close friends.

1296. German farmer. The neighbourhood of Philadelphia is thickly settled with Germans.

1298. a pestilence fell on the city. Yellow fever devastated Philadelphia in 1793.

1308. to die in the almshouse. The Friends' Almshouse between Walnut street and Third is frequently pointed out as the place where Evangeline must have nursed the sick, and been present at Gabriel's dying moments. Longfellow, however, once gave an interesting description which tallies rather with the Pennsylvania Hospital, between Spruce and Pine streets:

"I got the climax of *Evangeline* from Philadelphia, and it was singular how I happened to do so. I was passing down Spruce street one day toward my hotel after a walk, when my attention was attracted to a large building with beautiful trees about it inside of a high enclosure. I walked along until I came to a great gate, and then stepped inside and looked carefully over the place. The charming picture of lawn, flower-beds, and shade which it presented made an impression which has never left me, and twenty-four years after, when I came to write *Evangeline*, I located the final scene, the meeting between Evangeline and Gabriel, and the death, at this poor-house, and the burial in an old Catholic graveyard not far away, which I found by chance

in another of my walks. It was purely a fancy sketch, and the name of Evangeline was coined to complete the story. The incident Mr. Hawthorne's friend gave me, and my visit to the poor-house in Philadelphia gave me the ground-work of the poem."

This accordingly is the only scene in this poem which is described from the author's personal knowledge.

1328. Swedes—at Wicaco. The Swedes' church was the oldest in Philadelphia. Wicaco is now a part of the city called Southwark.

1355. like the Hebrew, etc. *Exodus*, xii. 7, etc.

The descriptions of the following poems correspond for the most part with the notes at the heads of the poems in the Riverside Edition of the poet's works, in six volumes.

THE DAY IS DONE

Written in the Fall of 1844, as proem to *The Waif*, a small volume of poems selected by Mr. Longfellow, and published at Christmas of that year.

THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS

The house commemorated in the poem is the Goldhouse, now known as the Plunkett Mansion, in Pittsfield, Massachusetts, the homestead of Mrs. Longfellow's maternal grandfather, whither Mr. Longfellow went after his marriage in the summer of 1843. The poem was not written, however, till November, 1845, when, under the date of the 12th of the month, he wrote in his diary : "Began a poem on a clock, with the words 'Forever, never,' as the burden ; suggested by the words of Bridaine, the old French missionary, who said of eternity : 'C'est une pendule dont le balancier dit et redit sans cesse ces deux mots seulement dans le silence des tombeaux,—Toujours, jamais. Jamais, toujours. Et pendant ces effrayables révolutions, un reproché s'écrie, 'Quelle heure est-il?' et la voix d'un autre miserable lui répond, 'L'Eternité.''"

THE FIRE OF DRIFT-WOOD

"September 29, 1846. A delicious drive with F. through Malden and Lynn to Marblehead, to visit E. W. at the Devereux Farm by the sea-side. Drove across the beautiful sand. What a

delicious scene! The ocean in the sunshine changing from the silvery hue of the thin waves upon the beach, through the lighter and deeper green, to a rich purple in the horizon. We recollect the times past, and the days when we were at Nahant. The Devereux Farm is by the sea, some miles from Lynn. An old-fashioned farm-house, with low rooms and narrow windows, rattling in the sea-breeze." From this visit sprang the poem that follows. In a letter in 1879 to a correspondent who had raised a matter-of-fact objection, Mr. Longfellow readily admitted that the harbour and light-house, which he visited the same day, could not be seen from the windows of the farm-house.

RESIGNATION

Written in the autumn of 1848, after the death of his little daughter Fanny. There is a passage in the poet's diary, under date of November 12th, in which he says: "I feel very sad today. I miss very much my dear little Fanny. An inappeasable longing to see her comes over me at times, which I can hardly control."

THE WARDEN OF THE CINQUE PORTS

Written in 1852 on the occasion of the death of the Duke of Wellington. What is the most celebrated poem which has been written upon this subject?

Title. The Cinque Ports (pronounced *sink*) are five coast towns opposite France, namely, Sandwich, Dover, Hythe, Romney and Hastings. William the Conqueror established this line of the coast into a separate jurisdiction that he might enjoy more control over the resources of these seaports. He placed these towns under the administration of a warden, or guardian, whose seat of authority was in Dover Castle. The Reform Bill of 1832 reduced the number of members sent to Parliament by the Cinque Ports from 16 to 8, and the Municipal Reform Act assimilated their government to those of other English municipalities. The position, therefore, which the Duke of Wellington occupied was almost purely honorary. He exercised a certain amount of civil jurisdiction until 1835, and after that date his powers were still further curtailed. His official residence was Walmer Castle, where he lived every autumn from 1829 till his death in 1852.

The poem is a fine example of Longfellow's command of rhythm; but he can scarcely be said to have risen to the height of his subject. He lacked the patriotic motives which inspired Tennyson, and confined himself to the picturesque aspect of the subject. The closing stanzas are thoroughly impressive.

THE BRIDGE

Finished October 9, 1845, and at first localised as the bridge over the Charles, the river which separates Cambridge from Boston.

A GLEAM OF SUNSHINE

The scene of this poem is mentioned in the poet's diary, under date of August 31, 1846. "In the afternoon a delicious drive with F. and C. through Brookline, by the church and the 'green lane,' and homeward through a lovelier lane, with barberries and wild vines clustering over the old stone walls."

**QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR
HOME STUDY**



QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY

The editor is indebted to MR. ANDREW STEVENSON, B.A., English Master, Collegiate Institute, Stratford, for the following questions on *Evangeline*.

[It is frequently declared by teachers of English that failure of pupils in proper home preparation of lessons in literature is usually due to lack of specified and definite matters for study. This lack it is intended to supply in the case of "*Evangeline*" by the following list of questions and suggestions. They are not presented as exhaustive of the subject, but merely as directive and suggestive, and are intended in the main to call the student's attention to the artistic and ethical elements of the poem, a knowledge of the intellectual significance of the language being generally taken for granted.]

EVANGELINE

PRELUDE

To what class of poetry does "*Evangeline*" belong? (Descriptive, narrative, reflective, etc.) Considering the poem as of such a class, what various purposes are served by the prelude? Point out definitely (specifying the very words used) the first clear indications of a story that appear in the poem? Where is the theme of the poem stated? What is the emotional tone of the story of "*Evangeline*" considered as a whole? Point out the particular words or phrases where the tone is first struck. Point out also the other words and phrases in the prelude where the tone is continued and deepened.

"*Evangeline*" is described as one of the world's greatest idylls, and an idyll is defined as a simple pastoral poem. What is a pastoral poem? Is "*Evangeline*" simple or complex as to plot? Outline the plot within a space of twenty-five lines. Compare the plot as to simplicity with that of "*The Merchant of Venice*." Does simplicity mark the characters and modes of living of the persons mentioned in the poem? What do you mean by simplicity of character? What by simplicity of mode of living? Point out instances and exemplifications throughout

the poem of simplicity in character, conduct and modes of living. Is the poem as a whole characterized by simplicity of language, (1) as to vocabulary, and (2) as to sentence structure? (Test for the latter quality by an examination of any hundred lines—can you find in such a number a single sentence that presents any difficulty in grammatical analysis?)

What is the special art-value of the first word "This" as here used? What words and phrases give especial dignity and stateliness to the opening passage (ll. 1-6)? What is implied as to the extent or degree of the tragedy by representing the forest and the ocean as lamenting? Is there any moral sublimity in the story to justify the physical sublimity in the opening passage? What emotion is associated with "Druids of old" and "harpers hoar"? What is the effect of the massing in these lines of "sad," "disconsolate," "wail"? What is the tone of the sound of water breaking on a rocky shore? What of wind passing through pines and hemlocks? Would "murmuring" or "sighing" be the better word to denote the sound precisely? Which would be more in harmony with "sad" and "wail" and with "mournful" (l. 18)? Would "sighing" suit the rhythm of the line? Note other cases in the poem, as you come on them, where the rhythm required a slight sacrifice of precision.

What feeling affects the roe in such a case as referred to? When were the Acadians similarly affected? What kind of life is suggested by "glided"? Explain "shadows of earth" and "an image of heaven" in relation to human experience and character.

Account for the *village* being spoken of as the home of the farmers. What were some of the features that made these farms pleasant (see Section I)? What emotion is indicated by the exclamation point (l. 12)? What words convey the force of ll. 13, 14? Show the fitness of each of these in relation to the story. What feeling is suggested by l. 15?

What is the art-value of "Ye"? (Compare "This," l. 1). "Hopes" for what? "Endures" what? "Is patient" when? Differentiate "endures" and "is patient." How is affection measured or valued here? What is the precise meaning of "devotion"? In what sense is "devotion" beautiful? Do "beauty" and "strength" here denote two different qualities of the devotion, or two aspects of the same quality? Why does the poet specify the pines as the singers of the story?

Tell in a few words what kind of story you looked for after reading the prelude. What precisely has the poet accomplished in the prelude for the knowledge and feeling of a person reading the poem for the first time?

PART THE FIRST

SECTION I

Explain carefully "distant," "secluded" and "still." What hint as to life and character here? Define "fruitful." What quality attribute to the Acadians in "labour incessant"? In l. 21 "quiet" would perhaps be more exact than "still," and in l. 26 "spread" would be more exact than "wander." What perhaps led the poet to choose "still" and "wander"? (Examine minutely the sound-values.) Would "spread" harmonize with "welcomed" and "at will"?

Specify in detail the points that are taken in describing (1) the situation and surroundings of the village, (2) the houses, (3) a summer evening in the village, (4) the character of the people. What feeling or mood is produced by the whole description (ll. 20-57.)? To what particulars is this feeling chiefly due? What art-value has the feeling in the passage in relation to the story?

Explain "happy" in two senses (l. 31). Show the imitative value of the word "gossiping" (l. 41). What hints as to character and condition in "reposed" (32), "strongly built" (33), "snow-white" (39), "whirr of the wheels," "song of maidens" (42), "paused in their play" (44), "uprose" (45), "slow approach" (46)? Longfellow being a Protestant, what trait of his character is displayed in the description of the parish priest? Refer to other cases where he exhibits the same spirit.

Show the various steps (five or six) by which, in ll. 20-57, the poet gradually approaches the beginning of his story. Now trace his steps one by one still farther in Section I until you reach the point where the story is just about to begin.

Justify "clouds of incense" (50), showing the relation to this idea of "homes of peace and contentment" and applying also ll. 52, 53. How is goodness of life and character comparable to incense?

Show the chief details summed up in "Thus". What political privileges in republics give rise to envy? What quality described in l. 55? In l. 56? Explain "poor" (l. 57).

Point out the special phrase by which, in each case, the poet separates and raises above the common level of the villagers, (1) Benedict, (2) Evangeline, (3) Gabriel. (Compare ll. 418, 419). Why are these three thus honoured? Who is made the most of? Why? What qualities are specified in the entire description (1) of Benedict, (2) of Evangeline? What situations and incidents are described in the description of Evangeline singly, and of Evangeline and Gabriel together? What is the emotional tone of these descriptions throughout? What effect is produced thereby? What bearing has this on our interest in the story that follows?

Account for the use of "winters" in l. 61, but "summers" in l. 65. Observe the climax "fair," "fairer," —. Find the phrase that makes the third term in the series. What constitutes the fairness in each case? Has the quality of character indicated in the second and third cases any relation to the working out of the plot of the story? Define carefully "celestial" and "ethereal." Why both? Show the beauty of the simile (l. 81).

Describe in detail the situation and surroundings of Evangeline's home. Discuss the fitness of "rafters." What hints of character in "firmly" (82), "woodbine wreathing," "carved"? Explain "odorous corn 'est." What kind of weathercocks "rattled and sang"? Is there any subtle allusion to the characters of the story in l. 100, and to the plot in l. 102? What bearing upon the story have such details as "bursting with hay"? Mention others of these details. Point out the picturesque two-word phrases in ll. 90-102. Explain "sunny farm," "seemed a part of the music," "mighty man." What smith is alluded to in "the birth of time"? What characteristic of the Acadians is shown in this estimate of a blacksmith? What hint of character in the use of Christian names in ordinary speech?

What three or four incidents or situations are taken as the basis of the description of the youthful companionship of Evangeline and Gabriel? Enumerate the details in each? How does this passage affect the reader (119-139)? What purpose does it serve in relation to the later development of the story?

Examine ll. 130-5 for imitative effects. Point out the exceeding usefulness of the words "thus" (140), and "now" (143). In what way could a young farmer be "valiant" in his occupation? Explain "face of the morning." How does it "ripen thought into action?" How can this latter phrase apply to Gabriel? What

does "gladdened the earth with its light" mean in relation to Gabriel? Explain "heart of a woman" (compare ll. 16, 17). Has the action of the story begun in Section I? Is the section chiefly interesting for its character sketches, or story, or series of beautiful pictures? Tell in a general way what the poet has accomplished for the reader in this section.

SECTION II

Show the progression in definiteness of "now" (143), "now" (148), and "now" (171). State all the points taken in the description of the advent of (1) autumn in general, (2) the particular autumn of the story, (3) Indian summer. Arrange the points (4) in separate groups. Explain "retreating sun" and "sign of the Scorpion enters." Is "sailed" more applicable to small or to large birds? What species of birds frequent "bays" and "shores." Explain "leaden," "hoarded." What use might have been made later on of the two-fold prediction concerning the winter? Is any use made of it? Is this usual? Explain "dreamy light." What effect of magic is implied in "magical light"? How is the ocean regarded in "restless heart"? (Compare the prelude and *Break, Break, Break.*) Which trees have russet leaves in Indian summer, which scarlet, which yellow? Would a description of Indian summer be satisfactory without a reference to the mildness of the temperature? Is there such a reference here? Is the comparison in l. 170 natural, or in keeping with the general style of the poem? Melodious words abound in this description of Indian summer—why? Point them out and analyze them into their melodious elements.

When is the reign of rest and affection? Describe the outdoor sights and sounds of the evening at Evangeline's home, noting all the animals mentioned, with their actions and qualities. Why is Evangeline's heifer represented as leading the herd? Do heifers generally lead herds? Explain "Saddles" and "Valves." Point out adjectives that are especially picturesque or otherwise fitting. Point out a little touch of humour in the description, also a well-marked case of imitative harmony. What is the emotional effect of this description? What bearing has this on the story?

Briefly describe the scene indoors prior to the entrance of Basil. What feeling pervades the scene? What two phrases give a jarring undertone? Why may this have been introduced?

What hint of character or other interest in "pewter plates reflected the flame," "close at her father's side," "the old man sang" and "Evangeline spinning flax"? Why did the shadows (a) move, and (b) vanish? What sound-values in "monotonous," "measured motion" and "clock clicked"?

In the description and narration of Section II, at what point does the poet leave the general and come to the particular; that is, where does the action of the story definitely begin? And apart from the prelude, where do we get the first definite indication of the tragical nature of the story?

Outline the conversation prior to the entry of the notary. What traits of character are manifested in this conversation (1) in Benedict, (2) in Basil? If all the Acadians had been like Benedict and Evangeline would there have been an expatriation? What of Basil in this regard? What progress has the poet made in this section in developing the story (1) of the Acadians in general, and (2) of Evangeline in particular?

SECTION III

Describe the notary in appearance and character. Does the poet imply that the notary had been unfaithful to the French because he spoke well of the English? "Warier" in what respect? Why? Explain definitely "patient," "simple," "childlike." How did the notary's patience and simplicity show itself now? Compare with Benedict here. Is such simplicity a defect because the outcome proved both of them wrong in their judgment?

Does the story of the notary prove his assertion? Tell exactly where it fails in regard to (1) the people of the ancient city in general, and (2) the girl in particular. Did Basil doubt the occurrence of the incident? Why, then, was he not convinced? Why was the notary consoled by the story? Explain the use of the scales and the sword in the representation of justice. What is the purpose of laws? How does corruption manifest itself (1) in the making of laws, and (2) in the administering of them? What evils are represented by the poet as springing from corruption in government? Was Basil's inability to show the weakness of the argument due to natural dullness or to lack of education?

What hint of character in "famed for its strength," (l. 332) "three times the old man's fee"? Does "threw" (l. 338) indicate

discourtesy? What then? What was perhaps the subject of the musing of each of the four? Why did Evangeline bring out the draught-board? Point out the elements of beauty in ll. 348-52. Wherein lies the pathos of this passage? What hint of plot, character or mood in "lingered long" (356), "soundless step," "shining face," "simple," "carefully folded"? Explain "swelled" and "obeyed its power." What hint in "a feeling of sadness"? "What is perhaps foreshadowed in "she saw cloud"?

Outline the course of the poet's progress in this section in the development of his two-fold story (1) as to the expulsion of the Acadians, and (2) as to the romance of Evangeline and Gabriel.

SECTION IV

What is the central fact of this section? What feeling does this arouse in us (1) for the Acadians, and (2) towards the English? Speaking generally, how has Longfellow told his story so as to evoke these feelings here? Coming to particulars, what qualities of the Acadians in general, and of Evangeline in particular, and what actions, conditions and circumstances have aroused our interest and admiration, and so prepared us for sympathy and indignation? What descriptions of times and places have also contributed towards the result?

Is it probable that there is any authentic record of the condition of the weather on the day of the proclamation? Why did Longfellow choose to describe it as pleasant? Account for "cheerful" (395. Remember the time of year). Enquire carefully what simplicity of character means, and then explain why the conduct of the villagers (396-8) is fitly attributed thereto. Does l. 398 imply community of property or merely abounding hospitality? Explain "more abundant" and "blessed the cup." How could the orchard be odorous after the trees had been stripped of their apples? What effect is produced by uniting "hearts" and "waistcoats"? Show the remarkable massing of imitative values in l. 415. What purpose is served by 418, 419? Show the value of "so" as an element in narrative vocabulary. What is indicated by "lo!"? Examine for sound-values "summons sonorous" and "dissonant clangour." What hint in "hung garlands on the headstones"?

What evidence is there that the people as a whole did not anticipate harm? Why did the commander hold aloft the com-

mission? Was George II. responsible for the order of expatriation? To what circumstances does the commander refer in "clement and kind"? To what in "how have you answered"? Was it right to punish the whole community for the misdeeds of a few? Does a military commander have to obey an unjust order? What can he do? Would the civilised world to-day think more or less of the commander if he had refused to obey? "Other lands"—why the plural? What implied accusation in "faithful subjects" and "peaceable people"? Point out the details of the picture in ll. 442-6. Are they all needed for the comparison? Why are the others used? Give the significance of "So" (447) in at least two notional adverbs. "Sorrow and anger" in the same persons? Name one who was angry and two who were sorrowful. What ecclesiastical teaching restrained the Acadians from taking the oath? What indication of character in "awed into silence"? Define "madness." How had the priest taught them "in deed to love one another"? Why was the evening service especially fervent? How was the fervour rewarded? Explain clearly "their souls prayer." What evidence of Evangeline's superior character in ll. 487-9? Give the details of the picture in ll. 489-98. Wherein lies the pathos of the situation? What was the "fragrance"? Why is it "celestial"? Give the meaning and application of each term in l. 501. What contrasting circumstance gives impressiveness to "sweetly" (506)? Why the inverted order in the line? Why were the prisoners so silent? Why did not Gabriel answer? Why are the "graves of the dead" referred to? What contrast suggested in ll. 516, 517? What quality of character shown in l. 523?

SECTION V

Give the details of the picture in ll. 526-32. Which two are especially pathetic? Show how "strength" applies to the situation in l. 549, and "strong" in l. 554. In what sense is the assertion in ll. 559, 560 to be taken? Why did Evangeline smile (l. 564)? "Words of endearment"—what words, for instance? "Official reports declare that great care was taken not to separate families in this expatriation." Does this prove that families were not separated?

What are the elements of pathos in ll. 587-90? What aspects of the bygone life of the village are indicated in ll. 589, 590? Why are "driftwood," "wrecks" and "tempest" details of value

here? Show the artistic skill in the expression "shapes of gloom and sorrowful faces." Distinguish "consoling" and "cheering." What language may the priest have used (1) in consoling, (2) in blessing, and (3) in cheering? Show the point of resemblance in the comparison in ll. 599-601. Compare ll. 599-604 with ll. 563-566 and show what is indicated. Express in other words "his heart was full." What particular scene may the poet have had in mind in l. 608? Do ll. 610, 611 suggest hopefulness or hopelessness? Describe in detail the scene on the shore in the evening before the outbreak of the fire.

Why does the poet begin the new paragraph with "Suddenly"? Describe in detail the fire and the accompanying circumstances. What was the nature of these encampments? What "internal evidence" of the approximate date (roughly estimated) of the composition of this poem in ll. 630-4? What trait of the villagers' character is indicated in ll. 646, 647? In what two particulars did the afflictions of Evangeline surpass those of her neighbours? Meaning of "happier" (652) and "piously" (654)? Point out the poetic qualities in both the thought and the expression of ll. 659, 660. (Do not overlook the imitative or representative sound-values.) Show the two-fold sound-value of "heaving" and "hurrying." What explanation can you offer of Longfellow's exceptional skill in describing the sounds of the sea-shore?

Briefly review Part I., showing especially (1) how the poet first arouses our interest in the Acadians, and especially in Evangeline, and (2) how he intensifies that interest, and finally appeals to our deepest sympathies for them and for her. Mention also the most picturesque descriptions and specify some of their points of excellence. Characterise the emotional tone of these descriptions, and show the relation of that tone to the total effect of the story.

PART THE SECOND

SECTION I

Would any reader be satisfied to have the story end with Part I? What would he want to know further (1) of Evangeline and (2) of the other Acadians? Which of these two is he most interested in? Why? Which of the others is he most interested in? Why? What other individuals also interest him? Why? Does Longfellow in Part II. intensify the interest in the case of any one of the Acadians? How? Does Longfellow satisfy in

some form all these interests? Would the story have been more or less interesting if Evangeline had found her husband sooner, and they had been described as growing old together? Why? Would she herself have been more or less interesting? Why? Which event does Longfellow prepare us for in describing her character?

Justify the term "nation." Was the exile without an end for all of the Acadians? Was it, in the poet's time, without a parallel? Has it had any parallels since? Compare it as to cause, mode of accomplishment and outcome with the exile of (1) the Pilgrim Fathers, (2) the U. E. Loyalists, (3) the Russian Mennonites and Doukhobors, and (4) the Boers. Was the scattering of Acadians intentional or accidental? What in the Acadian character accounted for their wandering, and in particular to the mouth of the Mississippi? What were they despairing of (678)? What particular do these general statements lead up to? Does Longfellow mean (684) that life is a desert for everyone, or even for Evangeline always in the future? (See 1274, 1275.) What then does he mean? Show in detail the beauty and pathos of ll. 689-92. Justify "thirst of spirit" as applied here. Explain "inarticulate whisper" and "airy hand." What quality does Evangeline display in ll. 714, 715? What is the pathway? How does affection illumine it? What things are made clear by affection? Express in plain language the substance of ll. 720-2. Would these lines express the moral of the poem as a whole? Find a similar doctrine in the opening stanzas of Tennyson's *In Memoriam*. Could Evangeline's "work of affection" have been accomplished if she had not found Gabriel in the end? (See ll. 1270-87.) Was she, or was she not disobeying the priest's counsel when she gave up the search for Gabriel? What, precisely, is the nature of the strength acquired through "sorrow and silence," i.e., how does it manifest itself? Justify "godlike," "Purified" of what? What experience is referred to in l. 729? What does "despair not" lead the reader to expect? Is the expectation fulfilled? What artistic purpose is served in this story by frequently raising expectations which are not fulfilled? Will this give the reader a taste of Evangeline's experience? Discuss the fitness of "let me essay, O Muse!"

What different and striking pictures are included in section I? Through what stages is the plot advanced?

SECTION II

Criticise "golden stream." Explain "raft." What was the "common belief"? "By hope or by hearsay"—distinguish. Distinguish "kith" from "kin." Criticise "network of steel" (768). Does "towering" modify "boughs" or "cypress"? Criticise "demoniac laughter." Explain "glanced," "arches" and "broken." How "dreamlike"? Would the gloomy strangeness of the scene taken along with their previous experience account for the sadness of the travellers? Explain "strange" (l. 780). What is the effect on the reader of "strange forebodings of ill"? Were these forebodings justified in the later experience of all the travellers or any of them? Explain "cannot be compassed." What is fate compared to in 783? Look up the probable Scriptural source of the metaphor Rev. 6, 8. Does "sustained" imply that Evangeline had had forebodings? Is "phantom" significant of the outcome? Do lines 785-9 give definite information, or stimulate interest because of uncertainty? "Stirred" (l. 795), fact or fancy? Show the peculiar fitness of "multitudinous" and "reverberant." [Compare "congregation" (l. 659)]. Are polysyllables common in poetry? For what purposes are they effectively used? Explain the Scriptural allusion in "dawn of an opening heaven." How does it apply to Evangeline's case?

How do you explain "away" in connection with "earer"? Is "waiting" (834) to be taken literally? Would that be consistent with "restless"? How would the literal interpretation of "waiting" affect our opinion of Gabriel? How would it affect our interest in the story? Contrast Gabriel's purpose in life, after giving up hope (l. 835), with that of Evangeline in similar circumstances (Section V.). Did Gabriel attain his end in the "Western wilds"? Why "angel" (840)? Refer to cases where angels are said to have awakened persons for some benefit or advantage to them. In the light of previous or subsequent events, both immediate and remote, show the full pathos of the incident (836-41). Was it merely a poetic imagining to attribute to Evangeline a consciousness of Gabriel's nearness? Does science recognise "telepathy"? Does the language of the priest (852-4) imply belief in such a doctrine? What is meant by trusting to one's heart? Is it always safe? Is it ever safe? Did the priest probably mean that reason could ever be entirely ignored? Is "the world" a safe counsellor as to what are and

what are not "illusions"? How are the ideals of martyrs commonly regarded by the people of their time? How did the world formerly regard any striking new scientific theories?

Explain "melted together." What was the "second sky"? Where were the "edges of silver"? "Dripping oars"—what hint of mood here? Explain "magic spell." What four phrases indicate the ecstatic quality of the mockingbird's song? What part of their usual meaning must be omitted from the descriptive words as used here? What qualities of the bird's voice are noted in "floods" and "crystal"? Is "rattling" in keeping with the general tone of the description? What feelings are implied in "emotion" (883)? Give in detail the poetic elements in the whole passage (864-882).

Through what stages is the plot advanced in this section?

SECTION III

Why is the moss called "Spanish"? (Compare "Spanish main.") Explain mystic as applied to the mistletoe. Does "numberless" (916) describe the herds or the cattle? [Compare "towering" (769)]. Explain "moody" and "tried" (946), "uncertain," "tedious." What would the men say to Gabriel? Parallel this in the story. Would a man like Basil probably speak of the Fates? Is "prison" now applicable? Yet might Basil have used the word? What indications of Acadian character in ll. 959-965? In what special feature was the life of Michael like that of the Olympian gods? Criticise "hungry winter congeals." Explain "wrathful cloud." Name the form of expression. What kind of fever is referred to? Show the touches of humour in Basil's description (986-1006). What characteristics of the Basil of the olden days appear in ll. 911-1020? What does the scene in 1015-1020 bring to mind? What poetic purpose here?

What memories first rose in Evangeline's mind? (Note "entranced.") What followed these? What circumstances are hinted at in "the sound of the sea"? Account for the use of the comparison in l. 1030. Explain "fragrance," "magical," "inundate." Were the longings entirely indefinable? In what sense are the stars "the thoughts of God"? What attributes of Deity do they represent? Explain the allusion in "worship." What is it here that the poet calls a temple? Why? Explain the allusion in ll. 1043, 1044 both as to its source and to its applica-

tion in the case of a comet's appearance. What condition of mind or feeling is shown in "soul . . . wandered alone"? Explain the allusion in "oracular caverns of darkness." Why are the caverns represented as among oaks? Why does the poet raise the hopes of the reader here to disappoint them later? Can it be justified on the ground of "realism"?

What is meant by "shining feet" (1060), "tears," "anointed," "tresses," "balm," "vases of crystal"? Explain "fasting and famine," "flight," "blast of fate." In what respect did Gabriel resemble a dead leaf?

Through what stages is the plot advanced in this section?

SECTION IV

Has the passage (1078-1088) any direct relation to the story? Did the Acadians visit this region? How is the passage made to connect with the story? Has the passage special poetic merit in itself? Why was it introduced? (Compare "Sardinia's snowy mountain tops" in relation to the story in "Horatius.") What is the effect on the imagination of the Indian names? Would this effect be stronger or weaker when the poem was written? Why?

Locate the "desert land" on a map. What made the mountain summits luminous? Would the term "torrent" be applicable to the entire course of prairie streams? Where, then? Name in detail the elements that enter into the composition of the picture of the prairies. To which of these do the epithets "wondrous and beautiful" apply? Compare Longfellow's description with Bryant's opening passage in *The Prairies*. Which has most life and action? Which is more interesting? Why? What part of Longfellow's description is no longer applicable? Point out all the striking two-word phrases in the passage (1089-1105). Show the fitness of the adjectives. Does Longfellow make enough of the vastness of the prairie spaces? In what striking phrase does he refer to this feature? Are "blast and blight" adequate terms to describe the effect of prairie fires? How were Ishmael's children characterised? In the light of the experience of Canadians is the term "savage marauders" quite fair to the Indians? Is "protecting hand" quite satisfactory in view of what precedes it? Compare Longfellow's optimistic attitude here with Evangeline's in ll. 520, 521.

What emotional effect in "only embers and ashes"? What foreshadowing of the result of the search in ll. 114, 115?

What special value has "silently" (1116)? How does the introduction of the Shawnee woman increase the interest of the poem? Is she herself interesting in her qualities, actions and experiences? Are any pleasing qualities of Evangeline brought out in the intercourse of the two women? How do the Shawnee's stories affect the reader in relation to the main plot? Compare the tone of 1158-63 with that of 1057, 1058. Does "It was no earthly fear" imply a belief by the poet in supernatural influences? (Compare 852-5.) Explain "secret emotion." What trait of Longfellow's character appears in the tone of his description of the Jesuit Father? Where previously did he display it? Was it the benediction only or the whole service that was like seed? How was it like seed? Was the priest's solemnity (1193) merely his usual mood, or did it show sympathy?

What effect is gained by the repetitions and long vowels in 1207 and the details of time in 1208? In what month does the maize spring and in what month is it husked? Is there any special fitness in the mode of indicating periods of the year in this passage and in ll. 1228, 1229? How were the months marked by the Indians? How far is "cloisters" applicable? Observe the difference in the character attributed to the crows from that attributed to the squirrels. Is there any justification for this in fact? What feature of the crow's appearance and of his style of walking may have led to the distinction? What quality and degree are indicated by "golden" (1212) in its general metaphorical use? What several qualities are included here? Which especially does "golden" describe? What seems to have been the ultimate purpose of the mention of the maize? Why does the priest call attention to the vigour of the compass plant? In what respects does the priest consider human life to resemble a desert? Is the comparison just? Would it seem just to Evangeline? Would it always have seemed just? Did it always hereafter seem so? How far then is the metaphor applicable? What are "the blossoms of passion"? Are all strong and pleasurable feelings "deadly"? Is Longfellow giving his own views here or those of a religious ascetic? Did Father Felician hold such views of human feelings? Would Evangeline understand the allusion to "asphodel flowers" and "nepenthe"? Was it, then, or was it not, a slip of the poet to represent the

priest as making the allusion? Did Father Felician make classical allusions?

What effect is aimed at (1227-9) in giving the lapse of time in detail? Is there any special merit in Longfellow's choice of details to characterise the advent of spring? Show the art in 1231. Where had the guides been? Why was Evangeline's farewell sad? What were some of the perils of such a journey? Why is it mentioned that the journey was perilous? What emotion does the exclamation point indicate in l. 1238?

What is the character of the details summed up in "Thus"? Should we suppose from what we know of her character that Evangeline spent the time moping idly either in the Jesuit Mission, the Moravian Mission, or later in the camps, towns or cities? How would it affect our estimate of her if she had done so? What may we suppose she did in the camps? To what war does Longfellow probably allude? "Like a phantom" — explain. Why are "Fair" and "Faded" put at the beginning of the lines? How does the alliteration affect the description of the contrast? Can you reconcile ll. 1248 and 1274?

Through what stages is the plot advanced in this section?

SECTION V

Why is Penn called an apostle? Derive the name Pennsylvania. Explain "children of Penn" and "friendly streets." What name do the Quakers give themselves? What views and customs of the Quakers would attract the Acadians to them? Is it probable that the Pennsylvanians approved of the expatriation of the Acadians? How did Evangeline come to fall in with these people in the first place? What may we infer of their treatment of her then? Why? Comment on the form and aptness of the simile "as leaves to light." Explain "mists." What precisely does the poet mean by speaking of the world as "all illumined with love"? (For Longfellow's own attitude in calamity see "Resignation.") What kind of experience and present state are implied in "climbed"? Do ll. 1276-8 describe a common result of bereavement? Explain clearly ll. 1279, 1280. What light do ll. 1282, 1283 throw on Evangeline's mode of life during the years of the search? What criticism of that life might otherwise have been made? Explain "diffused," "suffered no waste," and "aroma." (With the last compare l. 1034.) What exactly is meant by "Thus"? What hint as to conditions of life in "roofs" and

"crowded lanes"? What hint of character in "night after night"? Distinguish "distress" from "sorrow." To what four classes, then, did Evangeline minister? Was this at least one form of the service referred to in l. 1287? Quote definite authority for answer.

Does Longfellow himself believe that the pestilence was presaged by the pigeons? How does the incoming tide affect (1) the movement of the current of a stream, and (2) the quality of its water? Apply the metaphor in the two particulars. Do "flooded life" and "overflowing its natural margin" refer to the effect of the pestilence on an individual or on the community? Why did Evangeline seem like a saint or angel to the patients? (Read Lowell's *All Saints*) Why did Evangeline's actions call to mind the "city celestial"? (See Rev. 21, 2-4 and 23.)

What hint as to the progress of the plot in the particularising word "a" in l. 1320 and in the presentiment in l. 1330? What is the effect of the intermingling of the sights and sounds of beauty (ll. 1322-8) with the pathetic details of the description? What hint of the character of the poet himself in "Death the consoler"? What does "strangers" prepare us for?

Show the artistic fitness of beginning the next paragraph with "Suddenly." What did Evangeline fear? Why did she wonder? Point out the six or seven details by which the poet shows her anguish. How is this passage (1343-8) to be reconciled with ll. 1329-31? What partial explanation in ll. 1276-81? What particular fact explained in ll. 1351, 1352? Criticise the simile in ll. 1355, 1356. What words give impressiveness in ll. 1357-60? What are the elements of beauty and pathos in ll. 1360-75? Show the fitness of the simile in l. 1375.

Why should Evangeline feel thankful (1380)? What permanent spirit or disposition is shown? How is the thankfulness now to be reconciled with the "terrible anguish" that just shortly preceded it?

What is the source of the pathos in ll. 1381, 1382? What additional pathos in ll. 1383, 1384. What is the effect of the repetition and parallelisms in 1386-9? Which of these lines have more direct reference to the general population of the city than to Evangeline and Gabriel? Which refer directly to the two lovers? Do you know of any reason why "throbbing hearts" and "weary feet" should have been put at the beginning and end of the series? Wherein lies the pathos of 1390, 1391? What

special purpose is served by describing the Atlantic as "mournful and misty"? How is the mournfulness manifested? Account for "linger." Point out the poetic values in the last two lines.

GENERAL

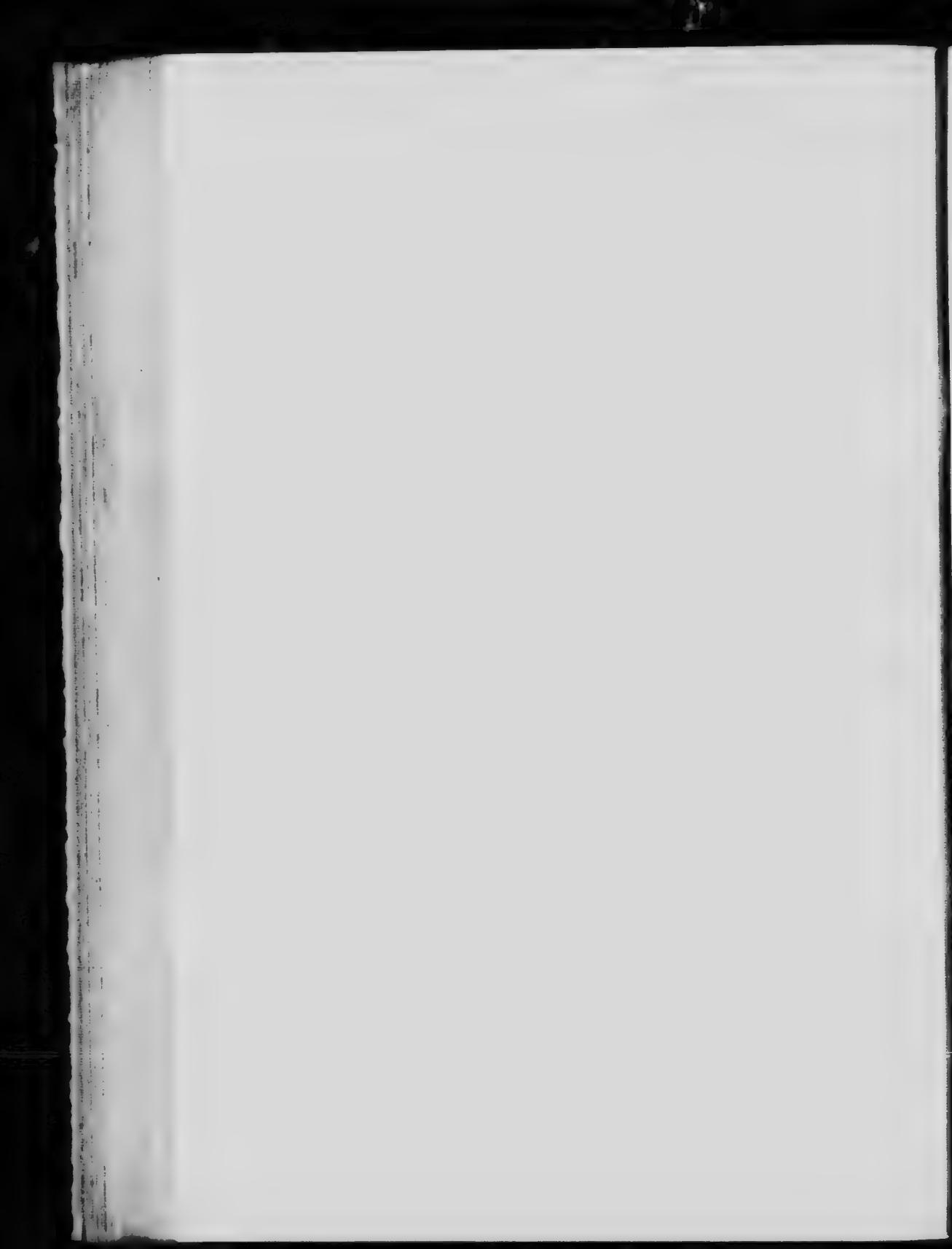
Outline the course of the story, stage by stage, and section by section, throughout the poem. Do you find the main interest in the plot, or in the character delineation, or in the scene-painting? How do you account for the great number of scriptural allusions? What historical works were the sources of the poem? What new light has historic investigation thrown upon the story of the Acadians since "Evangeline" was written? Does this fully justify the deportation of the Acadians? Does it lessen the pathos of the story of Evangeline? Should it lower our estimation of the poem as a poem? Why? Is it the special function of the poet to give definite information, or to broaden and deepen and refine the feelings? Has Longfellow done the latter in *Evangeline*? By what various means has he done so? What qualities of the poem have made it universally popular?

GENERAL QUESTIONS

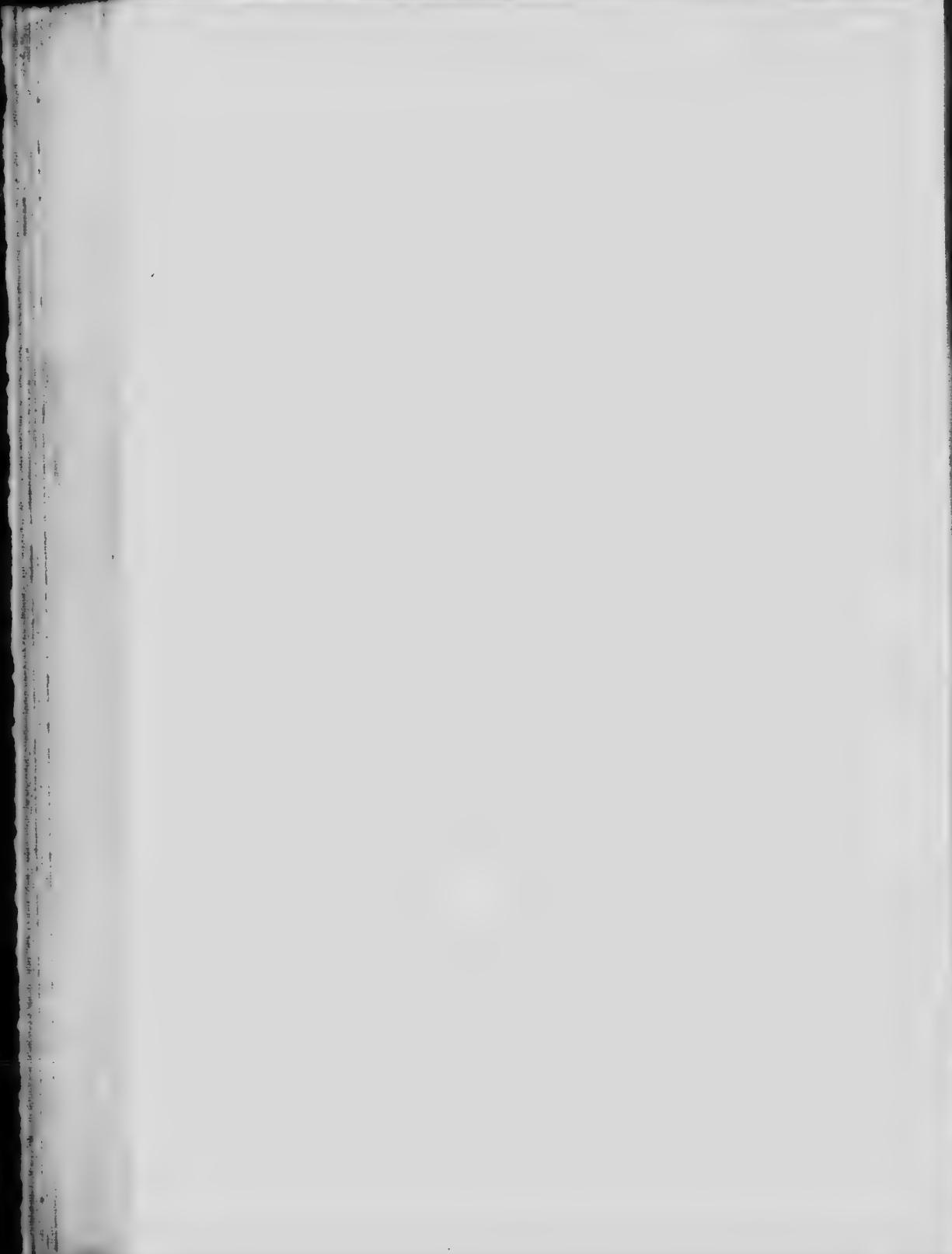
1. From the poems "Three Years She Grew" and "She was a Phantom of Delight," deduce Wordsworth's ideas on the education of women.
2. Mention some of Wordsworth's poems to birds. Do these poems show an accurate observation of nature or otherwise? Quote extracts to support your judgment. Are his images in these poems appropriate and accurate?
3. What influences chiefly moulded Wordsworth's youth and nature? How did the French Revolution affect him, and what poems were tinged with its influence?
4. Discuss the use of the moral and didactic in Wordsworth.
5. What part does Dorothy Wordsworth hold in the poet's life and work?
6. What change did Coleridge help to effect in the poet's mind and work?
7. Write a note on Wordsworth's poetical forms.
8. Give an historical sketch of the ballad, and assign to Wordsworth the position you think he merits in this form of poetry.

9. What poets took a leading part in the poetical return to nature? Describe briefly the two tendencies which threatened English literature towards the end of the eighteenth century and the beginning of the nineteenth.
10. What poets influenced Wordsworth's form? Who were his disciples?
11. What was Wordsworth's estimate of the ultimate feeling of the world towards his poetry, and in how much was his judgment justified?
12. Tell what you know of the character, disposition and education of Wordsworth.
13. Give a description of Wordsworth's poetical excellencies and defects.
14. Compare the nature-sense of Longfellow and Wordsworth.
15. Trace the progression of thought in the poem "She was a Phantom of Delight." Estimate the skill shown in this progression.
16. Discuss Wordsworth's use of the figures of speech especially simile and metaphor—and illustrate your answer by references to his poems included in this volume.
17. Did Wordsworth write purely descriptive poetry? What was his idea in regard to such poetry?
18. Make a comparison of Shelley's and Wordsworth's poems, "To a Skylark."
19. Compare in detail Wordsworth's and Burns' poems, "To a Daisy."
20. What lesson does Wordsworth draw from the celandine?
21. What circumstances of Longfellow's life had most influence upon his poetry?
22. What different classes of poetry did Longfellow write? In what kind of poetry did he excel? Give precise reasons and quotations in your answer.
23. Compare Wordsworth and Longfellow (1) in their attitude towards humanity, (2) in their attitude towards nature.
24. Does Longfellow deserve to be called a great national poet? Mention as many poems as you can that are based on American themes.
25. Estimate ten good qualities and ten defects in Longfellow's poetry.
26. Mention other American poets, stating what you know of their work.

27. Do you think that Longfellow is the most typically American poet?
28. Discuss Longfellow's use of simile and metaphor, drawing your examples from the poems you have read.
29. Quote extracts to illustrate Longfellow's descriptive power. Discuss your quotations.
30. Longfellow has been called the poet of the night and of the sea. Justify this criticism from the poems you have read.
31. From what principal sources are Longfellow's figures derived?
32. Discuss the moralising and didactic elements in Longfellow's poetry. How do these affect the value of his poetry?
33. Estimate the influence of the Bible in Longfellow's work.
34. Estimate the influence of foreign literatures in his work.
35. Does Longfellow make an excessive display of scholarship?
36. Longfellow has been called the pioneer of culture in America. Justify this statement.
37. Write a note on Longfellow's metres and stanzaic forms.
38. Discuss Longfellow's treatment of character in (1) His men, (2) His women.
39. Discuss Longfellow's treatment of the supernatural.
40. Is Longfellow in sympathy with the great intellectual and social movements of his time?



SELECTED POEMS FOR SIGHT READING



SELECTED POEMS FOR SIGHT READING

TO DAFFODILS

Fair Daffodils, we weep to see
 You haste away so soon;
As yet the early-rising sun
 Has not attained his noon.
 Stay, stay,
Until the hasting day
 Has run
 But to the even-song;
And, having prayed together, we
 Will go with you along.

We have short time to stay, as you;
 We have as short a spring;
As quick a growth to meet decay,
 As you, or anything.
 We die
As your hours do, and dry
 Away,
Like to the summer's rain;
Or as the pearls of morning's dew,
 Ne'er to be found ag'in.
Robert Herrick, 1591-1674.

THE SIMPLON PASS

—Brook and road
Were fellow-travellers in this gloomy Pass,
And with them did we journey several hours
At a slow step. The immeasurable height

Of woods decaying, never to be decayed,
 The stationary blasts of waterfalls,
 And in the narrow rent, at every turn,
 Winds thwarting winds bewildered and forlorn,
 The torrents shooting from the clear blue sky,
 10 The rocks that muttered close upon our ears,
 Black, drizzling crags that spake by the wayside
 As if a voice were in them, the sick sight
 And giddy prospect of the raving stream,
 The unfettered clouds and region of the heavens,
 Tumult and peace, the darkness and the light—
 Were all like workings of one mind, the features
 Of the same face, blossoms upon one tree,
 Characters of the great Apocalypse,
 The types and symbols of Eternity,
 20 Of first, and last, and midst, and without end.

William Wordsworth, 1770-1850.

THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM

It was a summer evening;
 Old Kaspar's work was done,
 And he before his cottage door
 Was sitting in the sun;
 And by him sported on the green
 His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin
 Roll something large and round,
 Which he beside the rivulet,
 10 In playing there, had found:
 He came to ask what he had found,
 That was so large and smooth and round.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy,
Who stood expectant by;
And then the old man shook his head,
And with a natural sigh,
"Tis some poor fellow's skull," said he,
"Who fell in the great victory."

"I find them in the garden,
For there's many here about;
And often, when I go to plough,
The ploughshare turns them out;
For many thousand men," said he,
"Were slain in that great victory."

"Now tell us what 'twas all about,"
Young Peterkin he cries;
And little Wilhelmine looks up
With wonder-waiting eyes;
"Now tell us all about the war,
30 And what they fought each other for."

"It was the English," Kaspar cried,
"Who put the French to rout;
But what they fought each other for,
I could not well make out;
But everybody said," quoth he,
"That 'twas a famous victory.

"My father lived at Blenheim then,
Yon little stream hard by;
They burnt his dwelling to the ground,
40 And he was forced to fly;
So with his wife and child he fled,
Nor had he where to rest his head.

"With fire and sword the country round
 Was wasted far and wide,
 And many a childing mother then,
 And new-born baby died;
 But things like that, you know, must be
 At every famous victory.

50 "They say it was a shocking sight
 After the field was won;
 For many thousand bodies here
 Lay rotting in the sun:
 But things like that, you know, must be
 After a famous victory.

60 "Great praise the Duke of Marlborough won,
 And our good Prince Eugene."
 "Why, 'twas a very wicked thing!"
 Said little Wilhelmine.
 "Nay, nay, my little girl," quoth he;
 "It was a famous victory.

"And everybody praised the Duke,
 Who this great fight did win,"
 "But what good came of it at last?"
 Quoth little Peterkin.
 "Why, that I cannot tell," said he;
 "But 'twas a famous victory."

—*Robert Southey, 1774-1843.*

LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER

A chieftain, to the Highlands bound,
 Cries, "Boatman, do not tarry!
 And I'll give thee a silver pound,
 To row us o'er the ferry."—

"Now who be ye, would cross Lochgyle,
This dark and stormy water?"

"Oh, I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,
And this Lord Ullin's daughter,—

"And fast before her father's men
10 Three days we've fled together,
For should he find us in the glen,
My blood would stain the heather.

"His horsemen hard behind us ride;
Should they our steps discover,
Then who wil cheer my bonny bride
When they have slain her lover?"

Out spoke the hardy Highland wight,
"I'll go, my chief—I'm ready—
It is not for your silver bright;
20 But for your winsome lady:

And by my word! the bonny bird
In danger shall not tarry:
So though the waves are raging white,
I'll row you o'er the ferry."

By this the storm grew loud apace,
The water-wraith was shrieking;
And in the scowl of heaven each face
Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still as wilder blew the wind,
30 And as the night grew drearer,
Adown the glen rode arm'd men,
Their trampling sounded nearer.

"O haste thee, haste!" the lady cries,
 "Though tempests round us gather;
 I'll meet the raging of the skies,
 But not an angry father."

The boat has left a stormy land,
 A stormy sea before her,—
 When, oh! too strong for human hand,
 40 The tempest gathered o'er her.

And still they row'd amidst the roar
 Of waters fast prevailing:
 Lord Ullin reach'd that fatal shore,
 His wrath was changed to wailing.

For sore dismay'd, through storm and shade,
 His child he did discover:—
 One lovely hand she stretch'd for aid,
 And one was round her lover.

"Come back! come back!" he cried in grief,
 50 "Across this stormy water:
 And I'll forgive your Highland chief,
 My daughter!—oh, my daughter!"—

'T was vain:—the loud waves lash'd the shore
 Return or aid preventing:—
 The waters wild went o'er his child,
 And he was left lamenting.

Thomas Campbell, 1777-1844.

ON FIRST LOOKING INTO CHAPMAN'S HOMER

Much have I travell'd in the realms of gold,
 And many goodly states and kingdoms seen;
 Round many western islands have I been

Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.
Oft of one wide expanse had I been told
That deep-brow'd Homer ruled as his demesne:
Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold:
Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken;
Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific—and all his men
Look'd at each other with a wild surmise—
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

John Keats, 1795-1821.

SILENCE

There is a silence where hath been no sound,
There is a silence where no sound may be,
In the cold grave—under the deep, deep sea,
Or in wide desert where no life is found,
Which hath been mute, and still must sleep profound;
No voice is hush'd—no life treads silently,
But clouds and cloudy shadows wander free,
That never spoke, over the idle ground:
But in green ruins, in the desolate walls
Of antique palaces, where Man hath been,
Though the dun fox, or wild hyena, calls,
And owls, that flit continually between,
Shriek to the echo, and the low winds moan,
There the true Silence is, self-conscious and alone.

—Thomas Hood, 1799-1845.

THE BALLAD OF CARMILHAN

I.

At Stralsund, by the Baltic Sea,
Within the sandy bar,
At sunset of a summer's day,
Ready for sea, at anchor lay
The good ship Valdemar.

The sunbeams danced upon the waves,
And played along her side;
And through the cabin widows streamed
In ripples of golden light, that seemed
10 The ripple of the tide.

There sat the captain with his friends,
Old skippers brown and hale,
Who smoked and grumbled o'er their grog,
And talked of iceberg and of fog,
Of calm and storm and gale.

And one was spinning a sailor's yarn
About Klaboterman,
The Kobold of the sea; a spright
Invisible to mortal sight,
20 Who o'er the rigging ran.

Sometimes he hammered in the hole,
Sometimes upon the mast,
Sometimes abeam, sometimes abaft,
Or at the bows he sang and laughed,
And made all tight and fast.

He helped the sailors at their work,
And toiled with jovial din;
He helped them hoist and reef the sails,
He helped them stow the casks and bales,
And heave the anchor in.

But woe unto the lazy louts,
The idlers of the crew;
Them to torment was his delight,
And worry them by day and night,
And pinch them black and blue.

And woe to him whose mortal eyes
Klaboterman behold,
It is a certain sign of death!
The cabin-boy here held his breath,
40 He felt his blood run cold.

II.

The jolly skipper paused awhile,
And then again began.
"There is a Spectre Ship," quoth he,
"A ship of the Dead that sails the sea,
And is called the Carmilhan.
"A ghostly ship, with a ghostly crew,
In tempest she appears;
And before the gale, or against the gale,
She sails without a rag of sail,
50 Without a helmsman steers.
"She haunts the Atlantic north and south,
But mostly the mid-sea,
Where three great rocks rise bleak and bare
Like furnace chimneys in the air,
And are called the Chimneys Three.

"And ill betide the luckless ship
 That meets the Carmilhan;
 Over her decks the seas will leap,
 She must go down into the deep,
 60 And perish mouse and man!"

The captain of the Valdemar
 Laughed loud with merry heart,
 "I should like to see this ship," said he,
 "I should like to find those Chimes Three
 That are marked down in the chart."

"I have sailed right over the spot," he said,
 "With a good stiff breeze behind,
 When the sea was blue, and the sky was clear,
 You can follow my course by these three holes here,
 70 And never a rock could find."

And then he swore a dreadful oath,
 He swore by the Kingdoms Three,
 That, should he meet the Carmilhan,
 He would run her down, although he ran
 Right into Eternity!

All his, while passing to and fro,
 A boy had heard,
 He listened at the door to hear,
 And soon fell with greedy ear,
 80 And heard every word.

He was a simple country lad,
 But of a roving mind,
 "Oh, it must be like heaven," thought he,
 Those far-off foreign lands to see,
 And fortune seek and find!"

But in the fo'castle, when he heard
The mariners blaspheme,
He thought of home, he thought of God,
And his mother under the churchyard sod,
And wished it were a dream

One friend on board that ship had he;
'Twas the Klaboterman.
Who saw the Bible in his chest,
And made a sign upon his breast,
All evil things to ban.

III.

The cabin windows have grown blank
As eyeballs of the dead;
No more the glancing sunbeams burn
On the gilt letters of the stern,
But on the figure-head;

On Valdemar Victorious,
Who looketh with disdain
To see his image in the tide
Dismembered float from side to side,
And reunite again.

"It is the wind," those skippers said,
"That swings the vessel so;
It is the wind; it freshens fast,
'Tis time to say farewell at last,
'Tis time for us to go."

They shook the captain by the hand,
"Good luck! good luck!" they cried;
Each face was like the setting sun,
As, broad and red, they one by one
Went o'er the vessel's side.

The sun went down, the full moon rose
 Serene o'er field and flood,
And all the winding creeks and bays
 And broad sea-meadows seemed ablaze,
120 The sky was red as blood.

The southwest wind blew fresh and fair,
 As fair as wind could be;
Bound for Odessa, o'er the bar,
 With all sail set, the Valdemar
 Went proudly out to sea.

The lovely moon climbs up the sky
 As one who walks in dreams;
A tower of marble in her light,
 A wall of black, a wall of white,
130 The stately vessel seems.

Low down upon the sandy coast
 The lights begin to burn;
And now, uplifted high in air,
 They kindle with a fiercer glare,
 And now drop far astern.

The dawn appears, the land is gone,
 The sea is all around;
Then on each hand low hills of sand
 Emerge and form another land;
140 She steereth through the Sound.

Through Kattegat and Skager-rack
 She flitteth like a ghost;
By day and night, by night and day,
 She bounds, she flies upon her way
 Along the English coast.

Cape Finisterre is drawing near,
Cape Finisterre is past;
Into the open ocean stream
She floats, the vision of a dream
150 Too beautiful to last.

Suns rise and set, and rise, and yet
There is no land in sight;
The liquid planets overhead
Burn brighter now the moon is dead,
And longer stays the night.

IV.

And now along the horizon's edge
Mountains of cloud uprose,
Black as with forests underneath,
Above, their sharp and jagged teeth
160 Were white as drifted snows.

Unseen behind them sank the sun,
But flushed each snowy peak
A little while with rosy light,
That faded slowly from the sight
As blushes from the cheek.

Black grew the sky,—all black, all black;
The clouds were everywhere;
There was a feeling of suspense
In nature, a mysterious sense
170 Of terror in the air.

And all on board the Valdemar
Was still as still could be;
Save when the dismal ship-bell tolled,
As ever and anon she rolled,
And lurched into the sea.

The captain up and down the deck
Went striding to and fro;
Now watched the compass at the wheel,
Now lifted up his hand to feel
180 Which way the wind might blow.

And now he looked up at the sails,
And now upon the deep;
In every fibre of his frame
He felt the storm before it came,
He had no thought of sleep.

Eight bells! and suddenly abaft,
With a great rush of rain,
Making the ocean white with spume,
In darkness like the day of doom,
190 On came the hurricane.

The lightning flashed from cloud to cloud,
And rent the sky in tw^e;
A jagged flame, a single jet
Of white fire, like a bayonet,
That pierced the eyeballs through.

Then all around was dark again,
And blacker than before;
But in that single flash of light
He had beheld a fearful sight,
200 And thought of the oath he swore.

For right ahead lay the Ship of the Dead,
The ghostly Carmilla!
Her masts were stepped, her yards were bare,
And on her bowsprit, poised in air,
Sat the Klaboterman.

Her crew of ghosts was all on deck
Or clambering up the shrouds;
The boatswain's whistle, the captain's hail
Were like the piping of the gale,
210 And thunder in the clouds.

And close behind the Carmilhan
There rose up 'ee n the sea,
As from a found red ship of stone,
Three bare and splintered masts alone:
They were the Chimneys Three.

And onward dashed the Valdemar
And leaped into the dark;
A denser mist, a colder blast,
A little shudder, and she had passed
220 Right through the Phantom Bark.

She cleft in twain the shadowy hulk,
But cleft it unaware;
As when, careering to her nest,
The sea-gull severs with her breast
The unresisting air.

Again the lightning flashed; again
They saw the Carmilhan,
Whole as before in hull and spar;
But now on board the Valdemar
230 Stood the Klaboterman.

And they all knew their doom was sealed,
They knew that death was near;
Some prayed who never prayed before,
And some they wept, and some they swore,
And some were mute with fear.

Then suddenly there came a shock,
 And louder than wind or sea
 A cry burst from the crew on deck,
 As she dashed and crashed, a hopeless wreck,
 240 Upon the Chimneys Three.

The storm and night were passed, the light
 To streak the east began;
 The cabin-boy, picked up at sea,
 Survived the wreck, and only he,
 To tell of the Carmilhan.

Henry W. Longfellow, 1807-1882.

THE SKELETON IN ARMOUR

"Speak! speak! thou fearful guest!
 Who with thy hollow breast
 Still in rude armour drest,
 Comest to daunt me!
 Wrapt not in Eastern balms,
 But with thy fleshless palms
 Stretched, as if asking alms,
 Why dost thou haunt me?"

Then, from those cavernous eyes
 10 Pale flashes seemed to rise,
 As when the Northern skies
 Gleam in December;
 And, like the water's flow
 Under December's snow,
 Came a dull voice of woe
 From the heart's chamber.

"I was a Viking old!
My deeds, though manifold,
No Skald in song has told,
20 No Saga taught thee!
Take heed, that in thy verse
Thou dost the tale rehearse,
Else dread a dead man's curse;
For this I sought thee.

"Far in the Northern Land,
By the wild Baltic's strand,
I, with my childish hand,
Tamed the gerkalcon;
And, with my skates fast-bound,
30 Skimmed the half-frozen Sound,
That the poor whimpering hound
Trembled to walk on.

"Oft to his frozen lair
Tracked I the grisly bear,
While from my path the hare
Fled like a shadow;
Oft through the forest dark
Followed the were-wolf's bark,
Until the soaring lark
40 Sang from the meadow.

"But when I older grew,
Joining a corsair's crew,
O'er the dark sea I flew
With the marauders.
Wild was the life we led;
Many the souls that sped,
Many the hearts that bled,
By our stern orders.

“Many a wassail-bout
50 Wore the long winter out;
Often our midnight shout
Set the cocks crowing,
As we the Berserk’s tale
Measured in cups of ale,
Draining the oaken pail,
Filled to o’erflowing.

“Once as I told in glee
Tales of the stormy sea,
Soft eyes did gaze on me,
60 Burning, yet tender;
And as the white stars shine
On the dark Norway pine,
On that dark heart of mine
Fell their soft splendour.

“I wooed the blue-eyed maid,
Yielding, yet half afraid,
And in the forest’s shade
Our vows were plighted.
Under its loosened vest
70 Fluttered her little breast,
Like birds within their nest
By the hawk frightened.

“Bright in her father’s hall
Shields gleamed upon the wall,
Loud sang the minstrels all,
Chanting his glory;
When of old Hildebrand
I asked his daughter’s hand,
Mute did the minstrels stand
80 To hear my story.

"While the brown ale he quaffed,
Loud then the champion laughed,
And as the wind-gusts waft
 The sea-foam brightly,
To the loud laugh of scorn,
 't of those lips unshorn,
From the deep drinking-horn
 Blew the foam lightly.

"She was a Prince's child,
90 I but a Viking wild,
And though she blushed and smiled,
 I was discarded!
Should not the dove so white
Follow the sea-mew's flight,
Why did they leave that night
 Her nest unguarded?

"Scarce had I put to sea,
Bearing the maid with me,
Fairest of all was she
100 Among the Norsemen!
When on the white sea-strand,
Waving his armed hand,
Saw we old Hildebrand,
 With twenty horsemen.

"Then launched they to the blast
Bent like a reed each mast,
Yet we were gaining fast,
 When the wind failed us;
And with a sudden flaw
110 Came round the gusty Skaw,
So that our foe we saw
 Laugh as he hailed us.

"And as to catch the gale,
Round veered the flapping sail,
Death! was the helmsman's hail,
Death without quarter!
Mid-ships with iron keel
Struck we her ribs of steel;
Down her black hulk did reel
Through the black water!

"As with his wings aslant,
Sails the fierce cormorant,
Seeking some rocky haunt,
With his prey laden;
So toward the open main,
Beating to sea again,
Through the wild hurricane,
Bore I the maiden.

"Three weeks we westward bore,
. And when the storm was o'er,
Cloud-like we saw the shore
Stretching to leeward ;
There for my lady's bower
Built I the lofty tower,
Which, to this very hour,
Stands looking seaward.

"There lived we many years;
Time dried the maiden's tears;
She had forgot her fears,
She was a mother;
Death closed her mild blue eyes,
Under that tower she lies;
Ne'er shall the sun arise
On such another!

"Still grew my bosom then,
 Still as a stagnant fen!
 Hateful to me were men,
 The sunlight hateful !
 In that vast forest here,
 150 Clad in my warlike gear,
 Fell I upon my spear,
 O, death was grateful !

"Thus, seamed with many scars,
 Bursting these prison bars,
 Up to its native stars
 My soul ascended !
 There from the flowing bowl
 Deep drinks the warrior's soul,
 Skoal! to the Northland ! skoal!"

160 Thus the tale ended.

Henry W. Longfellow, 1807-1882.

THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS

It was the schooner *Hesperus*,
 That sailed the wintry sea ;
 And the skipper had taken his little daughter,
 To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes as the fairy flax,
 Her cheeks like the dawn of day,
 And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds,
 That ope in the month of May.

The skipper he stood beside the helm,
 10 His pipe was in his mouth,
 And he watched how the veering flaw did blow
 The smoke now West, now South.

Then up and spake an old Sailor,
Had sailed the Spanish Main,
"I pray thee, put into yonder port,
For I fear a hurricane.

" Last night, the moon had a golden ring,
And to-night no moon we see!"
The skipper, he blew a whiff from his pipe,
20 And a scornful laugh laughed he

Colder and louder blew the wind,
A gale from the Northeast,
The snow fell hissing in the brine,
And the billows frothed like yeast.

Down came the storm, and smote amain
The vessel in its strength ;
She shuddered and paused, like a frighted steed,
Then leaped her cable's length.

" Come hither ! come hither ! my little daughter,
30 And do not tremble so ;
For I can weather the roughest gale
That ever wind did blow."

He wrapped her warm in his seaman's coat
Against the stinging blast ;
He cut a rope from a broken spar,
And bound her to the mast.

" O father ! I hear the church-bells ring,
Oh say, what may it be ?"
4 " T is a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast !"—
And he steered for the open sea.

"O father ! I hear the sound of guns,
 Oh say, what may it be ?"
"Some ship in distress, that cannot live
 In such an angry sea!"

"O father ! I see a gleaming light,
 Oh say, what may it be ?"
But the father answered never a word,
 A frozen corpse was he.

Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark,
 With his face turned to the skies,
The lantern gleamed through the gleaming snow
 On his fixed and glassy eyes.
50

Then the maiden clasped her hands and prayed
 That savèd she might be ;
And she thought of Christ, who stilled the wave,
 On the Lake of Galilee.

And fast through the midnight dark and drear,
 Through the whistling sleet and snow,
Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept
 Tow'rs the reef of Norman's Woe.
60

And ever the fitful gusts between
 A sound came from the land ;
It was the sound of the trampling surf
 On the rocks and the hard sea-sand.

The breakers were right beneath her bows,
 She drifted a dreary wreck,
And a whooping billow swept the crew
 Like icicles from her deck.

She struck where the white and fleecy waves
 70 Looked soft as carded wool,
 But the cruel rocks, they gored her side
 Like the horns of an angry bull.

Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice,
 With the masts went by the board ;
 Like a vessel of glass, she stove and sank,
 Ho ! ho ! the breakers roared !

At daybreak, on the bleak sea-beach,
 A fisherman stood aghast,
 To see the form of a maiden fair,
 80 Lashed close to a drifting mast.

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,
 The salt tears in her eyes ;
 And he saw her hair, like the brown seaweed,
 On the billows fall and rise

Such was the wreck of the Hesperus,
 In the midnight and the snow !
 Christ save us all from a death like this,
 On the reef of Norman's Woe.

Henry W. Longfellow, 1807-1882.

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE

Half a league, half a league,
 Half a league onward,
 All in the valley of Death
 Rode the six hundred.
 "Forward, the Light Brigade !
 Charge for the guns," he said :
 Into the valley of Death
 Rode the six hundred.

"Forward, the Light Brigade!"

Was there a man dismay'd?

Not tho' the soldier knew

Some one had blunder'd:

Theirs not to make reply,

Theirs not to reason why,

Theirs but to do and die:

Into the valley of Death

Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,

Cannon to left of them,

= Cannon in front of them

Volley'd and thunder'd;

Storm'd at with shot and shell,

Boldly they rode and well,

Into the jaws of Death,

Into the mouth of Hell

Rode the six hundred.

Flash'd all their sabres bare,

Flash'd as they turn'd in air

Sabring the gunners there,

= Charging an army, while

All the world wonder'd:

Plunged in the battery-smoke

Right thro' the line they broke;

Cossack and Russian

Reel'd from the sabre-stroke

Shatter'd and sunder'd.

Then they rode back, but not,

Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
 40 Cannon to left of them,
 Cannon behind them
 Volley'd and thunder'd ;
 Storm'd at with shot and shell,
 While horse and hero fell,
 They that had fought so well,
 Came thro' the jaws of Death,
 Back from the mouth of Hell,
 All that was left of them,
 Left of six hundred.

50 When can their glory fade ?
 O the wild charge they made !
 All the world wonder'd.
 Honor the charge they made !
 Honor the Light Brigade,
 Noble six hundred !

Alfred Tennyson, 1809-1892.

JUNE

Long, long ago, it seems, this summer morn
 That pale-browed April passed with pensive tread
 Through the frore woods, and from its frost-
 bound bed
 Woke the arbutus with her silver horn ;
 And now May, too, is fled,
 The flower-crowned month, the merry laughing May,
 With rosy feet and fingers dewy wet,
 Leaving the woods and all cool gardens gay
 With tulips and the scented violet.

10 Gone are the wind-flower and the adder-tongue
And the sad drooping bellwort, and no more
The snowy trilliums crowd the forest's floor;
The purpling grasses are no longer young,
And summer's wide-set door
O'er the thronged hills and the broad panting earth
Lets in the torrent of the later bloom,
Haytime, and harvest, and the after mirth,
The slow soft rain, the rushing thunder plume.

All day in garden alleys moist and dim,
20 The humid air is burdened with the rose;
In moss-deep woods the creamy orchid blows;
And now the vesper-sparrows' pealing hymn
From every orchard close
At eve comes flooding rich and silvery;
The daisies in great meadows swing and shine;
And with the wind a sound as of the sea
Roars in the maples and the topmost pine.

High in the hills the solitary thrush
Tunes magically his music of fine dreams,
30 In briary dells, by boulder-broken streams;
And wide and far on nebulous fields aflush
The mellow morning gleams.
The orange cone-flowers purple-bossed are there,
The meadow's bold-eyed gypsies deep of hue,
And slender hawkweed tall and softly fair,
And rosy tops of fleabane veiled with dew.

So with thronged voices and unhasting flight
The fervid hours with long return go by;
The far-heard hylas piping shrill and high

40 Tell the slow moments of the solemn night
 With unremitting cry;
 Lustrous and large out of the gathering drouth
 The planets gleam; the baleful Scorpion
 Trails his dim fires along the droused south;
 The silent world-incrusted round moves on.

And all the dim night long the moon's white beams
 Nestle deep down in every brooding tree,
 And sleeping birds, touched with a silly glee,
 Waken at midnight from their blissful dreams,
 50 And carol brokenly.

Dim surging motions and uneasy dreads
 Scare the light slumber from men's busy eyes,
 And parted lovers on their restless beds
 Toss and yearn out, and cannot sleep for sighs.

Oft have I striven, sweet month, to figure thee,
 As dreamers of old time were wont to feign,
 In living form of flesh, and striven in vain;
 Yet when some sudden old-world mystery
 Of passion fired my brain,
 60 Thy shape hath flashed upon me like no dream,
 Wandering with scented curls that heaped the
 breeze,
 Or by the hollow of some reeded stream
 Sitting waist-deep in white anemones;

And even as I glimpsed thee thou wert gone,
 A dream for mortal eyes too proudly coy,
 Yet in thy place for subtle thoughts' employ
 The golden magic clung, a light that shone
 And filled me with thy joy.

Before me like a mist that streamed and fell
70 All names and shapes of antique beauty passed
In garlanded procession with the swell
 Of flutes between the beechen stems; and last,

I saw the Arcadian valley, the loved wood,
 Alpheus stream divine, the sighing shore,
 And through the cool green glades, awake once
 more,
Psyche, the white-limbed goddess, still pursued,
 Fleet-footed as of yore,
The noonday ringing with her frightened peals,
 Down the bright sward and through the reeds
 she ran,
80 Urged by the mountain echoes, at her heels
 The hot-blown cheeks and trampling feet of Pan.

Archibald Lampman, 1861-1899.

PRONOUNCING VOCABULARY OF PROPER NAMES AND FOREIGN WORDS IN EVANGELINE.

The diacritical marks given below are those found in the latest edition of Webster's International Dictionary.

EXPLANATION OF MARKS.

A Dash (—) above the vowel denotes the long sound.
A Curve (°) above the vowel denotes the short sound.
A Circumflex Accent (^) above the vowels a or u denotes the sound of a in care, or of u in tûrn; above the vowel o it denotes the sound of o in orb.
A Dot (·) above the vowel a denotes the sound of a in past.
A Double Dot (") above the vowel a denotes the sound of a in stär.
A Double Dot (,,) below the vowel u denotes the sound of u in trpe.
A Wave (˘) above the vowel e denotes the sound of e in hér.

é sounds like z.

ç sounds like s.

ë sounds like j.

è, ê, ð are similar in sound to á, á, ó, but are not pronounced so long.

Note that the pronunciation of French words can be given only approximately by means of signs and English equivalents. A living teacher is requisite to enable one to read and speak the language with elegance.

Abbé Guillaume Thomas Francis Raynal (âb' gô-yôm', etc.).	Beau Séjour (boô sô-zhoôr').
Acadie (â-kâ-dé').	Bénédic'tîtê.
Acci'dâ.	Bén'edict Bélieföntâin'.
Adâ'yes.	Blöm'Idöñ.
Aetian (â'ti-an).	Briareus (bri'â-rûs).
Aix-la-Chapelle (âks-lâ-shâ-pel').	Bruges (brûzh).
Amorphas (â-môrfâz).	Câdié'.
Angelus Domini (âng'jë-lüs dôm'i-ni).	Câmân'chës.
Arca'dia.	Cânard'.
asphodel (âs'fô-dôl).	Cape Brët'ôñ.
Atchafalaya (âch-â-fâ-lâ-yâ).	Cé'vi'le.
Attakapas (ât-tâk'â-paw).	Charente Inferieure (shâr-té-shütr'â shâr-té-rôr').
Bacchantes (bâk-kânt's). Bacchus (bâk'üs).	Charmasay (shâr-ni-zâ'). Chartreux (shâr-trô').

PRONOUNCING VOCABULARY.

ci-devant (sé-dé-váñh').	Natchitoches (nách'ó-tósh).
Cotélle'.	nápén'thè.
coureurs-des-bois (kóó'rér-dá-bwá).	Opelousas (óp-ó-loo'sás).
Contes Populaires (kóonht pôp-í-lár').	Outre-Mer (ootr-már').
couvre-feu (kóó'vr-fé).	Owy'hee.
Dante's Divina Commedia (dI - vé' ná cõm-má/dI-A).	Pássamáquöd'dy.
Ducauroi (djú-kó-rwá').	Pierre Capelle (píér' ká-péll').
Evn'gellne.	Pla/Iquid.
Fá'tá Môrgá'ná.	Plaquemine, Bayou of (plák-mén', bá'bb).
Father Felician (fá-lísh'án-An).	Pluquet (plík-ká').
Fontaine-qui-bout (fónh'tán-ké-boó).	Pointe Coupée (pwánht kóó-pé').
Gabriel Lajeunesse (lá-zhó-néz').	Poitou (pwá-toó').
Gasperon (gas-pé-ró').	René Leblanc (ré-ná' lé-blánhk').
Gayarré (gá-á-rá').	Rochelle (ró-shéll').
GaudenHütten (gáud-dén-hgt'én).	Rossini (ró-sé'ná').
Grand-Pré (gráuh-pé').	St. Maur (sáñh mórl).
Héröd'ítta.	Saintonge (sáñh-tóngzh').
Horae Hellenicae (hóoré héll-énn'-t-sé).	Sám'són Ágónis'tés.
Isaac de Razilli (íz ráz-é-yé').	seraglio (sé-ráll'yó).
Kavanagh (káv'-náh).	Stena (sté-ná).
La Clé du Caveau (la klé dí ká-vó').	Silphium laciniatum (sílfí-úm lá-sín-í-túm).
La Ganza Ladra (lá gántz'á lá'drá).	Straits of Messina (més-sé'ná).
Lü Häve.	Téche (tách).
La Salle.	Tous les Bourgeois de Chartres (tóó ló boor-shwa' dó shártr).
Le Carillon de Dunkerque (lé kár'-yónh' dó dýn-kérk').	Upharsin (ú-fár'sín).
Létiche (lá-tésh').	Utrecht (ú'trékt).
Lilinau (lí'lín-nó).	Vendée (váñh-dá').
Louisburg (lóó'bú-lisfrg).	voyageur (vwa-jé-shér').
Loup-garou (lóó-gár'-oo').	Wachita (wósh'-taw).
maitre de chapelle (má'tr dé shá-péll').	Walloway (wólli'-wá).
Melita (mél-lé'ta).	wére-wolf.
Minas Basin (mén-nás basin).	Wicaco (wé-ká-kó).
Mowia (mó'wéa).	Xerxes (zérké'zé).

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co.:

Dear Sirs, — My father always pronounced *Evangeline* with the *i* short. Indeed, I never heard it with a long *i* until quite recently. It seems to me very objectionable, and I trust will not become prevalent.

Yours very truly,

CRAIGIE HOUSE, CAMBRIDGE,
September 1, 1898.

ALICE M. LONGFELLOW.